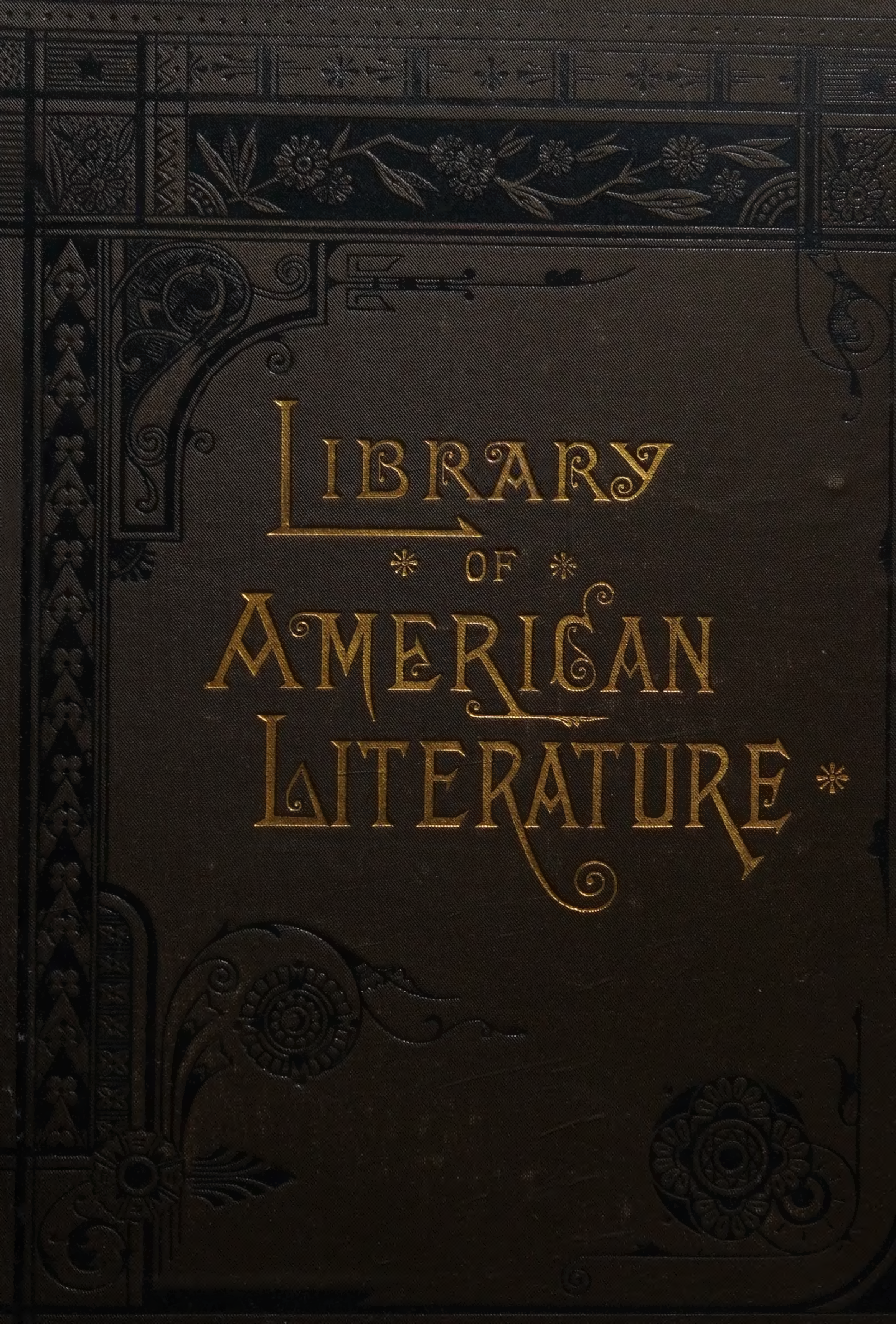

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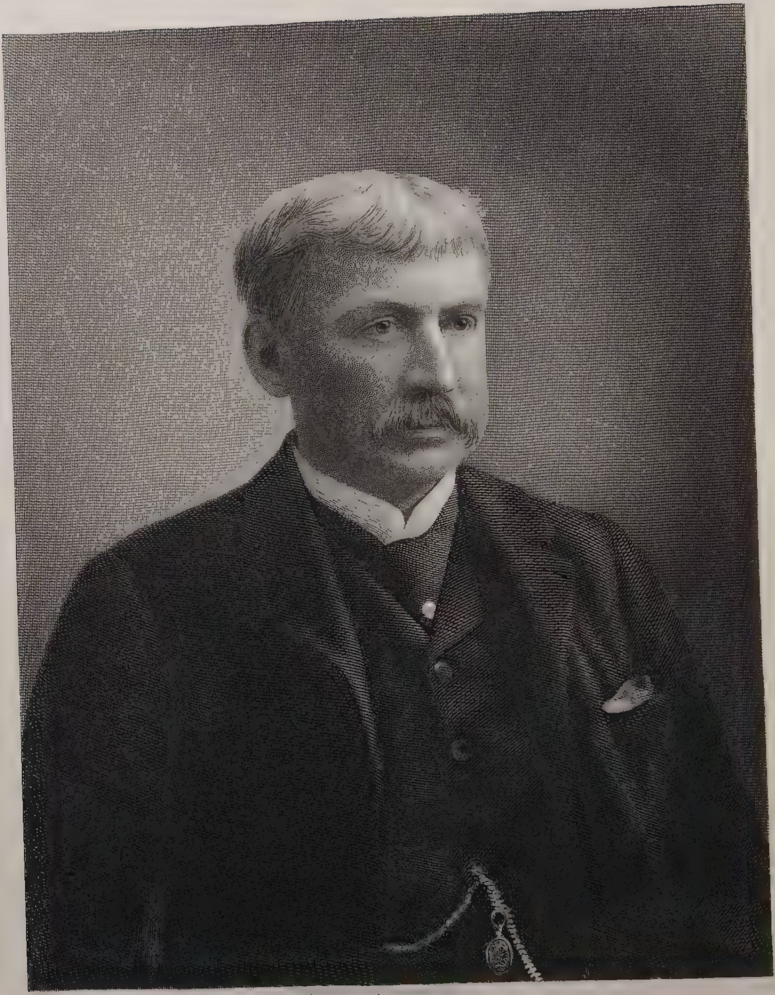

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IN ELEVEN VOLUMES

VOL. X

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LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC

PART IV—CONTINUED

1861—1888

A HUNDRED years ago the English-speaking population of America amounted to 3,000,000; it now amounts to 60,000,000, and we are told, with every appearance of probability, that in another hundred years it will amount to 600,000,000. Under these circumstances, I wish to recognize the right of America to be considered as being, prospectively at least and even now to a certain extent—for we have not in our small islands yet quite touched 40,000,000—I wish to recognize the prospective and approaching right of America to be the great organ of the powerful English tongue.

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE. A.D. 1889.

A novel country: I might make it mine
By choosing which one aspect of the year
Suited mood best, and putting solely that
On panel somewhere in the House of Fame,
Landscaping what I saved, not what I saw:
. . . . . .
Thus were abolished Spring and Autumn both,
The land dwarfed to one likeness of the land,
Life cramped corpse-fashion. Better learn and love
Each facet-flash of the revolving year!—
Red, green and blue that whirl into a white,
The variance now, the eventual unity.
. . . . See it for yourselves.

ROBERT BROWNING. A.D. 1869.

Where there is no centre like an academy, if you have genius and powerful ideas, you are apt not to have the best style going; if you have precision of style and not genius, you are apt not to have the best ideas going.

MATTHEW ARNOLD. A.D. 1854.

We judge of the excellence of a rising writer, not so much by the resemblance of his works to what has been done before, as by their difference from it. . . .

The more powerful the intellect, the less will its works resemble those of other men, whether predecessors or contemporaries.

JOHN RUSKIN. A.D. 18—.

LITERATURE
OF THE REPUBLIC.

PART IV.—CONTINUED.

1861–1888.

Francis Bret Harte.

BORN in Albany, N. Y., 1839.

GRIZZLY.

[*Poetical Works.* 1870–74.—*Works. Riverside Edition.* 1882–87.]

COWARD,—of heroic size,
  In whose lazy muscles lies
Strength we fear and yet despise;
Savage,—whose relentless tusks
Are content with acorn husks;
Robber,—whose exploits ne'er soared
O'er the bee's or squirrel's hoard;
Whiskered chin, and feeble nose,
Claws of steel on baby toes,—
Here, in solitude and shade,
Shambling, shuffling, plantigrade,
Be thy courses undismayed!

Here, where Nature makes thy bed,
Let thy rude, half-human tread
  Point to hidden Indian springs,
Lost in ferns and fragrant grasses,
  Hovered o'er by timid wings,
Where the wood-duck lightly passes,

Where the wild bee holds her sweets,—
Epicurean retreats,
Fit for thee, and better than
Fearful spoils of dangerous man.

In thy fat-jowled deviltry
Friar Tuck shall live in thee;
Thou mayest levy tithe and dole;
  Thou shalt spread the woodland cheer,
From the pilgrim taking toll;
  Match thy cunning with his fear;
Eat, and drink, and have thy fill;
Yet remain an outlaw still!

IN THE TUNNEL.

DIDN'T know Flynn,—
  Flynn of Virginia,
Long as he's been 'yar?
Look 'ee here, stranger,
Whar *hev* you been?

Here in this tunnel
  He was my pardner,
That same Tom Flynn,—
  Working together,
  In wind and weather,
Day out and in.
Didn't know Flynn!
  Well, that *is* queer;
Why, it's a sin
To think of Tom Flynn,—
  Tom with his cheer,
  Tom without fear,—
  Stranger, look 'yar!

Thar in the drift,
  Back to the wall,
He held the timbers
  Ready to fall;
  Then in the darkness
I heard him call:
  "Run for your life, Jake!
  Run for your wife's sake!
  Don't wait for me."
And that was all
  Heard in the din,
  Heard of Tom Flynn,—
    Flynn of Virginia.

That's all about
  Flynn of Virginia.
That lets me out.
  Here in the damp,—
Out of the sun,—
  That 'ar derned lamp
Makes my eyes run.
Well, there,—I'm done!

But, sir, when you'll
Hear the next fool
  Asking of Flynn,—
Flynn of Virginia,—
  Just you chip in,
  Say you knew Flynn;
Say that you've been 'yar.

THE OUTCASTS OF POKER FLAT.

[*The Luck of Roaring Camp, and Other Sketches.* 1871.—*Works. Riverside Edition.* 1882–87.]

AS Mr. John Oakhurst, gambler, stepped into the main street of Poker Flat on the morning of the twenty-third of November, 1850, he was conscious of a change in its moral atmosphere since the preceding night. Two or three men, conversing earnestly together, ceased as he approached, and exchanged significant glances. There was a Sabbath lull in the air, which, in a settlement unused to Sabbath influences, looked ominous.

Mr. Oakhurst's calm, handsome face betrayed small concern in these indications. Whether he was conscious of any predisposing cause was another question. "I reckon they're after somebody," he reflected; "likely it's me." He returned to his pocket the handkerchief with which he had been whipping away the red dust of Poker Flat from his neat boots, and quietly discharged his mind of any further conjecture.

In point of fact, Poker Flat was "after somebody." It had lately suffered the loss of several thousand dollars, two valuable horses, and a prominent citizen. It was experiencing a spasm of virtuous reaction, quite as lawless and ungovernable as any of the acts that had provoked it. A secret committee had determined to rid the town of all improper persons. This was done permanently in regard of two men who were then hanging from the boughs of a sycamore in the gulch, and temporarily in the banishment of certain other objectionable characters. I regret to say that some of these were ladies. It is but due to the sex, however, to state that their impropriety was professional, and it was only in such easily established standards of evil that Poker Flat ventured to sit in judgment.

Mr. Oakhurst was right in supposing that he was included in this category. A few of the committee had urged hanging him as a possible example, and a sure method of reimbursing themselves from his pockets of the sums he had won from them. "It's agin justice," said Jim Wheeler, "to let this yer young man from Roaring Camp—an entire stranger—carry away our money." But a crude sentiment of equity residing in the breasts of those who had been fortunate enough to win from Mr. Oakhurst overruled this narrower local prejudice.

Mr. Oakhurst received his sentence with philosophic calmness, none the less coolly that he was aware of the hesitation of his judges. He was too much of a gambler not to accept Fate. With him life was at best an uncertain game, and he recognized the usual percentage in favor of the dealer.

A body of armed men accompanied the deported wickedness of Poker Flat to the outskirts of the settlement. Besides Mr. Oakhurst, who was known to be a coolly desperate man, and for whose intimidation the armed escort was intended, the expatriated party consisted of a young woman familiarly known as "The Duchess"; another, who had won the title of "Mother Shipton"; and "Uncle Billy," a suspected sluice-robber and confirmed drunkard. The cavalcade provoked no comments from the spectators, nor was any word uttered by the escort. Only, when the gulch which marked the uttermost limit of Poker Flat was reached, the leader spoke briefly and to the point. The exiles were forbidden to return at the peril of their lives.

As the escort disappeared, their pent-up feelings found vent in a few hysterical tears from the Duchess, some bad language from Mother Shipton, and a Parthian volley of expletives from Uncle Billy. The philosophic Oakhurst alone remained silent. He listened calmly to Mother Shipton's desire to cut somebody's heart out, to the repeated statements of the Duchess that she would die in the road, and to the alarming oaths that seemed to be bumped out of Uncle Billy as he rode forward. With the easy good-humor characteristic of his class, he insisted upon exchanging his own riding-horse, "Five Spot," for the sorry mule which the Duchess rode. But even this act did not draw the party into any closer sympathy. The young woman readjusted her somewhat draggled plumes with a feeble, faded coquetry; Mother Shipton eyed the possessor of "Five Spot" with malevolence, and Uncle Billy included the whole party in one sweeping anathema.

The road to Sandy Bar—a camp that, not having as yet experienced the regenerating influences of Poker Flat, consequently seemed to offer some invitation to the emigrants—lay over a steep mountain range. It was distant a day's severe travel. In that advanced season, the party soon passed out of the moist, temperate regions of the foot-hills into the dry, cold, bracing air of the Sierras. The trail was narrow and difficult. At noon the Duchess, rolling out of her saddle upon the ground, declared her intention of going no farther; and the party halted.

The spot was singularly wild and impressive. A wooded amphitheatre, surrounded on three sides by precipitous cliffs of naked granite, sloped gently toward the crest of another precipice that overlooked the valley. It was, undoubtedly, the most suitable spot for a camp, had camping been advisable. But Mr. Oakhurst knew that scarcely half the journey to Sandy Bar was accomplished, and the party were not equipped or provisioned for delay. This fact he pointed out to his companions curtly, with a philosophic commentary on the folly of "throwing up their hand before the game was played out." But they were furnished with liquor, which in this emergency stood them in place of food, fuel, rest, and prescience. In spite of his remonstrances, it was not long before they were more or less under its influence. Uncle Billy passed rapidly from a bellicose state into one of stupor, the Duchess became maudlin, and Mother Shipton snored. Mr. Oakhurst alone remained erect, leaning against a rock, calmly surveying them.

Mr. Oakhurst did not drink. It interfered with a profession which required coolness, impassiveness, and presence of mind, and, in his own language, he "couldn't afford it." As he gazed at his recumbent fellow-exiles, the loneliness begotten of his pariah-trade, his habits of life, his very vices, for the first time seriously oppressed him. He bestirred himself in dusting his black clothes, washing his hands and face, and other acts characteristic of his studiously neat habits, and for a moment forgot his annoyance. The thought of deserting his weaker and more pitiable companions never perhaps occurred to him. Yet he could not help feeling the want of that excitement which, singularly enough, was most conducive to that calm equanimity for which he was notorious. He looked at the gloomy walls that rose a thousand feet sheer above the circling pines around him; at the sky, ominously clouded; at the valley below, already deepening into shadow. And, doing so, suddenly he heard his own name called.

A horseman slowly ascended the trail. In the fresh, open face of the newcomer Mr. Oakhurst recognized Tom Simson, otherwise known as "The Innocent" of Sandy Bar. He had met him some months before over a "little game," and had, with perfect equanimity, won the entire fortune—amounting to some forty dollars—of that guileless youth. After the game was finished, Mr. Oakhurst drew the youthful speculator behind the door and thus addressed him: "Tommy, you're a good little man, but you can't gamble worth a cent. Don't try it over again." He then handed him his money back, pushed him gently from the room, and so made a devoted slave of Tom Simson.

There was a remembrance of this in his boyish and enthusiastic greeting of Mr. Oakhurst. He had started, he said, to go to Poker Flat to seek his fortune. "Alone?" No, not exactly alone; in fact (a giggle), he had run away with Piney Woods. Didn't Mr. Oakhurst remember Piney? She that used to wait on the table at the Temperance House? They had been engaged a long time, but old Jake Woods had objected, and so they had run away, and were going to Poker Flat to be married, and here they were. And they were tired out, and how lucky it was they had found a place to camp and company. All this the Innocent delivered rapidly, while Piney, a stout, comely damsel of fifteen, emerged from behind the pine-tree, where she had been blushing unseen, and rode to the side of her lover.

Mr. Oakhurst seldom troubled himself with sentiment, still less with propriety; but he had a vague idea that the situation was not fortunate. He retained, however, his presence of mind sufficiently to kick Uncle Billy, who was about to say something, and Uncle Billy was sober enough to recognize in Mr. Oakhurst's kick a superior power that would not bear trifling. He then endeavored to dissuade Tom Simson from delaying further, but in vain. He even pointed out the fact that there was no provision, nor means of making a camp. But, unluckily, the Innocent met this objection by assuring the party that he was provided with an extra mule loaded with provisions, and by the discovery of a rude attempt at a log-house near the trail. "Piney can stay with Mrs. Oakhurst," said the Innocent, pointing to the Duchess, "and I can shift for myself."

Nothing but Mr. Oakhurst's admonishing foot saved Uncle Billy from bursting into a roar of laughter. As it was, he felt compelled to retire up the cañon until he could recover his gravity. There he confided the joke to the tall pine-trees, with many slaps of his leg, contortions of his face, and the usual profanity. But when he returned to the party he found them seated by a fire—for the air had grown strangely chill and the sky overcast—in apparently amicable conversation. Piney was actually talking in an impulsive, girlish fashion to the Duchess, who was listening with an interest and animation she had not shown for many days. The Innocent was holding forth,

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apparently with equal effect, to Mr. Oakhurst and Mother Shipton, who was actually relaxing into amiability. "Is this yer a d—d picnic?" said Uncle Billy, with inward scorn, as he surveyed the sylvan group, the glancing firelight, and the tethered animals in the foreground. Suddenly an idea mingled with the alcoholic fumes that disturbed his brain. It was apparently of a jocular nature, for he felt impelled to slap his leg again and cram his fist into his mouth.

As the shadows crept slowly up the mountain, a slight breeze rocked the tops of the pine-trees, and moaned through their long and gloomy aisles. The ruined cabin, patched and covered with pine-boughs, was set apart for the ladies. As the lovers parted, they unaffectedly exchanged a kiss, so honest and sincere that it might have been heard above the swaying pines. The frail Duchess and the malevolent Mother Shipton were probably too stunned to remark upon this last evidence of simplicity, and so turned without a word to the hut. The fire was replenished, the men lay down before the door, and in a few minutes were asleep.

Mr. Oakhurst was a light sleeper. Toward morning he awoke benumbed and cold. As he stirred the dying fire, the wind, which was now blowing strongly, brought to his cheek that which caused the blood to leave it,—snow!

He started to his feet with the intention of awakening the sleepers, for there was no time to lose. But turning to where Uncle Billy had been lying, he found him gone. A suspicion leaped to his brain and a curse to his lips. He ran to the spot where the mules had been tethered; they were no longer there. The tracks were already rapidly disappearing in the snow.

The momentary excitement brought Mr. Oakhurst back to the fire with his usual calm. He did not waken the sleepers. The Innocent slumbered peacefully, with a smile on his good-humored, freckled face; the virgin Piney slept beside her frailer sisters as sweetly as though attended by celestial guardians, and Mr. Oakhurst, drawing his blanket over his shoulders, stroked his mustaches and waited for the dawn. It came slowly in a whirling mist of snow-flakes that dazzled and confused the eye. What could be seen of the landscape appeared magically changed. He looked over the valley, and summed up the present and future in two words,—"snowed in!"

A careful inventory of the provisions, which, fortunately for the party, had been stored within the hut, and so escaped the felonious fingers of Uncle Billy, disclosed the fact that with care and prudence they might last ten days longer. "That is," said Mr. Oakhurst, *sotto voce* to the Innocent, "if you're willing to board us. If you ain't—and perhaps you'd better not—you can wait till Uncle Billy gets back with provisions." For some occult reason, Mr. Oakhurst could not bring himself to disclose Uncle Billy's rascality, and so offered the hypothesis that he had wandered from the camp and had accidentally stampeded the animals. He dropped a warning to the Duchess and Mother Shipton, who of course knew the facts of their associate's defection. "They'll find out the truth about us *all* when they find out anything," he added, significantly, "and there's no good frightening them now."

Tom Simson not only put all his worldly store at the disposal of Mr. Oakhurst, but seemed to enjoy the prospect of their enforced seclusion. "We'll have a good camp for a week, and then the snow'll melt, and we'll all go back together." The cheerful gayety of the young man and Mr. Oakhurst's calm infected the others. The Innocent, with the aid of pine-boughs, extemporized a thatch for the roofless cabin, and the Duchess directed Piney in the rearrangement of the interior with a taste and tact that opened the blue eyes of that provincial maiden to their fullest extent. "I reckon now you're used to fine things at Poker Flat," said Piney. The Duchess turned away sharply to conceal something that reddened her cheek through its professional tint, and Mother Shipton requested Piney not to "chatter." But when Mr. Oakhurst returned from a weary search for the trail, he heard the sound of happy laughter echoed from the rocks. He stopped in some alarm, and his thoughts first naturally reverted to the whiskey, which he had prudently *cachéd*. "And yet it don't somehow sound like whiskey," said the gambler. It was not until he caught sight of the blazing fire through the still blinding storm and the group around it that he settled to the conviction that it was "square fun."

Whether Mr. Oakhurst had *cachéd* his cards with the whiskey as something debarred the free access of the community, I cannot say. It was certain that, in Mother Shipton's words, he "didn't say cards once" during that evening. Haply the time was beguiled by an accordion, produced somewhat ostentatiously by Tom Simson from his pack. Notwithstanding some difficulties attending the manipulation of this instrument, Piney Woods managed to pluck several reluctant melodies from its keys, to an accompaniment by the Innocent on a pair of bone castanets. But the crowning festivity of the evening was reached in a rude camp-meeting hymn, which the lovers, joining hands, sang with great earnestness and vociferation. I fear that a certain defiant tone and Covenanter's swing to its chorus, rather than any devotional quality, caused it speedily to infect the others, who at last joined in the refrain:—

"I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in his army."

The pines rocked, the storm eddied and whirled above the miserable group, and the flames of their altar leaped heavenward, as if in token of the vow.

At midnight the storm abated, the rolling clouds parted, and the stars glittered keenly above the sleeping camp. Mr. Oakhurst, whose professional habits had enabled him to live on the smallest possible amount of sleep, in dividing the watch with Tom Simson somehow managed to take upon himself the greater part of that duty. He excused himself to the Innocent by saying that he had "often been a week without sleep." "Doing what?" asked Tom. "Poker!" replied Oakhurst, sententiously; "when a man gets a streak of luck,—nigger-luck,—he don't get tired. The luck gives in first. Luck," continued the gambler, reflectively, "is a mighty queer thing. All you know about it for certain is that it's bound to change. And it's finding out when it's going to change that makes you. We've had a streak of bad luck since we left Poker Flat,—you come along, and slap you get into it, too. If you can hold your cards right along you're all right. For," added the gambler, with cheerful irrelevance,—

"'I'm proud to live in the service of the Lord,
And I'm bound to die in his army.'"

The third day came, and the sun, looking through the white-curtained valley, saw the outcasts divide their slowly decreasing store of provisions for the morning meal. It was one of the peculiarities of that mountain climate that its rays diffused a kindly warmth over the wintry landscape, as if in regretful commiseration of the past. But it revealed drift on drift of snow piled high around the hut,—a hopeless, uncharted, trackless sea of white lying below the rocky shores to which the castaways still clung. Through the marvellously clear air the smoke of the pastoral village of Poker Flat rose miles away. Mother Shipton saw it, and from a remote pinnacle of her rocky fastness hurled in that direction a final malediction. It was her last vituperative attempt, and perhaps for that reason was invested with a certain degree of sublimity. It did her good, she privately informed the Duchess. "Just you go out there and cuss, and see." She then set herself to the task of amusing "the child," as she and the Duchess were pleased to call Piney. Piney was no chicken, but it was a soothing and original theory of the pair thus to account for the fact that she didn't swear and wasn't improper.

When night crept up again through the gorges, the reedy notes of the accordion rose and fell in fitful spasms and long-drawn gasps by the flickering camp-fire. But music failed to fill entirely the aching void left by insufficient food, and a new diversion was proposed by Piney,—story-telling. Neither Mr. Oakhurst nor his female companions caring to relate their personal experiences, this plan would have failed, too, but for the Innocent. Some months before he had chanced upon a stray copy of Mr. Pope's ingenious translation of the Iliad. He now proposed to narrate the principal incidents of that poem—having thoroughly mastered the argument and fairly forgotten the words—in the current vernacular of Sandy Bar. And so for the rest of that night the Homeric demigods again walked the earth. Trojan bully and wily Greek wrestled in the winds, and the great pines in the cañon seemed to bow to the wrath of the son of Peleus. Mr. Oakhurst listened with quiet satisfaction. Most especially was he interested in the fate of "Ash-heels," as the Innocent persisted in denominating the "swift-footed Achilles."

So with small food and much of Homer and the accordion, a week passed over the heads of the outcasts. The sun again forsook them, and again from leaden skies the snow-flakes were sifted over the land. Day by day closer around them drew the snowy circle, until at last they looked from their prison over drifted walls of dazzling white that towered twenty feet above their heads. It became more and more difficult to replenish their fires, even from the fallen trees beside them, now half hidden in the drifts. And yet no one complained. The lovers turned from the dreary prospect and looked into each other's eyes, and were happy. Mr. Oakhurst settled himself coolly to the losing game before him. The Duchess, more cheerful than she had been, assumed the care of Piney. Only Mother Shipton—once the strongest of the party—seemed to sicken and fade. At midnight on the tenth day she called Oakhurst to her side. "I'm going," she said, in a voice of querulous weakness, "but don't say anything about it. Don't waken the kids. Take the bundle from under my head and open it." Mr. Oakhurst did so. It contained Mother Shipton's rations for the last week, untouched. "Give 'em to the child," she said, pointing to the sleeping Piney. "You've starved yourself," said the gambler. "That's what they call it," said the woman, querulously, as she lay down again, and, turning her face to the wall, passed quietly away.

The accordion and the bones were put aside that day, and Homer was forgotten. When the body of Mother Shipton had been committed to the snow, Mr. Oakhurst took the Innocent aside, and showed him a pair of snow-shoes, which he had fashioned from the old pack-saddle. "There's one chance in a hundred to save her yet," he said, pointing to Piney; "but it's there," he added, pointing toward Poker Flat. "If you can reach there in two days she's safe." "And you?" asked Tom Simson. "I'll stay here," was the curt reply.

The lovers parted with a long embrace. "You are not going, too?" said the Duchess, as she saw Mr. Oakhurst apparently waiting to accompany him. "As far as the cañon," he replied. He turned suddenly, and kissed the Duchess, leaving her pallid face aflame, and her trembling limbs rigid with amazement.

Night came, but not Mr. Oakhurst. It brought the storm again and the whirling snow. Then the Duchess, feeding the fire, found that some one had quietly piled beside the hut enough fuel to last a few days longer. The tears rose to her eyes, but she hid them from Piney.

The women slept but little. In the morning, looking into each other's faces, they read their fate. Neither spoke; but Piney, accepting the position of the stronger, drew near and placed her arm around the Duchess's waist. They kept this attitude for the rest of the day. That night the storm reached its greatest fury, and, rending asunder the protecting pines, invaded the very hut.

Toward morning they found themselves unable to feed the fire, which gradually died away. As the embers slowly blackened, the Duchess crept closer to Piney, and broke the silence of many hours: "Piney, can you pray?" "No, dear," said Piney, simply. The Duchess, without knowing exactly why, felt relieved, and, putting her head upon Piney's shoulder, spoke no more. And so reclining, the younger and purer pillowing the head of her soiled sister upon her virgin breast, they fell asleep.

The wind lulled as if it feared to waken them. Feathery drifts of snow, shaken from the long pine-boughs, flew like white-winged birds, and settled about them as they slept. The moon through the rifted clouds looked down upon what had been the camp. But all human stain, all trace of earthly travail, was hidden beneath the spotless mantle mercifully flung from above.

They slept all that day and the next, nor did they waken when voices and footsteps broke the silence of the camp. And when pitying fingers brushed the snow from their wan faces, you could scarcely have told from the equal peace that dwelt upon them which was she that had sinned. Even the law of Poker Flat recognized this, and turned away, leaving them still locked in each other's arms.

But at the head of the gulch, on one of the largest pine-trees, they found the deuce of clubs pinned to the bark with a bowie-knife. It bore the following, written in pencil, in a firm hand:

†
BENEATH THIS TREE
LIES THE BODY
OF
JOHN OAKHURST,
WHO STRUCK A STREAK OF BAD LUCK
ON THE 23D OF NOVEMBER, 1850,
AND
HANDED IN HIS CHECKS
ON THE 7TH DECEMBER, 1850.
†

And pulseless and cold, with a Derringer by his side and a bullet in his heart, though still calm as in life, beneath the snow lay he who was at once the strongest and yet the weakest of the outcasts of Poker Flat.

PLAIN LANGUAGE FROM TRUTHFUL JAMES.

TABLE MOUNTAIN, 1870.

Which I wish to remark,—
And my language is plain,—
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar.
Which the same I would rise to explain.

Ah Sin was his name;
And I shall not deny
In regard to the same
What that name might imply,
But his smile it was pensive and childlike,
As I frequent remarked to Bill Nye.

It was August the third;
And quite soft was the skies;
Which it might be inferred
That Ah Sin was likewise;
Yet he played it that day upon William
And me in a way I despise.

Which we had a small game,
And Ah Sin took a hand:
It was Euchre. The same
He did not understand;
But he smiled as he sat by the table,
With the smile that was childlike and bland.

Yet the cards they were stocked
In a way that I grieve,
And my feelings were shocked
At the state of Nye's sleeve:
Which was stuffed full of aces and bowers,
And the same with intent to deceive.

But the hands that were played
By that heathen Chinee,
And the points that he made,
Were quite frightful to see,—
Till at last he put down a right bower,
Which the same Nye had dealt unto me.

Then I looked up at Nye,
And he gazed upon me;
And he rose with a sigh,
And said, "Can this be?
We are ruined by Chinese cheap labor,"—
And he went for that heathen Chinee.

In the scene that ensued
I did not take a hand,
But the floor it was strewed
Like the leaves on the strand
With the cards that Ah Sin had been hiding,
In the game "he did not understand."

In his sleeves, which were long,
He had twenty-four packs,—
Which was coming it strong,
Yet I state but the facts;
And we found on his nails, which were taper,
What is frequent in tapers,—that's wax.

Which is why I remark,
And my language is plain,
That for ways that are dark,
And for tricks that are vain,
The heathen Chinee is peculiar,—
Which the same I am free to maintain.

THE SOCIETY UPON THE STANISLAUS.

I RESIDE at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
I am not up to small deceit, or any sinful games;
And I'll tell in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

But first I would remark, that it is not a proper plan
For any scientific gent to whale his fellow-man,
And, if a member don't agree with his peculiar whim,
To lay for that same member for to "put a head" on him.

Now nothing could be finer or more beautiful to see
Than the first six months' proceedings of that same society,
Till Brown of Calaveras brought a lot of fossil bones
That he found within a tunnel near the tenement of Jones.

Then Brown he read a paper, and he reconstructed there,
From those same bones, an animal that was extremely rare:
And Jones then asked the Chair for a suspension of the rules,
Till he could prove that those same bones was one of his lost mules.

Then Brown he smiled a bitter smile, and said he was at fault.
It seemed he had been trespassing on Jones's family vault:
He was a most sarcastic man, this quiet Mr. Brown,
And on several occasions he had cleaned out the town.

Now I hold it is not decent for a scientific gent
To say another is an ass,—at least, to all intent;
Nor should the individual who happens to be meant
Reply by heaving rocks at him to any great extent.

Then Abner Dean of Angel's raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone took him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile, and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

For, in less time than I write it, every member did engage
In a warfare with the remnants of a palæozoic age;
And the way they heaved those fossils in their anger was a sin,
Till the skull of an old mammoth caved the head of Thompson in.

And this is all I have to say of these improper games,
For I live at Table Mountain, and my name is Truthful James;
And I've told in simple language what I know about the row
That broke up our society upon the Stanislow.

THE AGED STRANGER.

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

"I WAS with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Say no more,
But rest thee here at my cottage porch,
For thy feet are weary and sore."

"I was with Grant"—the stranger said;
Said the farmer, "Nay, no more,—
I prithee sit at my frugal board,
And eat of my humble store.

"How fares my boy,—my soldier boy,
Of the old Ninth Army Corps?
I warrant he bore him gallantly
In the smoke and the battle's roar!"

"I know him not," said the aged man,
"And, as I remarked before,
I was with Grant"—"Nay, nay, I know,"
Said the farmer, "say no more:

"He fell in battle,—I see, alas!
Thou'dst smooth these tidings o'er,—
Nay: speak the truth, whatever it be,
Though it rend my bosom's core.

"How fell he,—with his face to the foe,
Upholding the flag he bore?
Oh say not that my boy disgraced
The uniform that he wore!"

"I cannot tell," said the aged man,
"And should have remarked, before,
That I was with Grant,—in Illinois,—
Some three years before the war."

Then the farmer spake him never a word,
But beat with his fist full sore
That aged man, who had worked for Grant
Some three years before the war.

TENNESSEE'S PARTNER.

I DO not think that we ever knew his real name. Our ignorance of it certainly never gave us any social inconvenience, for at Sandy Bar in 1854 most men were christened anew. Sometimes these appellatives were derived from some distinctiveness of dress, as in the case of "Dungaree Jack"; or from some peculiarity of habit, as shown in "Saleratus Bill," so called from an undue proportion of that chemical in his daily bread; or from some unlucky slip, as exhibited in "The Iron Pirate," a mild, inoffensive man, who earned that baleful title by his unfortunate mispronunciation of the term "iron pyrites." Perhaps this may have been the beginning of a rude heraldry; but I am constrained to think that it was because a man's real name in that day rested solely upon his own unsupported statement. "Call yourself Clifford, do you?" said Boston, addressing a timid new-comer with infinite scorn; "hell is full of such Cliffords!" He then introduced the unfortunate man, whose name happened to be really Clifford, as "Jay-bird Charley,"—an unhallowed inspiration of the moment that clung to him ever after.

But to return to Tennessee's Partner, whom we never knew by any other than this relative title; that he had ever existed as a separate and distinct individuality we only learned later. It seems that in 1853 he left Poker Flat to go to San Francisco, ostensibly to procure a wife. He never got any farther than Stockton. At that place he was attracted by a young person who waited upon the table at the hotel where he took his meals. One morning he said something to her which caused her to smile not unkindly, to somewhat coquettishly break a plate of toast over his upturned, serious, simple face, and to retreat to the kitchen. He followed her, and emerged a few moments later, covered with more toast and victory. That day week they were married by a Justice of the Peace, and returned to Poker Flat. I am aware that something more might be made of this episode, but I prefer to tell it as it was current at Sandy Bar—in the gulches and bar-rooms—where all sentiment was modified by a strong sense of humor.

Of their married felicity but little is known, perhaps for the reason that Tennessee, then living with his partner, one day took occasion to say something to the bride on his own account, at which, it is said, she smiled not unkindly and chastely retreated,—this time as far as Marysville, where Tennessee followed her, and where they went to housekeeping without the aid of a Justice of the Peace. Tennessee's Partner took the loss of his wife simply and seriously, as was his fashion. But to everybody's surprise, when Tennessee one day returned from Marysville without his partner's wife,—she having smiled and retreated with somebody else,—Tennessee's Partner was the first man to shake his hand and greet him with affection. The boys who had gathered in the cañon to see the shooting were naturally indignant. Their indignation might have found vent in sarcasm but for a certain look in Tennessee's Partner's eye that indicated a lack of humorous appreciation. In fact, he was a grave man, with a steady application to practical detail which was unpleasant in a difficulty.

Meanwhile a popular feeling against Tennessee had grown up on the Bar. He was known to be a gambler; he was suspected to be a thief. In these suspicions Tennessee's Partner was equally compromised; his continued intimacy with Tennessee after the affair above quoted could only be accounted for on the hypothesis of a copartnership of crime. At last Tennessee's guilt became flagrant. One day he overtook a stranger on his way to Red Dog. The stranger afterward related that Tennessee beguiled the time with interesting anecdote and reminiscence, but illogically concluded the interview in the following words: "And now, young man, I'll trouble you for your knife, your pistols, and your money. You see your weppings might get you into trouble at Red Dog, and your money's a temptation to the evilly disposed. I think you said your address was San Francisco. I shall endeavor to call." It may be stated here that Tennessee had a fine flow of humor, which no business preoccupation could wholly subdue.

This exploit was his last. Red Dog and Sandy Bar made common cause against the highwayman. Tennessee was hunted in very much the same fashion as his prototype, the grizzly. As the toils closed around him, he made a desperate dash through the Bar, emptying his revolver at the crowd before the Arcade Saloon, and so on up Grizzly Cañon ; but at its farther extremity he was stopped by a small man on a gray horse. The men looked at each other a moment in silence. Both were fearless, both self-possessed and independent, and both types of a civilization that in the seventeenth century would have been called heroic, but in the nineteenth simply "reckless." "What have you got there ?—I call," said Tennessee, quietly. "Two bowers and an ace," said the stranger, as quietly, showing two revolvers and a bowie-knife. "That takes me," returned Tennessee ; and with this gamblers' epigram, he threw away his useless pistol, and rode back with his captor.

It was a warm night. The cool breeze which usually sprang up with the going down of the sun behind the chaparral-crested mountain was that evening withheld from Sandy Bar. The little cañon was stifling with heated resinous odors, and the decaying drift-wood on the Bar sent forth faint, sickening exhalations. The feverishness of day, and its fierce passions, still filled the camp. Lights moved restlessly along the bank of the river, striking no answering reflection from its tawny current. Against the blackness of the pines the windows of the old loft above the express office stood out staringly bright, and through their curtainless panes the loungers below could see the forms of those who were even then deciding the fate of Tennessee. And above all this, etched on the dark firmament, rose the Sierra, remote and passionless, crowned with remoter passionless stars.

The trial of Tennessee was conducted as fairly as was consistent with a judge and jury who felt themselves to some extent obliged to justify, in their verdict, the previous irregularities of arrest and indictment. The law of Sandy Bar was implacable, but not vengeful. The excitement and personal feeling of the chase were over ; with Tennessee safe in their hands they were ready to listen patiently to any defence, which they were already satisfied was insufficient. There being no doubt in their own minds, they were willing to give the prisoner the benefit of any that might exist. Secure in the hypothesis that he ought to be hanged, on general principles, they indulged him with more latitude of defence than his reckless hardihood seemed to ask. The Judge appeared to be more anxious than the prisoner, who, otherwise unconcerned, evidently took a grim pleasure in the responsibility he had created. "I don't take any hand in this yer game," had been his invariable but good-humored reply to all questions. The Judge—who was also his captor—for a moment vaguely regretted that he had not shot him "on sight," that morning, but presently dismissed this human weakness as unworthy of the judicial mind. Nevertheless, when there was a tap at the door, and it was said that Tennessee's Partner was there on behalf of the prisoner, he was admitted at once without question. Perhaps the younger members of the jury, to whom the proceedings were becoming irksomely thoughtful, hailed him as a relief.

For he was not, certainly, an imposing figure. Short and stout, with a square face, sunburned into a preternatural redness, clad in a loose duck "jumper," and trousers streaked and splashed with red soil, his aspect under any circumstances would have been quaint, and was now even ridiculous. As he stooped to deposit at his feet a heavy carpet-bag he was carrying, it became obvious, from partially developed legends and inscriptions, that the material with which his trousers had been patched had been originally intended for a less ambitious covering. Yet he advanced with great gravity, and after having shaken the hand of each person in the room with labored cordiality, he wiped his serious, perplexed face on a red bandanna handkerchief, a shade lighter than his complexion, laid his powerful hand upon the table to steady himself, and thus addressed the Judge:

"I was passin' by," he began, by way of apology, "and I thought I'd just step in and see how things was gittin' on with Tennessee thar,—my pardner. It's a hot night. I disremember any sich weather before on the Bar."

He paused a moment, but nobody volunteering any other meteorological recollection, he again had recourse to his pocket-handkerchief, and for some moments mopped his face diligently.

"Have you anything to say in behalf of the prisoner?" said the Judge, finally.

"Thet's it," said Tennessee's Partner, in a tone of relief. "I come yar as Tennessee's pardner,—knowing him nigh on four year, off and on, wet and dry, in luck and out o' luck. His ways ain't allers my ways, but thar ain't any p'ints in that young man, thar ain't any liveliness as he's been up to, as I don't know. And you sez to me, sez you,—confidential-like, and between man and man,—sez you, 'Do you know anything in his behalf?' and I sez to you, sez I,—confidential-like, as between man and man,—'What should a man know of his pardner?'"

"Is this all you have to say?" asked the Judge, impatiently, feeling, perhaps, that a dangerous sympathy of humor was beginning to humanize the Court.

"Thet's so," continued Tennessee's Partner. "It ain't for me to say anything agin' him. And now, what's the case? Here's Tennessee wants money, wants it bad, and doesn't like to ask it of his old pardner. Well, what does Tennessee do? He lays for a stranger, and he fetches that stranger. And you lays for *him*, and you fetches *him*; and the honors is easy. And I put it to you, bein' a far-minded man, and to you, gentlemen, all, as far-minded men, ef this isn't so."

"Prisoner," said the Judge, interrupting, "have you any questions to ask this man?"

"No! no!" continued Tennessee's Partner, hastily. "I play this yer hand alone. To come down to the bed-rock, it's just this: Tennessee, thar, has played it pretty rough and expensive-like on a stranger, and on this yer camp. And now, what's the fair thing? Some would say more; some would say less. Here's seventeen hundred dollars in coarse gold and a watch,—it's about all my pile,—and call it square!" And before a hand could be raised to prevent him, he had emptied the contents of the carpet-bag upon the table.

For a moment his life was in jeopardy. One or two men sprang to their feet, several hands groped for hidden weapons, and a suggestion to "throw him from the window" was only overridden by a gesture from the Judge. Tennessee laughed. And apparently oblivious of the excitement, Tennessee's Partner improved the opportunity to mop his face again with his handkerchief.

When order was restored, and the man was made to understand, by the use of forcible figures and rhetoric, that Tennessee's offence could not be condoned by money, his face took a more serious and sanguinary hue, and those who were nearest to him noticed that his rough hand trembled slightly on the table. He hesitated a moment as he slowly returned the gold to the carpet-bag, as if he had not yet entirely caught the elevated sense of justice which swayed the tribunal, and was perplexed with the belief that he had not offered enough. Then he turned to the Judge, and saying "This yer is a lone hand, played alone, and without my pardner," he bowed to the jury and was about to withdraw, when the Judge called him back. "If you have anything to say to Tennessee, you had better say it now." For the first time that evening the eyes of the prisoner and his strange advocate met. Tennessee smiled, showed his white teeth, and saying "Euchred, old man!" held out his hand. Tennessee's Partner took it in his own, and saying "I just dropped in as I was passin' to see how things was gettin' on," let the hand passively fall, and adding that "it was a warm night," again mopped his face with his handkerchief, and without another word withdrew.

The two men never again met each other alive. For the unparalleled insult of a bribe offered to Judge Lynch—who, whether bigoted, weak, or narrow, was at least incorruptible—firmly fixed in the mind of that mythical personage any wavering determination of Tennessee's fate; and at the break of day he was marched, closely guarded, to meet it at the top of Marley's Hill.

How he met it, how cool he was, how he refused to say anything, how perfect were the arrangements of the committee, were all duly reported, with the addition of a warning moral and example to all future evil-doers, in the Red Dog Clarion, by its editor, who was present, and to whose vigorous English I cheerfully refer the reader. But the beauty of that midsummer morning, the blessed amity of earth and air and sky, the awakened life of the free woods and hills, the joyous renewal and promise of Nature, and above all, the infinite serenity that thrilled through each, was not reported, as not being a part of the social lesson. And yet, when the weak and foolish deed was done, and a life, with its possibilities and responsibilities, had passed out of the misshapen thing that dangled between earth and sky, the birds sang, the flowers bloomed, the sun shone, as cheerily as before; and possibly the Red Dog Clarion was right.

Tennessee's Partner was not in the group that surrounded the ominous tree. But as they turned to disperse attention was drawn to the singular appearance of a motionless donkey-cart halted at the side of the road. As they approached, they at once recognized the venerable "Jenny" and the two-wheeled cart as the property of Tennessee's Partner,—used by him in carrying dirt from his claim; and a few paces distant the owner of the equipage himself, sitting under a buckeye-tree, wiping the perspiration from his glowing face. In answer to an inquiry, he said he had come for the body of the "diseased," "if it was all the same to the committee." He didn't wish to "hurry anything"; he could "wait." He was not working that day; and when the gentlemen were done with the "diseased," he would take him. "Ef thar is any present," he added, in his simple, serious way, "as would care to jine in the fun'l, they kin come." Perhaps it was from a sense of humor, which I have already intimated was a feature of Sandy Bar,—perhaps it was from something even better than that; but two thirds of the loungers accepted the invitation at once.

It was noon when the body of Tennessee was delivered into the hands of his partner. As the cart drew up to the fatal tree, we noticed that it contained a rough, oblong box, apparently made from a section of sluicing, and half filled with bark and the tassels of pine. The cart was further decorated with slips of willow, and made fragrant with buckeye-blossoms. When the body was deposited in the box, Tennessee's Partner drew over it a piece of tarred canvas, and gravely mounting the narrow seat in front, with his feet upon the shafts, urged the little donkey forward. The equipage moved slowly on, at that decorous pace which was habitual with "Jenny" even under less solemn circumstances. The men—half curiously, half jestingly, but all good-humoredly—strolled along beside the cart, some in advance, some a little in the rear of the homely catafalque. But, whether from the narrowing of the road or some present sense of decorum, as the cart passed on, the company fell to the rear in couples, keeping step, and otherwise assuming the external show of a formal procession. Jack Folinsbee, who had at the outset played a funeral march in dumb show upon an imaginary trombone, desisted, from a lack of sympathy and appreciation—not having, perhaps, your true humorist's capacity to be content with the enjoyment of his own fun.

The way led through Grizzly Cañon, by this time clothed in funereal drapery and shadows. The redwoods, burying their moccasoned feet in the red soil, stood in Indian-file along the track, trailing an uncouth benediction from their bending boughs upon the passing bier. A hare, surprised into helpless inactivity, sat upright and pulsating in the ferns by the roadside, as the *cortége* went by. Squirrels hastened to gain a secure outlook from higher boughs; and the blue-jays, spreading their wings, fluttered before them like outriders, until the outskirts of Sandy Bar were reached, and the solitary cabin of Tennessee's Partner.

Viewed under more favorable circumstances, it would not have been a cheerful place. The unpicturesque site, the rude and unlovely outlines, the unsavory details, which distinguish the nest-building of the California miner, were all here, with the dreariness of decay superadded. A few paces from the cabin there was a rough enclosure, which, in the brief days of Tennessee's Partner's matrimonial felicity, had been used as a garden, but was now overgrown with fern. As we approached it we were surprised to find that what we had taken for a recent attempt at cultivation was the broken soil about an open grave.

The cart was halted before the enclosure; and rejecting the offers of assistance with the same air of simple self-reliance he had displayed throughout, Tennessee's Partner lifted the rough coffin on his back, and deposited it, unaided, within the shallow grave. He then nailed down the board which served as a lid; and mounting the little mound of earth beside it, took off his hat, and slowly mopped his face with his handkerchief. This the crowd felt was a preliminary to speech; and they disposed themselves variously on stumps and bowlders, and sat expectant.

"When a man," began Tennessee's Partner, slowly, "has been running free all day, what's the natural thing for him to do? Why, to come home. And if he ain't in a condition to go home, what can his best friend do? Why, bring him home! And here's Tennessee has been running free, and we brings him home from his wandering." He paused, and picked up a fragment of quartz, rubbed it thoughtfully on his sleeve, and went on: "It ain't the first time that I've packed him on my back, as you see'd me now. It ain't the first time that I brought him to this yer cabin when he couldn't help himself; it ain't the first time that I and 'Jinny' have waited for him on yon hill, and picked him up and so fetched him home, when he couldn't speak, and didn't know me. And now that it's the last time, why—" he paused, and rubbed the quartz gently on his sleeve—"you see it's sort of rough on his pardner. And now, gentlemen," he added, abruptly, picking up his long-handled shovel, "the fun'l's over; and my thanks, and Tennessee's thanks, to you for your trouble."

Resisting any proffers of assistance, he began to fill in the grave, turning his back upon the crowd, that after a few moments' hesitation gradually withdrew. As they crossed the little ridge that hid Sandy Bar from view, some, looking back, thought they could see Tennessee's Partner, his work done, sitting upon the grave, his shovel between his knees, and his face buried in his red bandanna handkerchief. But it was argued by others that you couldn't tell his face from his handkerchief at that distance; and this point remained undecided.

In the reaction that followed the feverish excitement of that day, Tennessee's Partner was not forgotten. A secret investigation had cleared him of any complicity in Tennessee's guilt, and left only a suspicion of his general sanity. Sandy Bar made a point of calling on him, and proffering various uncouth but well-meant kindnesses. But from that day his rude health and great strength seemed visibly to decline; and when the rainy season fairly set in, and the tiny grass-blades were beginning to peep from the rocky mound above Tennessee's grave, he took to his bed.

One night, when the pines beside the cabin were swaying in the storm, and trailing their slender fingers over the roof, and the roar and rush of the swollen river were heard below, Tennessee's Partner lifted his head from the pillow, saying, "It is time to go for Tennessee; I must put 'Jinny' in the cart"; and would have risen from his bed but for the restraint of his attendant. Struggling, he still pursued his singular fancy: "There, now, steady, 'Jinny,'—steady, old girl. How dark it is! Look out for the ruts,—and look out for him, too, old gal. Sometimes, you know, when he's blind drunk, he drops down right in the trail. Keep on straight up to the pine on the top of the hill. Thar—I told you so!—thar he is,—coming this way, too,—all by himself, sober, and his face a-shining. Tennessee! Pardner!"

And so they met.

GUILD'S SIGNAL.

TWO low whistles, quaint and clear,
That was the signal the engineer—
That was the signal that Guild, 'tis said—
Gave to his wife at Providence,
As through the sleeping town, and thence
Out in the night,
On to the light,
Down past the farms, lying white, he sped!

As a husband's greeting, scant, no doubt,
Yet to the woman looking out,
Watching and waiting, no serenade,
Love-song, or midnight roundelay
Said what that whistle seemed to say:
"To my trust true,
So love to you!
Working or waiting, good night!" it said.

Brisk young bagmen, tourists fine,
Old commuters along the line,
Brakemen and porters glanced ahead,
Smiled as the signal, sharp, intense,
Pierced through the shadows of Providence,—
"Nothing amiss—
Nothing!—it is
Only Guild calling his wife," they said.

Summer and Winter, the old refrain
Rang o'er the billows of ripening grain,
Pierced through the budding boughs o'erhead,
Flew down the track when the red leaves burned
Like living coals from the engine spurned;
Sang as it flew:
"To our trust true,
First of all, duty! Good night!" it said.

And then, one night, it was heard no more
From Stonington over Rhode Island shore,
And the folk in Providence smiled and said,
As they turned in their beds, "The engineer
Has once forgotten his midnight cheer."
One only knew,
To his trust true,
Guild lay under his engine, dead.

AT THE HACIENDA.

KNOW I not whom thou mayst be
Carved upon this olive-tree,—
"Manuela of La Torre,"
For, around on broken walls

Summer sun and Spring rain falls,
And in vain the low wind calls
"Manuela of La Torre."

Of that song no words remain
But the musical refrain:
"Manuela of La Torre."
Yet at night, when winds are still,
Tinkles on the distant hill
A guitar, and words that thrill
Tell to me the old, old story,—
Old when first thy charms were sung,
Old when these old walls were young,
"Manuela of La Torre."

George Cary Eggleston.

Born in Vevay, Ind., 1839.

THE CHEVALIER OF THE LOST CAUSE.

[*A Rebel's Recollections.* 1875.]

IN the great dining-hall of the Briars, an old-time mansion in the Shenandoah Valley, the residence of Mr. John Esten Cooke, there hangs a portrait of a broad-shouldered cavalier, and beneath is written, in the hand of the cavalier himself,

"*Yours to count on,*
J. E. B. STUART,"

an autograph sentiment which seems to me a very perfect one in its way. There was no point in Stuart's character more strongly marked than the one here hinted at. He was "yours to count on" always: your friend if possible, your enemy if you would have it so, but your friend or your enemy "to count on," in any case. A franker, more transparent nature, it is impossible to conceive. What he was he professed to be. That which he thought, he said, and his habit of thinking as much good as he could of those about him served to make his frankness of speech a great friend-winner.

I saw him for the first time when he was a colonel, in command of the little squadron of horsemen known as the first regiment of Virginia cavalry. The company to which I belonged was assigned to this regiment immediately after the evacuation of Harper's Ferry by the Confederates. General Johnston's army was at Winchester, and the Federal force under General Patterson lay around Martinsburg. Stuart, with his three or four hundred men, was encamped at Bunker Hill, about midway between the two, and thirteen miles from support of any kind. He had chosen this position as a convenient one from which to observe the movements of the enemy, and the tireless activity which marked his subsequent career so strongly had already begun. As he afterwards explained, it was his purpose to train and school his men, quite as much as anything else, that prompted the greater part of his madcap expeditions at this time, and if there be virtue in practice as a means of perfection, he was certainly an excellent school-master.

My company arrived at the camp about noon, after a march of three or four days, having travelled twenty miles that morning. Stuart, whom we encountered as we entered the camp, assigned us our position, and ordered our tents pitched. Our captain, who was even worse disciplined than we were, seeing a much more comfortable camping-place than the muddy one assigned to us, and being a comfort-loving gentleman, proceeded to lay out a model camp at a distance of fifty yards from the spot indicated. It was not long before the colonel particularly wished to consult with that captain, and after the consultation the volunteer officer was firmly convinced that all West Point graduates were martinets, with no knowledge whatever of the courtesies due from one gentleman to another.

We were weary after our long journey, and disposed to welcome the prospect of rest which our arrival in the camp held out. But resting, as we soon learned, had small place in our colonel's tactics. We had been in camp perhaps an hour, when an order came directing that the company be divided into three parts, each under command of a lieutenant, and that these report immediately for duty. Reporting, we were directed to scout through the country around Martinsburg, going as near the town as possible, and to give battle to any cavalry force we might meet. Here was a pretty lookout, certainly! Our officers knew not one inch of the country, and might fall into all sorts of traps and ambuscades; and what if we should meet a cavalry force greatly superior to our own? This West Point colonel was rapidly forfeiting our good opinion. Our lieutenants were brave fellows, however, and they led us boldly if ignorantly, almost up to the very gates of the town occupied by the enemy. We saw some cavalry but met none, their orders not being so peremptorily belligerent, perhaps, as ours were; wherefore they gave us no chance to fight them. The next morning our unreasonable colonel again ordered us to mount, in spite of the fact that there were companies in the camp which had done nothing at all the day before. This time he led us himself, taking pains to get us as nearly as possible surrounded by infantry, and then laughingly telling us that our chance for getting out of the difficulty, except by cutting our way through, was an exceedingly small one. I think we began about this time to suspect that we were learning something, and that this reckless colonel was trying to teach us. But that he was a harebrained fellow, lacking the caution belonging to a commander, we were unanimously agreed. He led us out of the place at a rapid gait, before the one gap in the enemy's lines could be closed, and then jauntily led us into one or two other traps, before taking us back to camp.

But it was not until General Patterson began his feint against Winchester that our colonel had full opportunity to give us his field lectures. When the advance began, and our pickets were driven in, the most natural thing to do, in our view of the situation, was to fall back upon our infantry supports at Winchester, and I remember hearing various expressions of doubt as to the colonel's sanity when, instead of falling back, he marched his handful of men right up to the advancing lines, and ordered us to dismount. The Federal skirmish line was coming toward us at a double-quick, and we were set going toward it at a like rate of speed, leaving our horses hundreds of yards to the rear. We could see that the skirmishers alone outnumbered us three or four times, and it really seemed that our colonel meant to sacrifice his command deliberately. He waited until the infantry was within about two hundred yards of us, we being in the edge of a little grove, and they on the other side of an open field. Then Stuart cried out, "Backwards—march! steady, men,—keep your faces to the enemy!" and we marched in that way through the timber, delivering our shot-gun fire slowly as we fell back toward our horses. Then mounting, with the skirmishers almost upon us, we retreated, not hurriedly, but at a slow trot, which the colonel would on no account permit us to change into a gallop. Taking us out into the main road he halted us in column, with our backs to the enemy.

"Attention!" he cried. "Now I want to talk to you, men. You are brave fellows, and patriotic ones too, but you are ignorant of this kind of work, and I am teaching you. I want you to observe that a good man on a good horse can never be caught. Another thing: cavalry can *trot* away from anything, and a gallop is a gait unbecoming a soldier, unless he is going toward the enemy. Remember that. We gallop toward the enemy, and trot away, always. Steady now! don't break ranks!"

And as the words left his lips a shell from a battery half a mile to the rear hissed over our heads.

"There," he resumed. "I've been waiting for that, and watching those fellows. I knew they'd shoot too high, and I wanted you to learn how shells sound."

We spent the next day or two literally within the Federal lines. We were shelled, skirmished with, charged, and surrounded scores of times, until we learned to hold in high regard our colonel's masterly skill in getting into and out of perilous positions. He seemed to blunder into them in sheer recklessness, but in getting out he showed us the quality of his genius; and before we reached Manassas we had learned, among other things, to entertain a feeling closely akin to worship for our brilliant and daring leader. We had begun to understand, too, how much force he meant to give to his favorite dictum that the cavalry is the eye of the army.

His restless activity was one, at least, of the qualities which enabled him to win the reputation he achieved so rapidly. He could never be still. He was rarely ever in camp at all, and he never showed a sign of fatigue. He led almost everything. Even after he became a general officer, with well-nigh an army of horsemen under his command, I frequently followed him as my leader in a little party of half a dozen troopers, who might as well have gone with a sergeant on the duty assigned them; and once I was his only follower on a scouting expedition, of which he, a brigadier-general at the time, was the commander. I had been detailed to do some clerical work at his headquarters, and, having finished the task assigned me, was waiting in the piazza of the house he occupied, for somebody to give me further orders, when Stuart came out.

"Is that your horse?" he asked, going up to the animal and examining him minutely.

I replied that he was, and upon being questioned further informed him that I did not wish to sell my steed. Turning to me suddenly, he said:

"Let's slip off on a scout, then; I'll ride your horse and you can ride mine. I want to try your beast's paces"; and mounting, we galloped away. Where or how far he intended to go I did not know. He was enamoured of my horse, and rode, I suppose, for the pleasure of riding an animal which pleased him. We passed outside our picket line, and then, keeping in the woods, rode within that of the Union army. Wandering about in a purposeless way, we got a near view of some of the Federal camps, and finally finding ourselves objects of attention on the part of some well-mounted cavalry in blue uniforms, we rode rapidly down a road toward our own lines, our pursuers riding quite as rapidly immediately behind us.

"General," I cried presently, "there is a Federal picket post on the road just ahead of us. Had we not better oblique into the woods?"

"Oh no. They won't expect us from this direction, and we can ride over them before they make up their minds who we are."

Three minutes later we rode at full speed through the corporal's guard on picket, and were a hundred yards or more away before they could level a gun at us. Then half a dozen bullets whistled about our ears, but the cavalier paid no attention to them.

"Did you ever time this horse for a half-mile?" was all he had to say. . . . .

It was on the day of my ride with him that I heard him express his views of the war and his singular aspiration for himself. It was almost immediately after General McClellan assumed command of the army of the Potomac, and while we were rather eagerly expecting him to attack our strongly fortified position at Centreville. Stuart was talking with some members of his staff, with whom he had been wrestling a minute before. He said something about what they could do by way of amusement when they should go into winter-quarters.

"That is to say," he continued, "if George B. McClellan ever allows us to go into winter-quarters at all."

"Why, general? Do you think he will advance before spring?" asked one of the officers.

"Not against Centreville," replied the general. "He has too much sense for that, and I think he knows the shortest road to Richmond, too. If I am not greatly mistaken, we shall hear of him presently on his way up the James River."

In this prediction, as the reader knows, he was right. The conversation then passed to the question of results.

"I regard it as a foregone conclusion," said Stuart, "that we shall ultimately whip the Yankees. We are bound to believe that, anyhow; but the war is going to be a long and terrible one, first. We've only just begun it, and very few of us will see the end. *All I ask of fate is that I may be killed leading a cavalry charge.*"

The remark was not a boastful or seemingly insincere one. It was made quietly, cheerfully, almost eagerly, and it impressed me at the time with the feeling that the man's idea of happiness was what the French call glory, and that in his eyes there was no glory like that of dying in one of the tremendous onsets which he knew so well how to make. His wish was granted, as we know. He received his death-wound at the head of his troopers. . . . . .

General Stuart was, without doubt, capable of handling an infantry command successfully, as he demonstrated at Chancellorsville, where he took Stonewall Jackson's place and led an army corps in a very severe engagement; but his special fitness was for cavalry service. His tastes were those of a horseman. Perpetual activity was a necessity of his existence, and he enjoyed nothing so much as danger. Audacity, his greatest virtue as a cavalry commander, would have been his besetting sin in any other position. Inasmuch as it is the business of the cavalry to live as constantly as possible within gunshot of the enemy, his recklessness stood him in excellent stead as a general of horse, but it is at least questionable whether his want of caution would not have led to disaster if his command had been of a less mobile sort. His critics say he was vain, and he was so, as a boy is. He liked to win the applause of his friends, and he liked still better to astonish the enemy, glorying in the thought that his foemen must admire his "impudence," as he called it, while they dreaded its manifestation. He was continually doing things of an extravagantly audacious sort, with no other purpose, seemingly, than that of making people stretch their eyes in wonder. He enjoyed the admiration of the enemy far more, I think, than he did that of his friends. This fact was evident in the care he took to make himself a conspicuous personage in every time of danger. He would ride at some distance from his men in a skirmish, and in every possible way attract a dangerous attention to himself. His slouch hat and long plume marked him in every battle, and made him a target for the riflemen to shoot at. In all this there was some vanity, if we choose to call it so, but it was an excellent sort of vanity for a cavalry chief to cultivate. I cannot learn that he ever boasted of any achievement, or that his vanity was ever satisfied with the things already done. His audacity was due, I think, to his sense of humor, not less than to his love of applause. He would laugh uproariously over the astonishment he imagined the Federal officers must feel after one of his peculiarly daring or sublimely impudent performances. When, after capturing a large number of horses and mules on one of his raids, he seized a telegraph station and sent a despatch to General Meigs, then Quartermaster-General of the United States army, complaining that he could not afford to come after animals of so poor a quality, and urging that officer to provide better ones for capture in future, he enjoyed the joke quite as heartily as he did the success which made it possible.

The boyishness to which I have referred ran through every part of his character and every act of his life. His impetuosity in action, his love of military glory and of the military life, his occasional waywardness with his friends and his generous affection for them,—all these were the traits of a great boy, full, to running over, of impulsive animal life. . . .

While I was serving in South Carolina, I met one evening the general commanding the military district, and he, upon learning that I had served with Stuart, spent the entire evening talking of his friend, for they two had been together in the old army before the war. . . . .

During the evening's conversation this general formulated his opinion of Stuart's military character in very striking phrase.

"He is," he said, "the greatest cavalry officer that ever lived. He has all the dash, daring, and audacity of Murat, and a great deal more sense." It was his opinion, however, that there were men in both armies who would come to be known as greater cavalrymen than Stuart, for the reason that Stuart used his men strictly as cavalry, while others would make dragoons of them. He believed that the nature of our country was much better adapted to dragoon than to cavalry service, and hence, while he thought Stuart the best of cavalry officers, he doubted his ability to stand against such men as General Sheridan, whose conception of the proper place of the horse in our war was a more correct one, he thought, than Stuart's. "To the popular mind," he went on to say, "every soldier who rides a horse is a cavalryman, and so Stuart will be measured by an incorrect standard. He will be classed with General Sheridan and measured by his success or the want of it. General Sheridan is without doubt the greatest of dragoon commanders, as Stuart is the greatest of cavalrymen; but in this country dragoons are worth a good deal more than cavalry, and so General Sheridan will probably win the greater reputation. He will deserve it, too, because behind it is the sound judgment which tells him what use to make of his horsemen."

It is worthy of remark that all this was said before General Sheridan had made his reputation as an officer, and I remember that at the time his name was almost new to me.

Stephen Henry Thayer.

BORN in New Ipswich, N. H., 1839.

THE WAITING CHORDS.

[*Songs of Sleepy Hollow.* 1886.]

HEEDLESS she strayed from note to note,
  A maid, scarce knowing that she sang;
The dainty accents from her throat
  In undulations lightly rang.

She sang in laughing rhythms sweet;
  A bird of spring was in her voice;

Till on through measures deft and fleet
  She caught the ditty of her choice.

A song of love, in words of fire,
  Now made her breast with passion stir;
It breathed across her living lyre,
  And thrilled the waiting chords in her.

Uplifted like a quivering dart,
  One moment poised the tones on high,
To tell the language of her heart,
  And swell the pæan ere it die.

She smote the keys with will and force,
  Like storm-winds swept the sounds along;
Her flying fingers in their course
  Vied with the tumult of her song.

Her eyes flashed with the burning theme;
  A glow of triumph flushed her cheek;
No need of words to tell the dream
  Of love her lips would never speak.

When the wild cadence died in air,
  And all the chords to silence fell,
I knew the spirit lurking there,
  The secret that had wrought the spell.

Henry George.

Born in Philadelphia, Penn., 1839.

PROPERTY IN LAND IN THE UNITED STATES.

[*Progress and Poverty*. 1879.—*Revised Edition*. 1880.]

THE republic has entered upon a new era, an era in which the monopoly of the land will tell with accelerating effect. The great fact which has been so potent is ceasing to be. The public domain is almost gone—a very few years will end its influence, already rapidly failing. I do not mean to say that there will be no public domain. For a long time to come there will be millions of acres of public lands carried on the books of the Land Department. But it must be remembered that the best part of the continent for agricultural purposes is already overrun, and that it is the poorest land that is left. It must be remembered that what remains comprises the great mountain ranges, the sterile deserts, the high plains fit only for grazing. And it must be remembered that much of this land which figures in the reports as open to settlement is unsurveyed land, which has been appropriated by possessory claims or locations which do not appear until the land is returned as surveyed. California figures on the books of the Land Department as the greatest land State of the Union, containing nearly 100,000,000 acres of public land —something like one-twelfth of the whole public domain. Yet so much of this is covered by railroad grants or held in the way of which I have spoken ; so much consists of untillable mountains or plains which require irrigation, so much is monopolized by locations which command the water, that as a matter of fact it is difficult to point the immigrant to any part of the State where he can take up a farm on which he can settle and maintain a family, and so men, weary of the quest, end by buying land or renting it on shares. It is not that there is any real scarcity of land in California—for, an empire in herself, California will some day maintain a population as large as that of France—but appropriation has got ahead of the settler and manages to keep just ahead of him.

Some twelve or fifteen years ago the late Ben Wade of Ohio said, in a speech in the United States Senate, that by the close of this century every acre of ordinary agricultural land in the United States would be worth $50 in gold. It is already clear that if he erred at all, it was in overstating the time. In the twenty-one years that remain of the present century, if our population keeps on increasing at the rate which it has maintained since the institution of the Government, with the exception of the decade which included the civil war, there will be an addition to our present population of something like forty-five millions, an addition of some seven millions more than the total population of the United States as shown by the census of 1870, and nearly half as much again as the present population of Great Britain. There is no question about the ability of the United States to support such a population and many hundreds of millions more, and, under proper social adjustments, to support them in increased comfort ; but in view of such an increase of population, what becomes of the unappropriated public domain ? Practically there will soon cease to be any. It will be a very long time before it is all in use ; but it will be a very short time, as we are going, before all that men can turn to use will have an owner.

But the evil effects of making the land of a whole people the exclusive property of some do not wait for the final appropriation of the public domain to show themselves. It is not necessary to contemplate them in the future ; we may see them in the present. They have grown with our growth, and are still increasing.

We plough new fields, we open new mines, we found new cities ; we drive back the Indian and exterminate the buffalo ; we girdle the land with iron roads and lace the air with telegraph wires ; we add knowledge to knowledge, and utilize invention after invention ; we build schools and endow colleges ; yet it becomes no easier for the masses of our people to make a living. On the contrary, it is becoming harder. The wealthy class is becoming more wealthy ; but the poorer class is becoming more dependent. The gulf between the employed and the employer is growing wider ; social contrasts are becoming sharper ; as liveried carriages appear, so do barefooted children. We are becoming used to talk of the working classes and the propertied classes; beggars are becoming so common that where it was once thought a crime little short of highway robbery to refuse food to one who asked for it, the gate is now barred and the bulldog loosed, while laws are passed against vagrants which suggest those of Henry VIII.

We call ourselves the most progressive people on earth. But what is the goal of our progress, if these are its wayside fruits?

These are the results of private property in land—the effects of a principle that must act with increasing and increasing force. It is not that laborers have increased faster than capital; it is not that population is pressing against subsistence; it is not that machinery has made "work scarce"; it is not that there is any real antagonism between labor and capital—it is simply that land is becoming more valuable; that the terms on which labor can obtain access to the natural opportunities which alone enable it to produce are becoming harder and harder. The public domain is receding and narrowing; property in land is concentrating. The proportion of our people who have no legal right to the land on which they live is becoming steadily larger.

Says the "New York World": "A non-resident proprietary, like that of Ireland, is getting to be the characteristic of large farming districts in New England, adding yearly to the nominal value of leasehold farms; advancing yearly the rent demanded, and steadily degrading the character of the tenantry." And the "Nation," alluding to the same section, says: "Increased nominal value of land, higher rents, fewer farms occupied by owners; diminished products; lower wages; a more ignorant population; increasing number of women employed at hard, outdoor labor (surest sign of a declining civilization), and a steady deterioration in the style of farming—these are the conditions described by a cumulative mass of evidence that is perfectly irresistible."

The same tendency is observable in the new States where the large scale of cultivation recalls the *latifundia* that ruined ancient Italy. In California a very large proportion of the farming land is rented from year to year, at rates varying from a fourth to even half the crop.

The harder times, the lower wages, the increasing poverty perceptible in the United States are but results of the natural laws we have traced—laws as universal and as irresistible as that of gravitation. We did not establish the republic when in the face of principalities and powers we flung the declaration of the inalienable rights of man; we shall never establish the republic until we practically carry out that declaration by securing to the poorest child born among us an equal right to his native soil! We did not abolish slavery when we ratified the Fourteenth Amendment; to abolish slavery we must abolish private property in land! Unless we come back to first principles, unless we recognize natural perceptions of equity, unless we acknowledge the equal right of all to land, our free institutions will be in vain, our common schools will be in vain; our discoveries and inventions will but add to the force that presses the masses down!

Francis Amasa Walker.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1840.

THE BEST HOLDING OF THE LAND.

[*Land and Its Rent.* 1883.]

A WIDE difference in the degree of advantage which may be expected to result from the application of the subdivision of labor and the aggregation of capitals in agriculture, as compared with manufactures, enters to justify a very different view of the two cases.

It would be wholly reasonable to admit that the enormous gain in productive power which results from the modern organization of mechanical labor must be accepted as outweighing all the evils incidental to that system, while denying emphatically that the productive power of land in large estates under a single management shows any such excess over the productive power of land when cut up into small farms cultivated by their respective owners, as to compensate for the disadvantages that might be held to result from a less equable distribution of wealth, through the discouragement of frugality, through a more wanton increase of population, or through the merely political loss resulting to the State from the destruction of an independent and self-reliant yeomanry.

That the excess of advantages, productively considered, upon the side of large estates, as compared with what are usually called peasant properties, cannot be very great, is shown by the fact that the existence of such an excess in any degree has been disputed by writers so intelligent and candid as Messrs. Mill, Thornton, and Hippolyte Passy. . . . . .

The reason why the division of labor and the concentration of capital accomplish so much less, relatively, in agriculture than in manufactures, is twofold.

On the one hand, the nature of agricultural operations, the extent of the field over which they are carried on, the varying necessities of the seasons in their order, and the limited applicability of machinery and elemental power, preclude the possibility of achieving a gain in this department of activity which shall be at all comparable to that which is attained where hundreds and thousands of workmen are gathered upon a few acres of ground, where machinery the most delicate and the most powerful may be applied successively to every minute operation, and where the force of steam or gravity may be invoked to multiply many fold the efficiency of the unaided man.

On the other hand, there is a virtue in the mere ownership of land by the actual laborer, which goes far, very far, to outweigh the advantages which great capitals bring to the cultivation of the soil. The "magic of property" in transmuting the bleak rock into the blooming garden, the barren sand of the seashore into the richest mould, has been told by a hundred travellers and economists since Arthur Young's day. In his tireless activity, "from the rising of the lark to the lodging of the lamb"; in his unceasing vigilance against every form of waste; in his sympathetic care of the drooping vine, the broken bough, the tender young of the flock and the herd; in his intimate knowledge of the character and capabilities of every field, and of every corner of every field, within his narrow domain; in his passionate devotion to the land which is all his own, which was his father's before him, which will be his son's after him, the peasant, the small proprietor, hold the secret of an economic virtue which even the power of machinery can scarcely overcome.

Americans are perhaps likely to overrate the degree in which operations on a vast scale, under a single management, may be advantageously carried on. The stories of the great farms of Illinois and California, and, even more prodigious, of the Dalrymple farms along the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, are likely to create the impression on the mind of the reader that there is almost no limit to the success of great, even of gigantic, agriculture.

Such cases are, however, highly exceptional, even in the cultivation of the staple cereal crops and of cotton; while, as we reach the numberless minor crops, which in their aggregate constitute a large part of the agriculture of the world, the advantages of aggregated capitals diminish rapidly or disappear altogether. . . . .

In addition to the question of gross production, we have considerations relating to the distribution of the produce, which may properly enter to affect the mind of the economist or the statesman when dealing with the tenure of the soil.

That the industrial position of the individual agent,—as, for instance, whether producing in his own right and name, by permission of no one, a merchantable product, regarding which he has only to take the risks of a fortunate or unfortunate exchange, or, in the opposite case, as a candidate for employment at the hands of another, through whose consent only can be obtained the opportunity to take a part in production, and with whom, consequently, he has to make terms in advance of production and as a condition precedent to production,—that the industrial position of the individual agent may powerfully affect the distribution of the produce among those who take part in production; that the injuries suffered in that distribution by the economically weak should result, more or less extensively, in permanent industrial disability, through loss of health and strength, through loss of constitutional energy or corruption of the blood, through loss of self-respect and social ambition, such disability being as real and as lasting as the disabilities incurred in a railway accident, the laborer, in consequence thereof, sinking to a lower industrial grade, beyond the reach of any reparative or restorative forces of a purely economical origin; and, lastly, that in the reaction of the distribution upon production, the whole community and all classes should suffer, both economically and socially;—how any one can deny these things, I cannot conceive, although it has mysteriously pleased the economists almost wholly to omit consideration of causes of this nature.

That the system of small holdings reduces to a minimum the difficulties and the economic dangers attending the distribution of wealth, is implied in the very statement of the case. The great majority of those who work upon the land being self-employed, and the produce being their own, without deduction, the question what they shall receive as the fruit of their labor becomes a question of their own industry and prudence, subject alone to the kindness or unkindness of nature in giving the sunshine and the rain in their due season and measure, or the reverse.

The reduction of the mass of those who work upon the land to the condition of hired laborers brings upon each the necessity of finding a master with whom he must make terms precedent to production ; of entering into a competition at once with his fellows as to priority of employment, and with the members of the employing class as to rates of wages and forms of payment, for which competition he may be more or less disqualified by poverty, ignorance, and mental inertia, by distrust of himself or by jealousy of others. The condition of the agricultural laborers of England during the past hundred years shows that the evils portrayed are not merely imaginary.

Even more important than the considerations relating to the production and the distribution of wealth, bearing upon the tenure of land, which have been indicated, are certain considerations connected with the Consumption of Wealth.

Under which system of holdings are the forces which determine the uses to be made of wealth likely to be most favorable to the strength and prosperity of the community ?

That the ownership of land, in the main, by the cultivating class, promotes frugality and a wiser application of the existing body of wealth, is too manifest to require discussion. The true savings-bank, says Sismondi, is the soil. There is never a time when the owner of land is not painfully conscious of improvements which he desires to make upon his farm, of additions which he desires to make to his stock. For every shilling of money, as for every hour of time, he knows an immediate use. He has not to carry his earnings past a drinking-saloon to find an opportunity to invest them. The hungry land is, even at the moment, crying aloud for them. . . . .

Beyond the considerations which I have felt at liberty to adduce, is the interest of the community in the development of the manhood of its citizens, through the individuality and independence of character which spring from working upon the soil that you own.

"I believe," wrote Emerson, "in the spade and an acre of good ground. Whoso cuts a straight path to his own bread, by the help of God in the sun and rain and sprouting of the grain, seems to me an *universal* workman. He solves the problem of life, not for one, but for all men of sound body."

Still, in addition to this, is the political interest which the State has, that as many as may be of its citizens shall be directly interested in the land. Especially with popular institutions is there a strong assurance of peace, order, purity, and liberty, where those who are to make the laws, to pay the taxes, to rally to the support of the Government against foreign invasion or domestic violence, are the proprietors of the soil.

I would by no means argue in favor of a dull uniformity of petty holdings. Probably Professor Roscher is right in saying that a mingling of large, medium, and small properties, in which those of medium size predominate, forms the most wholesome of national and economical organizations.

In such an organization each class of estates is a help and strength to every other. The great estates afford adequate field and ample capital for advanced experimental agriculture, by the results of which all will, in turn, profit. They set the standard of "the straight furrow, the well-built ricks, and the beautiful lines of drilled corn," to use the enthusiastic phrase of Sir James Caird.

The multitude of small proprietors, on the other hand, as Professor Emile de Laveleye has well expressed it, serve as a kind of political rampart and safeguard for the holders of large estates; they offer the laborer a ready resort to the land, a sort of economical "escape," in the failure of mechanical employment; and they provide the nation with a solid body of yeomen, not easily bought or bullied or cajoled by demagogues.

In the medium-sized farms, again, may be found united no small measure of the advantages of both the large estate and the petty holding, the three degrees together forming the ideal distribution of the soil of any country, where both economical and social considerations are taken into account.

What, if anything, should be done by the State to promote the right holding of land? Mr. Thornton's reply to this question is the reply of Diogenes to Alexander: "Get out of my light!" And, indeed, in a country like our own, with vast unoccupied tracts still available for settlement, with a population active, alert, aggressive, both industrially and socially, and with no vicious traditions, no old abuses, perverting the natural operation of economic forces to ends injurious to the general interest, it is only needful that the State should keep off its hand, and allow the soil to be parted as the unhelped and unhindered course of sale and bequest may determine. But wherever there is a peasantry unfitted for competition, upon purely commercial principles, with a powerful and wealthy class, under a painful pressure of population, there the regulation of the holding of land becomes a proper matter of State concern.

John White Chadwick.

BORN in Marblehead, Mass., 1840.

RECOGNITION.

[*A Book of Poems.* 1876.—*In Nazareth Town.* 1883.]

WHEN souls that have put off their mortal gear
  Stand in the pure, sweet light of heaven's day,
  And wondering deeply what to do or say,
And trembling more with rapture than with fear,
Desire some token of their friends most dear,
  Who there some time have made their happy stay,
  And much have longed for them to come that way,
What shall it be, this sign of hope and cheer?

Shall it be tone of voice or glance of eye?
  Shall it be touch of hand or gleam of hair
  Blown back from spirit-brows by heaven's air,—
Things which of old we knew our dearest by?
  Oh, naught of this; but, if our love is true,
  Some secret sense shall cry, 'Tis you and—you!

HIS MOTHER'S JOY.

LITTLE, I ween, did Mary guess,
  As on her arm her baby lay,
What tides of joy would swell and beat,
  Through ages long, on Christmas day.

And what if she had known it all,—
  The awful splendor of his fame?
The inmost heart of all her joy
  Would still, methinks, have been the same:

The joy that every mother knows
  Who feels her babe against her breast:
The voyage long is overpast,
  And now is calm and peace and rest.

"Art thou the Christ?" The wonder came
  As easy as her infant's breath:
But answer none. Enough for her,
  That love had triumphed over death.

December 25, 1877.

John Torrey Morse, Jr.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1840.

A PICTURE OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

[*John Quincy Adams.* 1882.]

IN his conscientious way he was faithful and industrious to a rare degree. He was never absent and seldom late; he bore unflinchingly the burden of severe committee work, and shirked no toil on the plea of age or infirmity. He attended closely to all the business of the House; carefully formed his opinions on every question; never failed to vote except for cause; and always had a sufficient reason independent of party allegiance to sustain his vote. Living in the age of oratory, he earned the name of "the old man eloquent." Yet he was not an orator in the sense in which Webster, Clay, and Calhoun were orators. He was not a rhetorician; he had neither grace of manner nor a fine presence, neither an imposing delivery, nor even pleasing tones. On the contrary, he was exceptionally lacking in all these qualities. He was short, rotund, and bald; about the time when he entered Congress, complaints become frequent in his Diary of weak and inflamed eyes, and soon these organs became so rheumy that the water would trickle down his cheeks; a shaking of the hand grew upon him to such an extent that in time he had to use artificial assistance to steady it for writing ; his voice was high, shrill, liable to break, piercing enough to make itself heard, but not agreeable. This hardly seems the picture of an orator ; nor was it to any charm of elocution that he owed his influence, but rather to the fact that men soon learned that what he said was always worth hearing. When he entered Congress he had been for much more than a third of a century zealously gathering knowledge in public affairs, and during his career in that body every year swelled the already vast accumulation. Moreover, listeners were always sure to get a bold and an honest utterance and often pretty keen words from him, and he never spoke to an inattentive audience or to a thin house. Whether pleased or incensed by what he said, the Representatives at least always listened to it. He was by nature a hard fighter, and by the circumstances of his course in Congress this quality was stimulated to such a degree that parliamentary history does not show his equal as a gladiator. His power of invective was extraordinary, and he was untiring and merciless in his use of it. Theoretically he disapproved of sarcasm, but practically he could not refrain from it. Men winced and cowered before his milder attacks, became sometimes dumb, sometimes furious with mad rage before his fiercer assaults. Such struggles evidently gave him pleasure, and there was scarce a back in Congress that did not at one time or another feel the score of his cutting lash ; though it was the Southerners and the Northern allies of Southerners whom chiefly he singled out for torture. He was irritable and quick to wrath ; he himself constantly speaks of the infirmity of his temper, and in his many conflicts his principal concern was to keep it in control. His enemies often referred to it and twitted him with it. Of alliances he was careless, and friendships he had almost none. But in the creation of enmities he was terribly successful. Not so much at first, but increasingly as years went on, a state of ceaseless, vigilant hostility became his normal condition. From the time when he fairly entered upon the long struggle against slavery, he enjoyed few peaceful days in the House. But he seemed to thrive upon the warfare, and to be never so well pleased as when he was bandying hot words with slave-holders and the Northern supporters of slave-holders. When the air of the House was thick with crimination and abuse he seemed to suck in fresh vigor and spirit from the hate-laden atmosphere. When invective fell around him in showers, he screamed back his retaliation with untiring rapidity and marvellous dexterity of aim. No odds could appall him. With his back set firm against a solid moral principle, it was his joy to strike out at a multitude of foes. They lost their heads as well as their tempers, but in the extremest moments of excitement and anger Mr. Adams's brain seemed to work with machine-like coolness and accuracy. With flushed face, streaming eyes, animated gesticulation, and cracking voice, he always retained perfect mastery of all his intellectual faculties. He thus became a terrible antagonist, whom all feared, yet fearing could not refrain from attacking, so bitterly and incessantly did he choose to exert his wonderful power of exasperation. Few men could throw an opponent into wild blind fury with such speed and certainty as he could ; and he does not conceal the malicious gratification which such feats brought to him. A leader of such fighting capacity, so courageous, with such a magazine of experience and information, and with a character so irreproachable, could have won brilliant victories in public life at the head of even a small band of devoted followers. But Mr. Adams never had and apparently never wanted followers. Other prominent public men were brought not only into collision but into comparison with their contemporaries. But Mr. Adams's individuality was so strong that he can be compared with no one. It was not an individuality of genius nor to any remarkable extent of mental qualities; but rather an individuality of character. To this fact is probably to be attributed his peculiar solitariness. Men touch each other for purposes of attachment through their characters much more than through their minds. But few men, even in agreeing with Mr. Adams, felt themselves in sympathy with him. Occasionally conscience, or invincible logic, or even policy and self-interest, might compel one or another politician to stand beside him in debate or in voting; but no current of fellow-feeling ever passed between such temporary comrades and him. It was the cold connection of duty or of business. The first instinct of nearly every one was opposition towards him; coalition might be forced by circumstances but never came by volition. For the purpose of winning immediate successes this was of course a most unfortunate condition of relationships. Yet it had some compensations: it left such influence as Mr. Adams could exert by steadfastness and argument entirely unweakened by suspicion of hidden motives or personal ends. He had the weight and enjoyed the respect which a sincerity beyond distrust must always command in the long run.

Robert Kelley Weeks.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1840. DIED in New York, N. Y., 1876.

A SONG FOR LEXINGTON.

[*Poems.—Collective Edition.* 1881.]

THE Spring came earlier on
Than usual that year;
The shadiest snow was gone,
The slowest brook was clear,
And warming in the sun
Shy flowers began to peer.

'Twas more like middle May,
The earth so seemed to thrive,
That Nineteenth April day
Of Seventeen Seventy-Five;
Winter was well away,
New England was alive!

Alive and sternly glad!
Her doubts were with the snow;
Her courage, long forbade,
Ran full to overflow;
And every hope she had
Began to bud and grow.

She rose betimes that morn,
For there was work to do;
A planting, not of corn,
Of what she hardly knew,—
Blessings for men unborn;
And well she did it too!

With open hand she stood,
And sowed for all the years,
And watered it with blood,
And watered it with tears,
The seed of quickening food
For both the hemispheres.
This was the planting done
That April morn of fame;
Honor to every one
To that seed-field that came!
Honor to Lexington,
Our first immortal name!

ON THE SHORE.

HERE many a time she must have walked,
  The dull sand brightening 'neath her feet,
The cool air quivering as she talked,
  Or laughed, or warbled sweet.

The shifting sand no trace of her,
  No sound the wandering wind retains,
But, breaking where the foot-prints were,
  Loudly the sea complains.

ANADYOMENE.

THE passionate first flush
  Of that great sunset came,
And vanished, like a rush
Of self-consuming flame;

But deep within the west,
Long lived the afterglow,
And on the water's breast
Slow heaving to and fro;

And where the lower blue
Was lost in tender green,
An eager star burst through
The palpitating screen;

And darkly whispering went
The wind among the grass,
And o'er the waves;—intent
On what should come to pass,

Eastward I turned my eyes
In vague expectancy,
And saw the moon arise
Like Venus from the sea.

John Clark Ridpath.

BORN in Putnam Co., Ind., 1840.

TENETS OF LIBERTY.

[*A Popular History of the United States.* 1876.]

TO the thoughtful student of history several things seem necessary to the perpetuity and complete success of American institutions. The first of these is the prevalence of the idea of National Unity. Of this spake Washington in his Farewell Address, warning his countrymen in solemn words to preserve and defend that government which constituted them one people. Of this wrote Hamilton and Adams. For this pleaded Webster in his great orations. Upon this the far-seeing statesmen of the present day, rising above the strifes of party and the turmoils of war, plant themselves as the one thing vital in American politics. The idea that the United States are one Nation, and not thirty-eight nations, is the grand cardinal doctrine of a sound political faith. State pride and sectional attachment are natural passions in the human breast, and are so near akin to patriotism as to be distinguished from it only in the court of a higher reason. But there is a nobler love of country —a patriotism that rises above all places and sections, that knows no County, no State, no North, no South, but only native land ; that claims no mountain slope ; that clings to no river bank ; that worships no range of hills ; but lifts the aspiring eye to a continent redeemed from barbarism by common sacrifices and made sacred by the shedding of kindred blood. Such a patriotism is the cable and sheet-anchor of our hope.

A second requisite for the preservation of American institutions is the Universal Secular Education of the People. Monarchies govern their subjects by authority and precedent ; republics by right reason and free will. Whether one method or the other will be better, turns wholly upon the intelligence of the governed. If the subject have not the knowledge and discipline necessary to govern himself, it is better that a king, in whom some skill in the science of government is presupposed, should rule him. As between two stupendous evils, the rational tyranny of the intelligent few is preferable to the furious and irrational tyranny of the ignorant many. No force which has moved among men, impelling to bad action, inspiring to crime, overturning order, tearing away the bulwarks of liberty and right, and converting civilization into a waste, has been so full of evil and so powerful to destroy as a blind, ignorant, and factious democracy. A republic without intelligence—even a high degree of intelligence—is a paradox and an impossibility. What means that principle of the Declaration of Independence which declares the consent of the governed to be the true foundation of all just authority? What kind of "consent" is referred to? Manifestly not the passive and unresisting acquiescence of the mind which, like the potter's clay, receives whatever is impressed upon it ; but that active, thinking, resolute, conscious, personal consent which distinguishes the true freeman from the puppet. When the people of the United States rise to the heights of this noble and intelligent self-assertion, the occupation of the party leader—most despicable of all tyrants—will be gone forever ; and in order that the people may ascend to that high plane, the means by which intelligence is fostered, right reason exalted, and a calm and rational public opinion produced, must be universally secured. The public Free School is the fountain whose streams shall make glad all the lands of liberty. We must educate or perish.

A third thing necessary to the perpetuity of American liberties is Toleration—toleration in the broadest and most glorious sense. In the colonial times intolerance embittered the lives of our fathers. Until the present day the baleful shadow has been upon the land. The proscriptive vices of the

Middle Age have flowed down with the blood of the race and tainted the life that now is, with a suspicion and distrust of freedom. Liberty in the minds of men has meant the privilege of agreeing with the majority. Men have desired free thought, but fear has stood at the door. It remains for the United States to build a highway, broad and free, into every field of liberal inquiry, and to make the poorest of men who walks therein more secure in life and reputation than the soldier who sleeps behind the rampart. Proscription has no part nor lot in the American system. The stake, the gibbet, and the rack, thumb-screws, sword, and pillory, have no place on this side of the sea. Nature is diversified; so are human faculties, beliefs, and practices. Essential freedom is the right to differ; and that right must be sacredly respected. Nor must the privilege of dissent be conceded with coldness and disdain, but openly, cordially, and with goodwill. No loss of rank, abatement of character, or ostracism from society must darken the pathway of the humblest of the seekers after truth. The right of free thought, free inquiry, and free speech, is as clear as the noonday and bounteous as the air and ocean. Without a full and cheerful recognition of this right, America is only a name, her glory a dream, her institutions a mockery.

The fourth idea, essential to the welfare and stability of the Republic, is the Nobility of Labor. It is the mission of the United States to ennoble toil and honor the toiler. In other lands to labor has been considered the lot of serfs and peasants; to gather the fruits and consume them in luxury and war, the business of the great. Since the mediæval times European society has been organized on the basis of a nobility and a people. To be a nobleman was to be distinguished from the people; to be one of the people was to be forever debarred from nobility. Thus has been set on human industry the stigma of perpetual disgrace. Something of this has been transmitted to the new civilization in the West—a certain disposition to renew the old order of lord and laborer. Let the odious distinction perish: the true lord is the laborer and the true laborer the lord. It is the genius of American institutions, in the fulness of time, to wipe the last opprobrious stain from the brow of toil and to crown the toiler with the dignity, lustre, and honor of a full and perfect manhood.

Rossiter Johnson.

Born in Rochester, N. Y., 1840.

LAURENCE.

[*Idler and Poet.* 1883.]

HE came in the glory of summer; in the terror of summer he went:
Like a blossom the breezes have wafted; like a bough that the tempest has rent.
His blue eyes unclosed in the morning, his brown eyes were darkened at morn,
And the durance of pain could not banish the beauty wherewith he was born.

He came—can we ever forget it, while the years of our pilgrimage roll?—
He came in thine anguish of body, he passed 'mid our anguish of soul.

He brought us a pride and a pleasure, he left us a pathos of tears:
A dream of impossible futures, a glimpse of uncalendared years.
His voice was a sweet inspiration, his silence a sign from afar;
He made us the heroes we were not, he left us the cowards we are.
For the moan of the heart follows after his clay, with perpetual dole,
Forgetting the torture of body is lost in the triumph of soul.

A man in the world of his cradle, a sage in his infantine lore,
He was brave in the might of endurance, was patient,—and who can be more?
He had learned to be shy of the stranger, to welcome his mother's warm kiss,
To trust in the arms of his father,—and who can be wiser than this?
The lifetime we thought lay before him, already was rounded and whole,
In dainty completeness of body and wondrous perfection of soul.

The newness of love at his coming, the freshness of grief when he went,
The pitiless pain of his absence, the effort at argued content,
The dim eye forever retracing the few little footprints he made,
The quick thought forever recalling the visions that never can fade,—
For these but one comfort, one answer, in faith's or philosophy's roll:
Came to us for a pure little body, went to God for a glorified soul.

AT THE END OF THE WAR.

[*A Short History of the War of Secession.* 1888.]

THE home-coming at the North was almost as sorrowful as at the South, because of those that came not. In all the festivities and rejoicings there was hardly a participator whose joy was not saddened by missing some well-known face and form now numbered with the silent three hundred thousand. Grant was there, the commander that had never taken a step backward; and Farragut was there, the sailor without an equal; and the unfailing Sherman, and the patient Thomas, and the intrepid Hancock, and the fiery Sheridan, and the brilliant Custer, and many of lesser rank, who in a smaller theatre of conflict would have won a larger fame. But where was young Ellsworth? Shot dead as soon as he crossed the Potomac. And Winthrop—killed in the first battle, with his best books unwritten. And Lyon—fallen at the head of his little army in Missouri, the first summer of the war. And Baker—sacrificed at Ball's Bluff. And Kearny at Chantilly, and Reno at South Mountain, and Mansfield at Antietam, and Reynolds at Gettysburg, and Wadsworth in the Wilderness, and Sedgwick at Spottsylvania, and McPherson before Atlanta, and Craven in his monitor at the bottom of the sea, and thousands of others, the best and bravest, all gone—all, like Latour, the immortal captain, dead on the field of honor, but none the less dead and a loss to their mourning country. The hackneyed allegory of Curtius had been given a startling illustration and a new significance. The South, too, had lost heavily of her foremost citizens in the great struggle—Bee and Bartow at Bull Run ; Albert Sidney Johnson, leading a desperate charge at Shiloh ; Zollicoffer, soldier and journalist, at Mill Spring ; Stonewall Jackson, Lee's right arm, at Chancellorsville ; Polk, priest and warrior, at Lost Mountain ; Armistead, wavering between two allegiances and fighting alternately for each, and Barksdale and Garnet—all at Gettysburg ; Hill at Petersburg ; and the dashing Stuart, and Daniel, and Perrin, and Dearing, and Doles, and numberless others. The sudden hush and sense of awe that impresses a child when he steps upon a single grave may well overcome the strongest man when he looks upon the face of his country scarred with battle-fields like these, and considers what blood of manhood was rudely wasted there. And the slain were mostly young, unmarried men, whose native virtues fill no living veins, and will not shine again on any field.

It is poor business measuring the mouldered ramparts and counting the silent guns, marking the deserted battle-fields and decorating the grassy graves, unless we can learn from it all some nobler lesson than to destroy. Men write of this as of other wars as if the only thing necessary to be impressed upon the rising generation were the virtue of physical courage and contempt of death. It seems to me that is the last thing that we need to teach ; for since the days of John Smith in Virginia and the men of the *Mayflower* in Massachusetts, no generation of Americans has shown any lack of it. From Louisburg to Petersburg—a hundred and twenty years, the full span of four generations—they have stood to their guns and been shot down in greater comparative numbers than any other race on earth. In the War of Secession there was not a State, not a county, probably not a town, between the Great Lakes and the Gulf, that was not represented on fields where all that men could do with powder and steel was done, and valor was exhibited at its highest pitch. It was a common saying in the Army of the Potomac that courage was the cheapest thing there ; and it might have been said of all the other armies as well. There is not the slightest necessity for lauding American bravery or impressing it upon American youth. But there is the gravest necessity for teaching them respect for law, and reverence for human life, and regard for the rights of their fellow-men, and all that is significant in the history of our country—lest their feet run to evil and they make haste to shed innocent blood. I would be glad to convince my compatriots that it is not enough to think they are right, but they are bound to know they are right, before they rush into any experiments that are to cost the lives of men and the tears of orphans, in their own land or in any other. I would warn them to beware of provincial conceit. I would have them comprehend that one may fight bravely, and still be a perjured felon ; that one may die humbly, and still be a patriot whom his country cannot afford to lose ; that as might does not make right, so neither do rags and bare feet necessarily argue a noble cause. I would teach them that it is criminal either to hide the truth or to refuse assent to that which they see must follow logically from ascertained truth. I would show them that a political lie is as despicable as a personal lie, whether uttered in an editorial, or a platform, or a president's message, or a colored cartoon, or a disingenuous ballot; and that political chicanery, when long persisted in, is liable to settle its shameful account in a stoppage of civilization and a spilling of life. These are simple lessons, yet they are not taught in a day, and some whom we call educated go through life without mastering them at all.

It may be useful to learn from one war how to conduct another; but it is infinitely better to learn how to avert another. I am doubly anxious to impress this consideration upon my readers, because history seems to show us that armed conflicts have a tendency to come in pairs, with an interval of a few years, and because I think I see, in certain circumstances now existing within our beloved Republic, the elements of a second civil war. No American citizen should lightly repeat that the result is worth all it cost, unless he has considered how heavy was the cost, and is doing his utmost to perpetuate the result. To strive to forget the great war, for the sake of sentimental politics, is to cast away our dearest experience and invite, in some troubled future, the destruction we so hardly escaped in the past. There can be remembrance without animosity, but there cannot be oblivion without peril.

Laura Redden Searing.

Born in Somerset Co., Md., 1840.

DISARMED.

[*Sounds from Secret Chambers. By Howard Glyndon.* 1873.]

O LOVE, so sweet at first,
So bitter in the end!
Thou canst be fiercest foe,
As well as fairest friend.
Are these poor, withered leaves
The fruitage of thy May?
Thou that wert strong to save,
How art thou swift to slay!

Ay, thou art swift to slay,
Despite thy kiss and clasp,
Thy long, caressing look,
Thy subtle, thrilling grasp!
Ay, swifter far to slay
Than thou art strong to save,
And selfish in thy need,
And cruel as the grave.

Yes, cruel as the grave,—
Go, go, and come no more!
But canst thou set my heart
Just where it was before?
Go, go,—and come no more!
Go, leave me with my tears,
The only gift of thine
That shall outlive the years.

Yet shall outlive the years
One other, cherished thing,
Slight as a vagrant plume
Shed from some passing wing:—
The memory of thy first
Divine, half-timid kiss.
Go! I forgive thee all
In weeping over this!

Wendell Phillips Garrison.

Born in Cambridgeport, Mass., 1840.

THE MARTYRDOM OF LOVEJOY.

[*William Lloyd Garrison: The Story of his Life, told by his Children.* 1885–89.]

LOVEJOY'S fourth press was secretly conveyed into a warehouse, "guarded by volunteer citizens with their guns." On the night following (November 7, 1837) the tragedy occurred. No personal incident of the anti-slavery struggle—the fate of John Brown excepted—made so profound an impression on the North as the murder of Lovejoy. We call it a murder, although the primary object of the riot was not his destruction, but that of his press; just as we call him a martyr, though we are accustomed to associate more or less of passivity with martyrdom, and he fell while aggressively repelling with arms an armed mob. In both cases the terms are correctly used, as the circumstances conclusively show. Three presses had already been destroyed on the same spot by the same community; a fourth had been procured, whose destruction meant silence—the opposition, grown more desperate, having already almost compassed the editor's assassination. He might have removed the "Observer" to Quincy or to Springfield, but there was no assurance that the liberty of the press would be vindicated in either place. The violence at Alton was, indeed, actually preceded and begotten by violence at St. Louis, but the mob-spirit was everywhere endemic at the North. With unsurpassable courage, Lovejoy accepted the decision of his friends that the stand should be made then and there, not as for an anti-slavery publication merely or mainly, but for the right under the Constitution and upon American soil to utter and print freely, subject only to the restraints and penalties of the law. To maintain this right against local public sentiment, the impotence of the city authorities compelled the friends of law and order to enroll themselves in a military organization (having the mayor's approval), whose first duty it was to prevent an anti-slavery convention from being broken up, and next to guard the newly-arrived press from being thrown into the Mississippi like its predecessors. Among them, not more in defence of himself or of his property than of the principle at stake, Lovejoy took his place; formed one of the little band of twenty who held the warehouse on the night of the fatal attack; volunteered, with a rash and magnanimous heroism, among the first who left the burning building to face the infuriated and drunken mob; was ambushed and fell, the only victim of the defence.

The greatest feeling produced by this atrocity was in the city the most remote from the scene—in Boston, where, by a rich compensation, it overcame the timidity of Channing, revealed the oratory and fixed the destiny of Wendell Phillips, and with him drew Edmund Quincy into the forefront of the ranks of the despised abolitionists. The aldermen, who at first refused the use of Faneuil Hall for an indignation meeting, and Attorney-General Aus-tin, who desecrated the hall afresh by declaring that Lovejoy had died as the fool dieth, were surprised by the demonstration of a new Boston upon which they had not counted. The Boston which had come near having its Lovejoy in the person of Mr. Garrison, in October, 1835, had undergone a revolution in two years—a revolution perhaps to be defined as the weakening of Southern ascendency. The response of Faneuil Hall to the Alton riot was Northern resentment against a pro-slavery invasion, as it seemed.

With more exactness, however, it may be said that Lovejoy was sacrificed on Southern soil. All the towns along the Mississippi were frequented by Southerners, often largely settled by them. Little more than a dozen years had elapsed since the strenuous exertions of Governor Edward Coles had barely defeated the attempt of the Southern element in Illinois to legalize slavery by amending the constitution. Alton, situated in the southern half of the State, opposite the slave-cursed shore of Missouri and not far from St. Louis, in intimate commercial relations with the cotton-growing districts, was, though owing its prosperity, and even a certain reputation for philanthropy, to Eastern settlers, predominantly Southern in tone. Southern divines helped to harden public sentiment against the further countenance or toleration of Lovejoy; Southern doctors took an active part in the mob, and one of them perhaps fired the murderous shot. So, the year before, Cincinnati, tumbling Birney's press into the Ohio, was truly a Southern city; so, the year after, Philadelphia, burning Pennsylvania Hall to the ground. In fact, the least Southern and most surprising of all the mobs of that epoch was precisely the Boston mob against the editor of the "Liberator."

Of this mob every citizen of Boston and its vicinity must have been reminded when the news came—not as now by telegraph—of Lovejoy's fate.

"PEACEABLE SEPARATION" MOOTED BY THE ABOLITIONISTS OF 1845.

[*From the Same.*]

THE levers of disunion ready to the hands of the Massachusetts abolitionists were the recent expulsions of the State's delegates from South Carolina and Louisiana, and the impending annexation of Texas. At the annual meeting, Wendell Phillips reported resolves that the Governor should demand of the Federal Executive an enforcement of the Constitution, and the maintenance of Mr. Hoar's right to reside in Charleston; in default of which the Legislature should authorize the Governor to proclaim the Union at an end, recall the Congressional delegation, and provide for the State's foreign relations. This was the logic of the situation. So far as Massachusetts (or any free State) was concerned, South Carolina had dissolved the Union: Federal rights were disregarded in her borders, the Federal laws were subordinate or inoperative, Federal protection could have been exercised only by force and at the cost of a civil war. There could be no better occasion for weighing the value of the Union, or for taking the initiative in peaceable separation as advocated by the abolitionists. But no other class or party in the State was equal to this simple and manly procedure. Governor Briggs's messages in regard to Messrs. Hoar and Hubbard were unexceptionable in tone and temper, rhetorically considered; but they meant nothing and could effect nothing, since disunion was the only remedy. The Legislature did, indeed, pass the equally unexceptionable joint resolves prepared by Charles Francis Adams, suggesting retaliation with reference to South Carolina; but no enactment followed, nor, notoriously, could any such have been sustained in the Federal courts.

The same paralysis befell the *political* opposition to the annexation of Texas. Governor and Legislature pledged Massachusetts anew to the position that annexation would have no binding force on her. But *how* would it have no binding force? Texas once in the Union, would laws passed by the aid of her representatives be resisted? No one not an abolitionist ever advocated any measure of irreconcilability—so to call it—except Henry Wilson in the Massachusetts Senate. His proposal, to "provide by law that the moment a man held as a slave in Texas stepped upon the soil of Massachusetts, his liberty should be as sacred as his life," and to "make it a high crime to molest him," fell dead, and was, in fact, though well meant, absurd, either as a practicable mode of opposition or as a *quid pro quo,* even supposing the whole North to have taken this stand along with Massachusetts. The truth was, slavery was dragging the country down an inclined plane, and there was no escape but by cutting the rope that bound the North to the South. The impracticable politicians of all parties, therefore, who struggled against the inevitable, while refusing to look facts in the face, filled the year at which we have now arrived with the emptiest of empty words. . . . . .

Months passed, during which inaction on the part of the North paved the way to the catastrophe, and sapped the courage of the resistants—the political and "practical" resistants. William H. Seward, in a public letter to Salmon P. Chase, submitted in advance to the inevitable annexation of Texas, repudiating disunion. His counter measure was to enlarge the area of freedom—as if the South did not provide for that by coupling the admission of a slave State with that of a free State. Already, in February, Florida had been thus admitted into the Union, paired with Iowa, in spite of the intense Northern feeling against more slave States aroused in the case of Texas; in spite, too, of the Florida Constitution making slavery perpetual, and authorizing the Legislature to forbid the landing of any colored seaman—the toleration of which by Congress was a virtual approval of the action of South Carolina towards Mr. Hoar. Yet still Mr. Seward contended—"We must resist unceasingly the admission of slave States, and demand the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia"; and he even dreamed, when one independent Congress had been elected, that the "internal slave-trade will be subjected to inquiry. Amendments to the Constitution will be initiated." Robert C. Winthrop made his surrender on the Fourth of July, and in Faneuil Hall, toasting, in famous words, "Our country . . . however bounded; . . . to be cherished in all our hearts, to be defended by all our hands"—an abasement which accepted war with Mexico, along with that spread of slave territory which he had hitherto strenuously opposed. In the same hall of heroic memories the Whig State Convention in October withdrew from the opposition, and left the Constitutional question to the Supreme Court of the United States! Governor Slade of Vermont could no longer urge his State to take, unsupported, an unrelenting attitude, and sought comfort in the illusion that the entrance of Texas into the Union would make slavery a national institution as never before, and expose it to attack as such. Webster, accusing the Liberty Party (by its defeat of Clay) of having procured annexation, hoped, or professed to hope, the consummation might yet be averted; as Charles Francis Adams, seeing nothing further left, and disregarding the example of Florida, vainly looked for some modification of the pro-slavery Constitution of Texas. Abbott Lawrence and Nathan Appleton, ex-members of Congress, not only desisted from opposition to a deed actually accomplished, but rebuked those of their colleagues whose conscience and zeal outran their discretion as "practical men."

POST-MERIDIAN.

EVENING.

AGE cannot wither her whom not gray hairs
Nor furrowed cheeks have made the thrall of Time;
For Spring lies hidden under Winter's rime,
And violets know the victory is theirs.
Even so the corn of Egypt, unawares,
Proud Nilus shelters with engulfing slime;
So Etna's hardening crust a more sublime
Volley of pent-up fires at last prepares.
O face yet fair, if paler, and serene
With sense of duty done without complaint!
O venerable crown!—a living green,
Strength to the weak, and courage to the faint—
Thy bleaching locks, thy wrinkles, have but been
Fresh beads upon the rosary of a saint!

The Century Magazine. 1888.

William Graham Sumner.

Born in Paterson, N. J., 1840.

EXAMINATION OF A CARDINAL PROTECTIONIST THEORY.

[*Protectionism.* 1885.]

THE protectionist says that he is going to create an industry. Let us examine this notion also from his standpoint, assuming the truth of his doctrine, and see if we can find anything to deserve confidence. A protective tax, according to the protectionist's definition, "has for its object to effect the diversion of a part of the labor and capital of the people . . . into channels favored or created by law." If we follow out this proposal, we shall see what those channels are, and shall see whether they are such as to make us believe that protective taxes can increase wealth.

What is an industry? Some people will answer: It is an enterprise which gives employment. Protectionists seem to hold this view, and they claim that they "give work" to laborers when they make an industry. On that notion we live to work; we do not work to live. But we do not want work. We have too much work. We want a living; and work is the inevitable but disagreeable price we must pay. Hence we want as much living at as little price as possible. We shall see that the protectionist does "make work" in the sense of lessening the living and increasing the price. But if we want a living we want capital. If an industry is to pay wages, it must be backed up by capital. Therefore protective taxes, if they were to increase the means of living, would need to increase capital. How can taxes increase capital? Protective taxes only take from A to give to B. Therefore, if B by this arrangement can extend his industry and "give more employment," A's power to do the same is diminished in at least an equal degree. Therefore, even on that erroneous definition of an industry, there is no hope for the protectionist.

An industry is an organization of labor and capital for satisfying some need of the community. It is not an end in itself. It is not a good thing to have in itself. It is not a toy or an ornament. If we could satisfy our needs without it, we should be better off, not worse off. How then can we create industries?

If any one will find, in the soil of a district, some new power to supply human needs, he can endow that district with a new industry. If he will invent a mode of treating some natural deposit, ore or clay for instance, so as to provide a tool or utensil which is cheaper and more convenient than what is in use, he can create an industry. If he will find out some new and better way to raise cattle or vegetables, which is, perhaps, favored by the climate, he can do the same. If he invents some new treatment of wool, or cotton, or silk, or leather, or makes a new combination which produces a more convenient or attractive fabric, he may do the same. The telephone is a new industry. What measures the gain of it? Is it the "employment" of certain persons in and about telephone offices? The gain is in the satisfaction of the need of communication between people at less cost of time and labor. It is useless to multiply instances. It can be seen what it is to "create an industry." It takes brains and energy to do it. How can taxes do it?

Suppose that we create an industry even in this sense. What is the gain of it? The people of Connecticut are now earning their living by employing their labor and capital in certain parts of the industrial organization. They have changed their "industries" a great many times. If it should be found that they had a new and better chance hitherto undeveloped, they might all go into it. To do that they must abandon what they are now doing. They would not change unless gains to be made in the new industry were greater. Hence the gain is the difference only between the profits of the old and the profits of the new. The protectionists, however, when they talk about "creating an industry," seem to suppose that the total profit of the industry (and some of them seem to think that the total expenditure of capital) measures their good work. In any case, then, even of a true and legitimate increase of industrial power and opportunity, the only gain would be a margin. But, by our definition, "a protective duty has for its object to effect the diversion of a part of the capital and labor of the people out of the channels in which it would otherwise run." Plainly this device involves coercion. People would need no coercion to go into a new industry which had a natural origin in new industrial power or opportunity. No coercion is necessary to make men buy dollars at 98 cents apiece. The case for coercion is when it is desired to make them buy dollars at 101 cents apiece. Here the statesman with his taxing power is needed, and can do something. What? He can say: "If you will buy a dollar at 101 cents, I can and will tax John over there two cents for your benefit; one to make up your loss and the other to give you a profit." Hence, on the protectionist's own doctrine, his device is not needed, and cannot come into use, when a new industry is created in the true and only reasonable sense of the words, but only when and because he is determined to drive the labor and capital of the country into a disadvantageous and wasteful employment.

Still further, it is obvious that the protectionist, instead of "creating a new industry," has simply taken one industry and set it as a parasite to live upon another. Industry is its own reward. A man is not to be paid a premium by his neighbors for earning his own living. A factory, an insane-asylum, a school, a church, a poor-house, and a prison cannot be put in the same economic category. We know that the community must be taxed to support insane-asylums, poor-houses, and jails. When we come upon such institutions we see them with regret. They are wasting capital. We know that the industrious people all about, who are laboring and producing, must part with a portion of their earnings to supply the waste and loss of these institutions. Hence the bigger they are the sadder they are. . . .

But the factories and farms and founderies are the productive institutions which must provide the support of these consuming institutions. If the factories, etc., put themselves on a line with the poor-houses, or even with the schools, what is to support them and all the rest too? They have nothing behind them. If in any measure or way they turn into burdens and objects of care and protection, they can plainly do it only by part of them turning upon the other part, and this latter part will have to bear the burden of all the consuming institutions, including the consuming industries. For a protected factory is not a producing industry. It is a consuming industry! If a factory is (as the protectionist alleges) a triumph of the tariff, that is, if it would not be but for the tariff (and otherwise he has nothing to do with it), then it is not producing; it is consuming. It is a burden to be borne. The bigger it is the sadder it is.

If a protectionist shows me a woollen-mill and challenges me to deny that it is a great and valuable industry, I ask him whether it is due to the tariff. If he says no, then I will assume that it is an independent and profitable establishment, but then it is out of this discussion as much as a farm or a doctor's practice. If he says yes, then I answer that the mill is not an industry at all. We pay 60 per cent. tax on cloth simply in order that that mill may be. It is not an institution for getting us cloth, for, if we went into the market with the same products which we take there now and if there were no woollen-mill, we should get all the cloth we want, but the mill is simply an institution for making cloth cost per yard 60 per cent. more of our products than it otherwise would. That is the one and only function which the mill has added, by its existence, to the situation. I have called such a factory a "nuisance." The word has been objected to. The word is of no consequence. He who, when he goes into a debate, begins to whine and cry as soon as the blows get sharp, should learn to keep out. What I meant was this: A nuisance is something which by its existence and presence in society works loss and damage to the society—works against the general interest, not for it. A factory which gets in the way and hinders us from attaining the comforts which we are all trying to get—which makes harder the terms of acquisition when we are all the time struggling by our arts and sciences to make those terms easier—is a harmful thing, and noxious to the common interest.

Hence, once more, starting from the protectionist's hypothesis, and assuming his own doctrine, we find that he cannot create an industry. He only fixes one industry as a parasite upon another, and just as certainly as he has intervened in the matter at all, just so certainly has he forced labor and capital into less favorable employment than they would have sought if he had let them alone. When we ask which "channels" those are which are to be "favored or created by law," we find that they are, by the hypothesis, and by the whole logic of the protectionist system, the industries which do not pay. The protectionists propose to make the country rich by laws which shall favor or create these industries; but these industries can only waste capital, so that if they are the source of wealth, waste is the source of wealth. Hence the protectionist's assumption that by his system he could correct our errors and lead us to greater prosperity than we would have obtained under liberty, has failed again, and we find that he wastes what power we do possess.

THE "LOCO-FOCOS" OF 1835.

[*Andrew Jackson as a Public Man.* 1882.]

A FACTION arose in New York City in 1834–35, which called itself the "equal rights party," or the "Jeffersonian anti-monopolists." The organization of the Tammany Hall democrats, under Van Buren and the regency, had become rigid and tyrannical. The equal rights faction revolted, and declared that Tammany was aristocratic. They represented a new upheaval of democracy. They took literally the dogmas which had been taught them, just as the original Jackson men had done ten years before, only that now, to them, the Jackson party seated in power seemed to have drifted away from the pure principles of democracy, just as Monroe had once appeared to the Jackson men to have done. The equal rights men wanted "to return to the Jeffersonian fountain" again, and make some new deductions. They revived and extended the old doctrines which Duane, of the "Aurora," taught at the beginning of the century in his "Politics for Farmers," and similar pamphlets. In general the doctrines and propositions might be described as an attempt to apply the procedure of a township democracy to a great state. The equal rights men held meetings at first secretly, at four different places, and not more than two successive times at the same place. They were, in a party point of view, conspirators, rebels—"disorganizers," in short; and they were plotting the highest crime known to the political code in which they had been educated, and which they accepted. Their platform was: No distinction between men save merit; gold and silver the only legitimate and proper circulating medium; no perpetuities or monopolies; strict construction of the Constitution; no bank charters by States (because banks of issue favor gambling, and are "calculated to build up and strengthen in our country the odious distribution of wealth and power against merits and equal rights"); approval of Jackson's administration; election of President by direct popular vote. They favored the doctrine of instructions. They also advocated free trade and direct taxes. They had some very sincere and pure-minded men among them, a large number of overheated brains, and a still larger number of demagogues, who were seeking to organize the faction as a means of making themselves so valuable that the regular managers would buy them. The equal rights men gained strength so rapidly that, on the 29th of October, 1835, they were able to offer battle to the old faction at a primary meeting in Tammany Hall for the nomination of a congressman and other officers. The "regular" party entered the hall by the back entrance, and organized the meeting before the doors were opened. The anti-monopolists poured in, nominated a chairman and elected him, ignoring the previous organization. The question of "equal rights" between the two chairmen was then settled in the old original method which has prevailed ever since there has been life on earth. The equal rights men dispossessed the other faction, and so proved the justice of their principles. The non-equal rights party then left the hall, but they "caused" the equal rights men "to be subjected to a deprivation of the right" to light by turning out the gas. The equal rights men were thus forced to test that theory of natural rights which affirms that said rights are only the chance to have good things, *if one can get them.* In spite of their dogma of the equality of all men, which would make a prudent man no better than a careless one, and a man with capital no better than one without capital, the equal rights men had foreseen the emergency, and had provided themselves with capital in the shape of candles and loco-foco matches. They thus established their right to light, against nature and against their enemies. They duly adopted their platform, nominated a ticket, and adjourned. The regular leaders met elsewhere, nominated the ticket which they had previously prepared, and dispensed, for that occasion, with the ornamental and ceremonious formality of a primary meeting to nominate it.

On the next day the "Courier and Enquirer" dubbed the equal rights party the loco-focos, and the name clung to them. Hammond quotes a correspondent who correctly declared that "the workingmen's party and the equal rights party have operated as causes, producing effects that will shape the course of the two great parties of the United States, and consequently the destinies of this great republic." The faction, at least in its better elements, evidently had convictions and a programme. It continued to grow. The "Evening Post" became its organ. That paper quarrelled with the administration on Kendall's order about the mails, and was thereupon formally read out of the party by the "Globe." The loco-focos ceased to be a revolting faction. They acquired belligerent rights. The faction, however, in its internal economy ran the course of all factions. It went to extremes, and then began to split up. In January, 1836, it declared its independence of the Democratic-Republican party. This alienated all who hated the party tyranny, but who wanted reform in the party. The faction declared itself opposed to all acts of incorporation, and held that all such acts were repealable. It declared that representative institutions were only a practical convenience, and that legislatures could not create vested rights. Then it went on to adopt a platform of "equality of *position,* as well as of rights."

In October, 1836, Tammany made overtures to the equal rights men for a reunion, in preparation for the Presidential election. Some of the loco-focos wanted to unite; others refused. The latter were the men of conviction; the former were the traders. The former called the latter "rumps"; the latter called the former "buffaloes." Only one stage now remained to complete the old and oft-repeated drama of faction. A man named Slamm, a blatant ignoramus, who, to his great joy, had been arrested by order of the Assembly of New York for contempt and breach of privilege, and who had profited to the utmost by this incident to make a long "argument" against the "privilege" of an American Legislature, and to pose as a martyr to equal rights, secured his own election to the position of secretary of the equal rights party. He then secured a vote that no constitutional election could be held unless called by the secretary. He never would call one. There were those who thought that he sold out the party.

Thus the faction perished ignominiously, but it was not without reason that its name passed, a little later, to the whole Jackson-Van Buren party;

i. e., to the radical anti-paper currency, not simply anti-United States Bank, wing of the national Democratic party. The equal rights men maintained impracticable doctrines of civil authority and fantastic dogmas about equality, but when these were stripped away there remained in their platform sound doctrines and imperishable ideas. They first put the Democratic party on the platform which for five or six years it had been trying to find. When it did find that platform it was most true to itself, and it contributed most to the welfare of the country. To-day the Democratic party is, by tradition, a party of hard money, free trade, the non-interference theory of government, and no special legislation. If that tradition be traced up to its source, it will lead back, not to the Jackson party of 1829, but to the loco-focos of 1835.

Amelia Walstien Carpenter.

Born in Stephentown, Rensselaer Co., N. Y., 1840.

IN THE SLANT O' THE SUN.

THE homely country scent of musk
Was in the air that past her blew;
The sunflower seeds fell from their husk,
Black moths and white about her flew;
The gentlest life! O sweet and true,
The sweetest soul earth ever knew
Left here, lone in the lonely dusk!

She pins her faded knitting sheath
With wrinkled hands that tremble still;
Below her white hair's crowning wreath
Her aching eyes with slow tears fill;
Slow gathered tears that drop until
They seem like other words that breathe
The cry—"Lord! Lord! do thou thy will!"

Again she lifts the sacred book—
She holds it to her aching eyes:
What stress was e'er that He forsook?
"Lord! Lord!" the sufferer cries
(The Lord that he denies—
The Lord he crucifies).
Down from his cross He turns his look—
"To-night—in Paradise!"

Still in the long slant of the sun
The watcher keeps her lonely seat;
Farther the darkening shadows run
And closer gather at her feet.
The day's long toils cease, one by one—
She hears the passing laborers greet;
"Lord! Lord!" her hands in pleading meet—
"Save her! and yet—Thy will be done!

"Lord! should she come to me once more,
To-night,—come from her darkened way—
Yea, should she pause here at my door,
Wouldst Thou not bid me bid her stay?
(Lord—Lord—for this I pray)—
Shepherd, Thy word went long before,
'I seek for them that stray
Far from the fold away!'"

The moth above the sunflower wheels,
The lingering light drops from the skies,
The village bell in music peals,
While in the west the sunset dies.
But lo! what shape is this that steals
From out the dusk?—that comes and kneels
And peers into the glazing eyes?
Oh late! too late! Oh woful cries!
O faithful soul! Oh true and wise!—
"To-night!—to-night—in Paradise!"

Henry Watterson.

Born in Washington, D. C., 1840.

THE NEW SOUTH.

[*Speech at the National Bankers' Convention, Louisville, Ky.*, 11 *October*, 1883.]

IT was not, however, to hear of banks and bankers and banking that you did me the honor to call me before you. I am told that to-day you are considering that problem which has so disturbed the politicians—the South—and that you wish me to talk to you about the South. The South! The South! It is no problem at all. I thank God that at last we can say with truth, it is simply a geographic expression. The whole story of the South may be summed up in a sentence: She was rich, and she lost her riches; she was poor and in bondage; she was set free, and she had to go to work; she went to work, and she is richer than ever before. You see it was a groundhog case. The soil was here, the climate was here, but along with them was a curse, the curse of slavery. God passed the rod across the land and smote the people. Then, in His goodness and mercy, He waved the wand of enchantment, and lo, like a flower, His blessing burst forth! Indeed, may the South say, as in the experience of men it is rare for any to say with perfect sincerity:

"Sweet are the uses of adversity."

The South never knew what independence meant until she was taught by subjection to subdue herself. We lived from hand to mouth. We had our debts and our niggers. Under the old system we paid our debts and walloped our niggers. Under the new we pay our niggers and wallop our debts. We have no longer any slaves, but we have no longer any debts, and can exclaim with the old darkey at the camp-meeting, who, whenever he got happy, went about shouting, "Bless the Lord! I'm gittin' fatter an' fatter!"

The truth is, that behind the great ruffle the South wore to its shirt, there lay concealed a superb manhood. That this manhood was perverted, there is no doubt. That it wasted its energies upon trifles, is beyond dispute. That it took a pride in cultivating what is called "the vices of a gentleman," I am afraid must be admitted. But, at heart, it was sound; from that heart flowed honest Anglo-Saxon blood; and, when it had to lay aside its "store-clothes" and put on its homespun, it was equal to the emergency. And the women of the South took their place by the side of the men of the South, and, with spinning-wheel and ploughshare, together they made a stand against the wolf at the door. That was fifteen years ago, and to-day there is not a reward offered in a single Southern State for wolf skins. The fact is, the very wolves have got ashamed of themselves and gone to work.

I beg you to believe that, in saying this, my purpose is neither to amuse nor mislead you. Although my words may seem to carry with them an unbusiness-like levity, I assure you that my design is wholly business-like. You can see for yourselves what the South has done; what the South can do. If all this has been achieved without credit, and without your powerful aid—and I am now addressing myself to the North and East, which have feared to come South with their money—what might not be achieved if the vast aggregations of capital in the fiscal centres should add this land of wine, milk, and honey to their fields of investment, and give us the same cheap rates which are enjoyed by nearer, but not safer, borrowers? The future of the South is not a whit less assured than the future of the West. Why should money which is freely loaned to Iowa and Illinois be refused to Alabama and Mississippi? I perfectly understand that business is business, and that capital is as unsectional as unsentimental. I am speaking from neither spirit. You have money to loan. We have a great country to develop.

We need the money. You can make a profit off the development. When I say that we need money, I do not mean the sort of money once demanded by an old Georgia farmer, who, in the early days, came up to Milledgeville to see General Robert Toombs, at the time a director of the State Bank. "Robert," says he, "the folks down our way air in need of more money." The profane Robert replied: "Well, how in —— are they going to get it?" "Why," says the farmer, "can't you *stomp* it?" "Suppose we do *stomp* it, how are we going to redeem it?" "Exactly, Robert, exactly. That was just what I was coming to. You see the folks down our way air agin redemption." We want good money, honest money, hard money, money that will redeem itself.

We have given hostages to fortune and our works are before you. I know that capital is proverbially timid. But what are you afraid of? is it our cotton that alarms you? or our corn? or our sugar? Perhaps it is our coal and iron. Without you, in truth, many of these products must make slow progress, whilst others will continue to lie hid in the bowels of the earth. With you the South will bloom as a garden and sparkle as a gold-mine; for, whether you tickle her fertile plains with a straw or apply a more violent titillation to her fat mountain sides, she is ready to laugh a harvest of untold riches.

I am not a banker, and it would be an affectation in me to undertake to advise you in your own business. But there is a point which relates to the safe investment of money on which I can venture to express an opinion with some assurance. That is, the political stability, involving questions of law and order, in the South. My belief is that life and property are as secure in the South as they are in New England. I am certain that men are at least as safe in Kentucky and Tennessee as women seem to be in Connecticut. The truth is, the war is over and the country is whole again. The people, always homogeneous, have a common National interest. For my own part, I have never believed in isothermal lines, air-lines, and water-lines separating distinct races. I no more believe that that river yonder, dividing Indiana and Kentucky, marks off two distinct species than I believe that the great Hudson, flowing through the State of New York, marks off distinct species. Such theories only live in the fancy of morbid minds. We are all one people. Commercially, financially, morally, we are one people. Divide as we will into parties, we are one people. It is this sense which gives a guarantee of peace and order at the South, and offers a sure and lasting escort to all the capital which may come to us for investment.

Eugene Schuyler.

Born in Ithaca, N. Y., 1840.

THE CZAR AS A CARPENTER.

[*Peter the Great. A Study of Historical Biography.* 1884.]

AT Vorónezh, at Archangel, and elsewhere, Peter had met shipwrights from Zaandam, who had praised so much their native town, that he was convinced that only there could he learn the art of ship-building in its perfection. His journey from Koppenbrügge and down the Rhine had been rapid, and passing through Amsterdam without halting, the Tsar reached Zaandam early on the morning of August 18, having with him only six volunteers, including the Prince of Imeritia and the two brothers Menshikóf. On the way he saw an old Moscow acquaintance, the smith Gerrit Kist, fishing in the river. He hailed him, and told him for what purpose he had come to Zaandam. Binding him to absolute secrecy, the Tsar insisted on taking up his quarters in his house; but it was necessary first to persuade the woman who already lodged in this small wooden hut to vacate it, and then to prepare it a little for the illustrious guest. Peter therefore took refuge in the "Otter" Inn, for it was Sunday, and the streets were thronged with people, and although he was in a workman's dress, with a tarpaulin hat, yet the Russian dress of his comrades excited the curiosity of the crowd. The next day, he entered himself as a ship-carpenter at the wharf of Lynst Rogge, on the Buitenzaan.

Peter's stay in Zaandam lasted a week only, and as, during this time, he visited nearly all the mills and factories in the neighborhood, at one of which he made a sheet of paper with his own hands, and as the next day after his arrival he bought a row-boat, and passed much of his time on the water, supped, dined, and talked familiarly with the families and relations of men whom he had known in Russia, he could not have done much work. The popular curiosity proved too annoying for him. . . . .

The house in which Peter lived at Zaandam has been a place of pilgrimage for a century, beginning with a royal party, which included the Emperor Joseph II., Gustavus III., King of Sweden, and the Grand Duke of Russia (afterward the Emperor Paul), then travelling as the Comte du Nord. Even Napoleon visited it. Bought in 1818 by a Russian princess, at that time Queen of Holland, it is now preserved with great care inside a new building. In itself it is no more worth visiting than any other house where Peter may have been forced to spend a week. It is only of interest as being the spot where the ruler of a great country sought to gain knowledge of an art which amused him, and which he thought would be beneficial to his people. His real life as a workman was all in Amsterdam.

During the festivities Peter asked the Burgomaster Witsen, whose personal acquaintance he had at last made, whether it would not be possible for him to work at the docks of the East India Company, where he could be free from the public curiosity which so troubled him at Zaandam. The next day, at a meeting of the directors of the East India Company, it was resolved to allow "a high personage, present here incognito," to work at the wharf, to assign him a house in which he could live undisturbed within the precincts, and that, as a mark of their respect, they would proceed to the construction of a frigate, in order that he might see the building of a ship from the beginning. This frigate was to be one hundred or one hundred and thirty feet long, according to the wish of the Tsar, though the Company preferred the length of one hundred feet. The Tsar was at the dinner of state given to the embassy by the city of Amsterdam when he received a copy of this resolution. He wished to set to work immediately, and was with difficulty persuaded to wait for the fireworks and the triumphal arch prepared in his honor; but as soon as the last fires had burnt out, in spite of all entreaties he set out for Zaandam on his yacht in order to fetch his tools. He returned early the next morning, August 30, and went straight to the wharf of the East India Company, at Oostenburg.

For more than four months, with occasional absences, he worked here at ship-building, under the direction of the Baas Gerrit Claes Pool. Ten of the Russian "volunteers" set to work at the wharf with him. The rest were sent to other establishments to learn the construction of masts, boats, sails, and blocks, while Prince Alexander of Imeritia went to the Hague to study artillery, and a certain number of others were entered as sailors before the mast. The first three weeks were taken up with the preparations of materials. On September 19, Peter laid the keel of the new frigate, one hundred feet in length, to be called "the Apostles Peter and Paul," and on the next day wrote to the Patriarch at Moscow as follows:

"We are in the Netherlands, in the town of Amsterdam, and by the mercy of God, and by your prayers, are alive and in good health, and, following the divine command given to our forefather Adam, we are hard at work. What we do is not from any need, but for the sake of learning navigation, so that, having mastered it thoroughly, we can, when we return, be victors over the enemies of Jesus Christ, and liberators of the Christians who live under them, which I shall not cease to wish for until my latest breath."

Peter allowed no difference to be made between himself and the other workmen, and it is said that when the Earl of Portland and another nobleman came from the king's chateau at Loo to have a sight of him, the overseer, in order to point him out, said: "Carpenter Peter of Zaandam, why don't you help your comrades?" and Peter, without a word, placed his shoulder under the timber which several men were carrying, and helped to raise it to its place. In the moments of rest, the Tsar, sitting down on a log, with his hatchet between his knees, was willing to talk to any one who addressed him simply as Carpenter Peter, or Baas Peter, but turned away and did not answer those who called him Sire or Your Majesty. He never liked long conversations.

When Peter came home from the wharf, he devoted much of his time to learning the theory of ship-building, for which he had to make additional studies in geometry. His note-books, which have been carefully preserved, show the thoroughness with which he worked. . . . .

In his hours of recreation, Peter's curiosity was insatiable. He visited factories, workshops, anatomical museums, cabinets of coins, botanical gardens, theatres, and hospitals, inquired about everything he saw, and was soon recognized by his oft-repeated phrases: "What is that for? How does that work? That will I see." He journeyed to Texel, and went again to Zaandam to see the Greenland whaling fleet. In Leyden he made the acquaintance of the great Boerhave, and visited the celebrated botanical garden under his guidance, and in Delft he studied the miscroscope under the naturalist Leeuwenhoek. He made the intimate acquaintance of the Dutch military engineer Baron Van Coehorn, and of Admiral Van Scheij. He talked of architecture with Simon Schynvoet, visited the museum of Jacob de Wilde, and learned to etch under the direction of Schonebeck. An impression of a plate he engraved—for he had some knowledge of drawing—of Christianity victorious over Islam, is still extant. He often visited the dissecting- and lecture-room of Professor Ruysch, entered into correspondence with him, and finally bought his cabinet of anatomical preparations. He made himself acquainted with Dutch home and family life, and frequented the society of the merchants engaged in the Russian trade. He became especially intimate with the Thessing family, and granted to one of the brothers the right to print Russian books at Amsterdam, and to introduce them into Russia. Every market day he went to the Botermarkt, mingled with the people, studied their trades, and followed their life. He took lessons from a travelling dentist, and experimented on his servants and suite; he mended his own clothes, and learned cobbling enough to make himself a pair of slippers. He visited the Protestant churches, and of an evening he did not forget the beer-houses, which we know so well through the pencils of Teniers, Brouwer, and Van Ostade

The frigate on which Peter worked so long was at last launched, and proved a good and useful ship for many years, in the East India Company's service.

Kate Field.

BORN in St. Louis, Mo.

SOME REMINISCENCES OF LANDOR.

[*Last Days of Walter Savage Landor.—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1866.]

IT was a modest house in a modest street that Landor inhabited during the last six years of his life. Tourists can have no recollection of the *Via Nunziatina,* directly back of the "Carmine," in the old part of Florence; but there is no loving lounger about those picturesque streets that does not remember how, strolling up the *Via dei Seragli,* one encounters the old shrine to the Madonna which marks the entrance to that street made historical henceforth for having sheltered a great English writer. There, half-way down the *via*, in that little two-story *casa*, No. 2671, dwelt Walter Savage Landor, with his English housekeeper and *cameriera*. Sitting-room, bed-room, and dining-room opened into each other; and in the former he was always found, in a large arm-chair, surrounded by paintings; for he declared he could not live without them. His snowy hair and beard of patriarchal proportions, clear, keen, gray eyes, and grand head, made the old poet greatly resemble Michel Angelo's world-renowned masterpiece of "Moses"; nor was the formation of Landor's forehead unlike that of Shakespeare. "If, as you declare," said he, jokingly, one day, "I look like that meekest of men, Moses, and like Shakespeare, I ought to be exceedingly good and somewhat clever."

At Landor's feet was always crouched a beautiful Pomeranian dog, the gift of his kind American friend, William W. Story. The affection existing between "Gaillo" and his master was really touching. Gaillo's eyes were always turned towards Landor's; and upon the least encouragement the dog would jump into his lap, lay his head most lovingly upon his master's neck, and generally deport himself in a very human manner. "Gaillo is such a dear dog!" said Landor, one day, while patting him. "We are very fond of each other, and always have a game of play after dinner; sometimes, when he is very good, we have two. I am sure I could not live if he died; and I know that when I am gone he will grieve for me." Thereupon Gaillo wagged his tail, and looked piteously into *padrone's* face, as much as to say he would be grieved indeed. Upon being asked if he thought dogs would be admitted into heaven, Landor answered: "And, pray, why not? They have all of the good and none of the bad qualities of man." No matter upon what subject conversation turned, Gaillo's feelings were consulted. He was the only and chosen companion of Landor in his walks; but few of the Florentines who stopped to remark the *vecchio con quel bel canino* knew how great was the man upon whom they thus commented.

It is seldom that England gives birth to so rampant a republican as Landor. Born on the 30th of January, two years before our Declaration of Independence, it is probable that the volcanic action of those troublous times had no little influence in permeating the mind of the embryo poet with that enthusiasm for and love of liberty for which he was distinguished in maturer years. From early youth Landor was a poor respecter of royalty and rank *per se*. He often related, with great good-humor, an incident of his boyhood which brought his democratic ideas into domestic disgrace. An influential bishop of the Church of England, happening to dine with young Landor's father one day, assailed Porson, and, with self-assumed superiority, thinking to annihilate the old Grecian, exclaimed: "*We* have no opinion of his scholarship." Irate at this stupid pronunciamento against so renowned a man, young Landor looked up, and, with a sarcasm the point of which was not in the least blunted by age, retorted: "*We*, my Lord?" Of course such unheard-of audacity and contempt of my Lord Bishop's capacity for criticism was severely reprobated by Landor senior; but no amount of reproof could force his son into a confession of sorrow.

"At Oxford," said Landor, "I was about the first student who wore his hair without powder. 'Take care,' said my tutor; 'they will stone you for a republican.' The Whigs (not the wigs) were then unpopular; but I stuck to my plain hair and queue tied with black ribbon."

Of Landor's mature opinion of republics in general we glean much from a passage of the "Pentameron," in which the author adorns Petrarca with his own fine thoughts:

"When the familiars of absolute princes taunt us, as they are wont to do, with the only apothegm they ever learnt by heart—namely, that it is better to be ruled by one master than by many—I quite agree with them; unity of power being the principle of republicanism, while the principle of despotism is division and delegation. In the one system, every man conducts his own affairs, either personally or through the agency of some trustworthy representative, which is essentially the same: in the other system, no man, in quality of citizen, has any affairs of his own to conduct; but a tutor has been as much set over him as over a lunatic, as little with his option or consent, and without any provision, as there is in the case of the lunatic, for returning reason. Meanwhile, the spirit of republics is omnipresent in them, as active in the particles as in the mass, in the circumference as in the centre. Eternal it must be, as truth and justice are, although not stationary."

Let Europeans who, having predicted the dismemberment of our Union, proclaimed death to democracy, and those thoughtless Americans who believe that liberty cannot survive the destruction of our Republic, think well of what great men have written. Though North America were submerged to-morrow, the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans rushing over our buried hopes to a riotous embrace, republicanism would live as long as the elements endure—borne on every wind, inhaled in every breath of air, abiding its opportunity to become an active principle. Absorbed in our own peculiar form of egotism, we believe that a Supreme Being has cast the cause of humanity upon one die, to prosper or perish by the chances of our game. What belittling of the Almighty! what magnifying of ourselves!

Though often urged, Landor never became a candidate for Parliamentary honors. Political wire-pulling was not to the taste of a man who, notwithstanding large landed interests, could say: "I never was at a public dinner, at a club or hustings. I never influenced or attempted to influence a vote, and yet many, and not only my own tenants, have asked me to whom they should give theirs." Nor was he ever presented at court, although a presentation would have been at the request of the (at that time) regent. Landor would not countenance a system of court-favor that opens its arms to every noodle wearing an officer's uniform, and almost universally turns its back upon intellect. He put not his faith in princes, and of titles says: "Formerly titles were inherited by men who could not write; they now are conferred on men who will not let others. Theirs may have been the darker age; ours is the duller. In theirs a high spirit was provoked; in ours, proscribed. In theirs the bravest were preëminent; in ours, the basest." . . .

It was impossible to be in Landor's society a half-hour and not reap advantage. His great learning, varied information, extensive acquaintance with the world's celebrities, ready wit, and even readier repartee, rendered his conversation wonderfully entertaining. He would narrate anecdote after anecdote with surprising accuracy, being possessed of a singularly retentive memory, that could refer to a catalogue of notables far longer than Don Giovanni's picture-gallery of conquests. Names, it is true, he was frequently unable to recall, and supplied their place with a "God bless my soul, I forget everything"; but facts were indelibly stamped upon his mind. He referred back to the year *one* with as much facility as a person of the rising generation invokes the shade of some deed dead a few years. I looked with wonder upon a person who remembered Napoleon Bonaparte as a slender young man, and listened with delight to a voice from so dim a past. "I was in Paris," said Landor one day, "at the time that Bonaparte made his entrance as First Consul. I was standing within a few feet of him when he passed, and had a capital good look at him. He was exceedingly handsome then, with a rich olive complexion and oval face, youthful as a girl's. Near him rode Murat, mounted upon a gold-clad charger, and very handsome he was too, but coxcombical."

Like the rest of human kind, Landor had his prejudices; they were very many. Foremost among them was an antipathy to the Bonaparte family. It is not necessary to have known him personally to be aware of his detestation of the first Napoleon, as in the conversation between himself, an English and a Florentine visitor, he gives expression to a generous indignation, which may well be inserted here, as it contains the pith of what Landor repeated in many a social talk. "This Holy Alliance will soon appear unholy to every nation in Europe. I despised Napoleon in the plenitude of his power no less than others despise him in the solitude of his exile: I thought him no less an impostor when he took the ermine than when he took the emetic. I confess I do not love him the better, as some mercenaries in England and Scotland do, for having been the enemy of my country; nor should I love him the less for it had his enmity been principled and manly. In what manner did this cruel wretch treat his enthusiastic admirer and humble follower, Toussaint l'Ouverture? He was thrown into a subterranean cell, solitary, dark, damp, pestiferously unclean, where rheumatism racked his limbs, and where famine terminated his existence." Again, in his written opinions of Cæsar, Cromwell, Milton, and Bonaparte, Landor criticises the career of the latter with no fondness, but with much truth, and justly says that "Napoleon, in the last years of his sovereignty, fought without aim, vanquished without glory, and perished without defeat."

Great as was Landor's dislike to the uncle, it paled before his detestation of the reigning Emperor—a detestation too general to be designated an idiosyncrasy on the part of the poet. We always knew who was meant when a sentence was prefaced with "that rascal" or "that scoundrel"; such were the epithets substituted for the name of Louis Napoleon. Believing the third Napoleon to be the worst enemy of his foster-mother, Italy, as well as of France, Landor bestowed upon him less love, if possible, than the majority of Englishmen. Having been personally acquainted with the Emperor when he lived in England as an exile, Landor, unlike many of Napoleon's enemies, acknowledged the superiority of his intellect. "I used to see a great deal of the Prince when he was in London. I met him very frequently of an evening at Lady Blessington's, and had many conversations with him, as he always sought me and made himself particularly civil. He was a very clever man, well informed on most subjects. The fops used to laugh at him and call him a bore. A coxcombical young lord came up to me one evening after the Prince had taken his leave, and said, 'Mr. Landor, how *can* you talk to that fool, Prince Napoleon?' To which I replied, 'My Lord, it takes a fool to find out that he is not a wise man!' His Lordship retired somewhat discomfited," added Landor with a laugh. "The Prince presented me with his work on Artillery, and invited me to his house. He had a very handsome establishment, and was not at all the poor man he is often said to have been." Of this book Landor writes in an article to the "Quarterly Review" (I think): "If it is any honor, it has been conferred on me, to have received from Napoleon's heir the literary work he composed in prison, well knowing, as he did, and expressing his regret for, my sentiments on his uncle. The explosion of the first cannon against Rome threw us apart forever."

Henry Bernard Carpenter.

Born in Ireland, 1840.

GARFIELD.

LO, as a pure white statue, wrought with care
By some strong hand that moulds with tear and sigh
Beauty more beautiful than things that die,—
And straight 'tis veiled; and whilst all men repair
To see this wonder in the workshop, there!
Behold, it gleams unveiled to curious eye,
Far-seen, high-placed in Art's pale gallery,
Where all stand mute before a work so fair:
So he, our man of men, in vision stands,
With Pain and Patience crowned imperial;
Death's veil has dropped; far from this house of woe
He hears one love-chant out of many lands,
Whilst from his mystic morn-height he lets fall
His shadow o'er these hearts that bleed below.

1881.

STANZAS FROM "FRYEBURG."

[*Poem at Fryeburg, Me.*, 1882.]

KEARSARGE.

TWO crowns of glory clasp thy calm, chaste brow.
O ye strong hills, bear witness to my verse,
Thou "Maledetto," mountain of the curse,
Chocorua, blasted by thy chief, and thou,
Kearsarge, slope-shouldered monarch of this vale,
Who gavest thy conquering name to that swift sail
Which caught in Gallic seas the rebel bark,
And downward drove the Alabama's pride
To deep sea-sleep in Cherbourg's ravening tide,
What time faint Commerce watched a nation's ark
Sinking with shattered side.

WEBSTER.

'TWAS Magna Charta's morning in July,
When, in that temple reared of old to Truth,
He rose, in the bronze bloom of blood-bright youth,
To speak what he respake when death was nigh.
Strongly he stood, Olympian-framed, with front
Like some carved crag where sleeps the lightning's brunt,
Black, thunderous brows, and thunderous deep-toned speech
Like Pericles, of whom the people said
That when he spake it thundered; round him spread
The calm of summer nights when the stars teach
In silence overhead.

Henry Moreland Stanley.

BORN near Denbigh, Wales, 1840. Came to America, 1855.

A MEETING IN THE HEART OF AFRICA.

[*How I Found Livingstone.* 1872.]

WE push on rapidly, lest the news of our coming might reach the people of Bunder Ujiji before we come in sight and are ready for them. We halt at a little brook, then ascend the long slope of a naked ridge, the very last of the myriads we have crossed. This alone prevents us from seeing the lake in all its vastness. We arrive at the summit, travel across and arrive at its western rim, and—pause, reader—the port of Ujiji is below us, embowered in the palms, only five hundred yards from us! At this grand moment we do not think of the hundreds of miles we have marched, of the hundred of hills that we have ascended and descended, of the many forests we have traversed, of the jungles and thickets that annoyed us, of the fervid salt plains that blistered our feet, of the hot suns that scorched us, nor the dangers and difficulties, now happily surmounted. At last the sublime hour has arrived! —our dreams, our hopes, and anticipations are now about to be realized! Our hearts and our feelings are with our eyes as we peer into the palms and try to make out in which hut or house lives the white man with the gray beard we heard about on the Malagarazi.

"Unfurl the flags, and load your guns!"

"Ay Wallah, ay Wallah, bana!" respond the men, eagerly.

"One, two, three—fire!"

A volley from nearly fifty guns roars like a salute from a battery of artillery: we shall note its effect presently on the peaceful-looking village below.

"Now, kirangozi, hold the white man's flag up high, and let the Zanzibar flag bring up the rear. And you men keep close together, and keep firing until we halt in the market-place, or before the white man's house. You have said to me often that you could smell the fish of the Tanganika. I can smell the fish of the Tanganika now. There are fish, and beer, and a long rest waiting for you. March!"

Before we had gone a hundred yards our repeated volleys had the effect desired. We had awakened Ujiji to the knowledge that a caravan was coming, and the people were witnessed rushing up in hundreds to meet us. The mere sight of the flags informed every one immediately that we were a caravan, but the American flag, borne aloft by gigantic Asmani, whose face was one vast smile on this day, rather staggered them at first. However, many of the people who now approached us remembered the flag. They had seen it float above the American Consulate, and from the mast-head of many a ship in the harbor of Zanzibar, and they were soon heard welcoming the beautiful flag with cries of "Bindera kisungu!"—a white man's flag! "Bindera Merikani!"—the American flag!

Then we were surrounded by them—by Wajiji, Wanyamwezi, Wangwana, Warundi, Waguhha, Wamanyuema, and Arabs, and were almost deafened with the shouts of "Yambo, yambo, bana! Yambo, bana! Yambo, bana!" To all and each of my men the welcome was given.

We were now about three hundred yards from the village of Ujiji, and the crowds are dense about me. Suddenly I hear a voice on my right say:

"Good morning, sir!"

Startled at hearing this greeting in the midst of such a crowd of black people, I turn sharply around in search of the man, and see him at my side, with the blackest of faces, but animated and joyous—a man dressed in a long white shirt, with a turban of American sheeting around his woolly head, and I ask:

"Who the mischief are you?"

"I am Susi, the servant of Dr. Livingstone," said he, smiling, and showing a gleaming row of teeth.

"What! Is Dr. Livingstone here?"

"Yes, sir."

"In this village?"
"Yes, sir."
"Are you sure?"
"Sure, sure, sir. Why, I leave him just now."
"Good morning, sir," said another voice.
"Hallo," said I, "is this another one?"
"Yes, sir."
"Well, what is your name?"
"My name is Chumah, sir."
"What! are you Chumah, the friend of Wekotani?"
"Yes, sir."
"And is the Doctor well?"
"Not very well, sir."
"Where has he been so long?"
"In Manyuema."
"Now, you Susi, run, and tell the Doctor I am coming."
"Yes, sir," and off he darted like a madman.

But by this time we were within two hundred yards of the village, and the multitude was getting denser, and almost preventing our march. Flags and streamers were out; Arabs and Wangwana were pushing their way through the natives in order to greet us, for, according to their account, we belonged to them. But the great wonder of all was, "How did you come from Unyanyembe?"

Soon Susi came running back, and asked me my name; he had told the Doctor that I was coming, but the Doctor was too surprised to believe him, and, when the Doctor asked him my name, Susi was rather staggered.

But, during Susi's absence, the news had been conveyed to the Doctor that it was surely a white man that was coming, whose guns were firing and whose flag could be seen; and the great Arab magnates of Ujiji—Mohammed bin Sali, Sayd bin Majid, Abid bin Suliman, Mohammed bin Gharib, and others—had gathered together before the Doctor's house, and the Doctor had come out from his veranda to discuss the matter and await my arrival.

In the meantime the head of the Expedition had halted, and the kirangozi was out of the ranks, holding his flag aloft, and Selim said to me: "I see the Doctor, sir. Oh, what an old man! He has got a white beard." And I—what would I not have given for a bit of friendly wilderness, where, unseen, I might vent my joy in some mad freak, such as idiotically biting my hand, turning a somersault, or slashing at trees, in order to allay those exciting feelings that were wellnigh uncontrollable. My heart beats fast, but I must not let my face betray my emotions, lest it shall detract from the dignity of a white man appearing under such extraordinary circumstances.

So I did that which I thought was most dignified. I pushed back the crowds, and, passing from the rear, walked down a living avenue of people, until I came in front of the semicircle of Arabs, in the front of which stood the white man with the gray beard. As I advanced slowly towards him I noticed he was pale, looked wearied, had a gray beard, wore a bluish cap with a faded gold band round it, had on a red-sleeved waistcoat, and a pair of gray tweed trousers. I would have run to him, only I was a coward in the presence of such a mob—would have embraced him, only, he being an Englishman, I did not know how he would receive me; so I did what cowardice and false pride suggested was the best thing—walked deliberately to him, took off my hat, and said:

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?"

"Yes," said he, with a kind smile, lifting his cap slightly.

I replace my hat on my head, and he puts on his cap, and we both grasp hands, and I then say aloud:

"I thank God, Doctor, I have been permitted to see you."

He answered: "I feel thankful that I am here to welcome you."

I turn to the Arabs, take off my hat to them in response to the saluting of "Yambos" I receive, and the Doctor introduces them to me by name. Then, oblivious of the crowds, oblivious of the men who shared with me my dangers, we—Livingstone and I—turn our faces towards his tembe. He points to the veranda, or, rather, mud platform, under the broad overhanging eaves; he points to his own particular seat, which I see his age and experience in Africa has suggested, namely, a straw mat, with a goatskin over it, and another skin nailed against the wall to protect his back from contact with the cold mud. I protest against taking this seat, which so much more befits him than me, but the Doctor will not yield: I must take it.

We are seated—the Doctor and I—with our backs to the wall. The Arabs take seats on our left. More than a thousand natives are in our front, filling the whole square densely, indulging their curiosity, and discussing the fact of two white men meeting at Ujiji—one just come from Manyuema, in the west, the other from Unyanyembe, in the east.

Conversation began. What about? I declare I have forgotten. Oh! we simultaneously asked questions of one another, such as "How did you come here?" and "Where have you been all this long time?—the world has believed you to be dead." Yes, that was the way it began; but whatever the Doctor informed me, and that which I communicated to him, I cannot correctly report, for I found myself gazing at him, conning the wonderful man at whose side I now sat in Central Africa. Every hair of his head and beard, every wrinkle of his face, the wanness of his features, and the slightly wearied look he wore, were all imparting intelligence to me—the knowledge I craved for so much ever since I heard the words, "Take what you want, but find Livingstone." What I saw was deeply interesting intelligence to me, and unvarnished truth. I was listening and reading at the same time. What did these dumb witnesses relate to me?

Oh, reader, had you been at my side on this day in Ujiji, how eloquently could be told the nature of this man's work! Had you been there but to see and hear! His lips gave me the details; lips that never lie. I cannot repeat what he said; I was too much engrossed to take my note-book out and begin to stenograph his story. He had so much to say that he began at the end, seemingly oblivious of the fact that five or six years had to be accounted for. But his account was oozing out; it was growing fast into grand proportions—into a most marvellous history of deeds.

The Arabs rose up, with a delicacy I approved, as if they intuitively knew that we ought to be left to ourselves. I sent Bombay with them, to give them the news they also wanted so much to know about the affairs at Unyanyembe. Sayd bin Majid was the father of the gallant young man whom I saw at Masange, and who fought with me at Zimbizo, and who soon afterwards was killed by Mirambo's Ruga-Ruga in the forest of Wilyankuru; and, knowing that I had been there, he earnestly desired to hear the tale of the fight; but they had all friends at Unyanyembe, and it was but natural that they should be anxious to hear of what concerned them.

After giving orders to Bombay and Asmani for the provisioning of the men of the Expedition, I called "Kaif-Halek," or "How-do-ye-do," and introduced him to Dr. Livingstone as one of the soldiers in charge of certain goods left at Unyanyembe, whom I had compelled to accompany me to Ujiji, that he might deliver in person to his master the letter-bag he had been intrusted with by Dr. Kirk. This was that famous letter-bag marked "Nov. 1st, 1870," which was now delivered into the Doctor's hands 365 days after it left Zanzibar! How long, I wonder, had it remained at Unyanyembe had I not been despatched into Central Africa in search of the great traveller!

The Doctor kept the letter-bag on his knee, then presently opened it, looked at the letters contained there, and read one or two of his children's letters, his face in the meanwhile lighting up.

He asked me to tell him the news. "No, Doctor," said I, "read your letters first, which I am sure you must be impatient to read."

"Ah," said he, "I have waited years for letters, and I have been taught patience. I can surely afford to wait a few hours longer. No, tell me the general news: how is the world getting along?"

"You probably know much already. Do you know that the Suez Canal is a fact—is opened, and a regular trade carried on between Europe and India through it?"

"I did not hear about the opening of it. Well, that is grand news! What else?"

Shortly I found myself enacting the part of an annual periodical to him. There was no need of exaggeration—of any penny-a-line news, or of any sensationalism. The world had witnessed and experienced much the last few years. The Pacific Railroad had been completed; Grant had been elected President of the United States; Egypt had been flooded with savans; the Cretan rebellion had terminated; a Spanish revolution had driven Isabella from the throne of Spain, and a regent had been appointed; General Prim was assassinated; a Castelar had electrified Europe with his advanced ideas upon the liberty of worship; Prussia had humbled Denmark, and annexed Schleswig-Holstein, and her armies were now around Paris; the "Man of Destiny" was a prisoner at Wilhelmshöhe; the Queen of Fashion and the Empress of the French was a fugitive; and the child born in the purple had lost forever the Imperial crown intended for his head; the Napoleon dynasty was extinguished by the Prussians, Bismarck and Von Moltke; and France, the proud Empire, was humbled to the dust.

What could a man have exaggerated of these facts? What a budget of news it was to one who had emerged from the depths of the primeval forests of Manyuema! The reflection of the dazzling light of civilization was cast on him while Livingstone was thus listening in wonder to one of the most exciting pages of history ever repeated. How the puny deeds of barbarism paled before these! Who could tell under what new phases of uneasy life Europe was laboring even then, while we, two of her lonely children, rehearsed the tale of her late woes and glories! More worthily, perhaps, had the tongue of a lyric Demodocus recounted them; but, in the absence of the poet, the newspaper correspondent performed his part as well and truthfully as he could.

Not long after the Arabs had departed, a dishful of hot hashed-meat cakes was sent to us by Sayd bin Majid, and a curried chicken was received from Mohammed bin Sali, and Moeni Kheri sent a dishful of stewed goat-meat and rice; and thus presents of food came in succession, and as fast as they were brought we set to. I had a healthy, stubborn digestion—the exercise I had taken had put it in prime order; but Livingstone—he had been complaining that he had no appetite, that his stomach refused everything but a cup of tea now and then—he ate also—ate like a vigorous, hungry man; and, as he vied with me in demolishing the pan-cakes, he kept repeating, "You have brought me new life; you have brought me new life."

"Oh, by George!" I said, "I have forgotten something. Hasten, Selim, and bring that bottle; you know which; and bring me the silver goblets. I brought this bottle on purpose for this event, which I hoped would come to pass, though often it seemed useless to expect it."

Selim knew where the bottle was, and he soon returned with it—a bottle of Sillery champagne; and, handing the Doctor a silver goblet brimful of the exhilarating wine, and pouring a small quantity into my own, I said:

"Dr. Livingstone, to your very good health, sir."

"And to yours," he responded.

And the champagne I had treasured for this happy meeting was drunk with hearty good wishes to each other.

Mary Ainge De Vere.

BORN in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A FAREWELL.

[*Littell's Living Age—The Century Magazine—etc.*]

I TAKE my hand from thine and turn away,—
  Why should I blame that slight and fickle heart,
That cannot bravely go, nor boldly stay,
  Too weak to cling, and yet too fond to part?
Dead passion chains thee where its ashes lie—
  Cold is the shrine, ah cold forevermore!

Why linger, then, while golden moments fly
And sunshine waits beyond the open door?
Nay—fare thee well—for memory and I
Must linger here, and wait; we have no choice
Nor other better joy, until we die,
Only to wait, and hear nor step nor voice,
Nor any happy advent come to break
The watch we keep alone—for dear love's sake!

A QUIET HOUSE.

MY house is quiet now—so still!
All day I hear the ticking clock;
The hours are numbered; clear and shrill
Outside the robins chirp and trill:
My house is quiet now—so still!

But silence breaks my heart. I wait,
And waiting yearn for call or knock,
To hear the creaking of the gate
And footsteps coming, soon or late:
The silence breaks my heart. I wait.

All through the empty house I go,
From hall to hall, from room to room;
The heavy shadows spread and grow,
The startled echoes mock me so,
As through the empty house I go.

Ah, silent house! If I could hear
Sweet noises in the tranquil gloom,
The joyous tumult, loud and near,
That vexed me many a happy year,—
Ah, silent house, if I could hear!

Ah, lonely house! If once, once more,
My longing eyes might see the stain
Of little foot-prints on the floor—
The sweet child-faces at the door—
Ah, blessed Heaven, but once, once more!

My house and home are very still.
I watch the sunshine and the rain:
The years go on . . . Perhaps Death will
Life's broken promises fulfil.
My house, my home, my heart, are still!

GOD KEEP YOU.

GOD keep you, dearest, all this lonely night:
The winds are still,
The moon drops down behind the western hill.
God keep you safely till the morning light.

God keep you, when sweet slumber melts away,
And care and strife
Take up new arms, to fret your waking life.
God keep you through the battle of the day.

God keep you. Nay, beloved soul, how vain,
How poor is prayer!
I can but say again, and yet again,
God keep you, every time, and everywhere!

George Frederic Parsons.

BORN in Brighton, England, 1840.

THE COMÉDIE HUMAINE.

[*Honoré de Balzac.—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1886.]

THE plan of the Comédie Humaine came to Balzac after he had established his reputation. He was a long time in discovering his vocation, but he had been educating himself for the great work of his life during his dreary apprenticeship. He would become the analyst of society. He would do for the human family what Geoffroy Saint-Hilaire had done for the brute creation. The Comédie Humaine was to be a philosophical dissection of society, a description of contemporary life and manners from top to bottom, and embracing all ranks, classes, and occupations. The conception was gigantic, and, when all the defects of the work are allowed for, it will have to be admitted that the execution is marvellous. Nor could it have been even partially accomplished save by the method Balzac adopted. A series of separate and unconnected stories would not have admitted of the subtle working out of complicated and far-reaching sequences of events such as real life presents. In the ordinary novel it is necessary either to represent a section of life cut off abruptly, without beginning or end, or fidelity to truth must be sacrificed to the exigencies of the plot. Balzac, by carrying his characters through a whole series of stories, was enabled to present them in many different aspects, and at the same time to work out those side-plots and ramifications of human relationship with which real existence abounds. His method enlarged his canvas enormously, and also gave an entirely new interest and emphasis to his situations. But only a master could have accomplished so great an undertaking with the measure of success he has achieved, or could have avoided the difficulties inherent in the scheme. In considering the qualifications demanded for the work, some of the faults charged upon Balzac are at least explained. To do what he attempted—that is, to paint human nature as it existed in his time and country—a mind as many-sided as nature is needed. But to paint human nature as manifested in the social organization, a catholicity of view is required which excludes optimism. It is one thing to describe the world as it ought to be, or as one would have it, but quite another to describe it as it is. In most novels we find bad men repenting and becoming good, virtuous men rewarded by material prosperity, the villains punished and the heroes triumphing. But how far is this from what actually happens! As John Stuart Mill observes, "The general tendency of evil is towards further evil. Bodily illness renders the body more susceptible of disease; it produces incapacity of exertion, sometimes debility of mind, and often the loss of means of subsistence. Poverty is the parent of a thousand mental and moral evils. What is still worse, to be injured or oppressed, when habitual, lowers the whole tone of the character. One bad action leads to others, in the agent himself, in the bystanders, and in the sufferers. All bad qualities are strengthened by habit, and all vices and follies tend to spread. Intellectual defects generate moral, and moral intellectual; and every intellectual or moral defect generates others, and so on without end." This, of course, is but one side of the case, but it is precisely the side which fiction usually ignores, to the detriment alike of art and verisimilitude. But Balzac did not ignore it, and his recognition and full representation of it constitute one of his strongest claims upon posterity. In him, indeed, we see a resemblance to Nature, who distributes good and evil impartially, indifferently; elaborating the hideous and venomous tarantula as carefully as the gentle dove or the fragrant rose, and not seldom seeming, as in the tiger, to lavish her most splendid ornamentation upon incarnations of ferocity and savage power. Balzac took society as he found it. He did not attempt to improve it, unless showing it its own image might have an elevating tendency. He regarded his mission as that of a scientific social historian. And he undertook not only to describe society in its external aspects, but to analyze the springs of its various activities, to explain and characterize the motives that inspired it, and to dissect away the conventional tissues which concealed its true desires and intents.

In applying his analytical methods he was deterred by no sentimental restraints. He looked everywhere, and set down what he saw—vice or virtue, honor or infamy, as the case might be. That he should have been a cause of offence to many was inevitable, and equally so that the frank intrepidity of his analysis should be denounced as insufferable coarseness. He is coarse. There is no need to deny it, and his coarseness is often an injury to his work. But the question is whether, with a more delicate temperament, he could have done the work before him; and if the answer to this question is in the negative, as I think it must be, it will perhaps be considered well that he did it, even with the drawbacks attached to it. For so powerful a work has never been accomplished by another, nor is likely to be. And even in his most audacious moods, when, as his critics have said, he seems to take special delight in the analysis of some monstrous vice, some hideously deformed character, the marvellous insight which exhibits the inmost workings of a depraved human soul, the equally marvellous truth of touch which shows the gradual obscuration and extinction of the good principles and tendencies, assuredly produce upon the reader no seductive or demoralizing effect, but rather the emotion caused by the spectacle of an implacable destiny urging the lost creature to its doom.

BUSINESS.

[*The Growth of Materialism.—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1887.]

IT is one of the most significant facts of the material civilization that its supreme code—that, namely, upon which what it terms "business" is based—should declare the union of friendship with the sacred cult of money to be inadmissible. In the counting-house, the factory, the exchange, there must be no entangling alliances. There, in the arcana of "business," all pretences, save those which conduce to material advantage, are to be put aside. Popular philosophy takes the form of proverbs and sententious sayings, which, if not always polite and delicate, are generally terse and to the point. This popular sentiment long ago expressed, in its crude way, the prevailing idea of the way the world wags, in the rough but expressive words, "Every man for himself, and the Devil take the hindmost." It is upon this principle that we usually conduct business in this progressive and hurried age. It may, perhaps, be thought somewhat curious that the habitual putting off of friendship, as Mohammedans put off their slippers on entering the mosque, in proceeding to business, should not have given rise to some suspicion of the nature of the cult that requires such a surrender. It is, however, but the last step in a threefold descent. The first is from the religion we profess to the religion we practise: the second is from the family code to the social code: the third is from the latter to the ethics of "business." Perhaps the graduation of the descent helps to conceal it from most of us. Perhaps the dazzling effulgence which breaks from the shrine of Mammon blinds his worshippers to the nature of the approaches by which they reach his feet. Such, however, is the fact. The principle of business is selfishness in its most open and undisguised form; selfishness ministering to its own rapacity by a hundred base and shameful tricks and chicaneries; selfishness assisting itself with deceit and fraud, with overreaching and misrepresentation; selfishness pluming itself upon superior intelligence when it effects a roguery by playing upon the trustfulness of another; selfishness hardily sneering at integrity and scoffing at honor as an outworn imbecility. There is really nothing too base to be perpetrated in the name of business. It knows no conscience: witness the despatch of ship-loads of rum to poison uncivilized races. It knows no patriotism: witness the eagerness with which in all wars traders have supplied their country's enemies with arms and munitions; and witness, in our own time, the manner in which rebellious Indian tribes have been repeatedly furnished by American citizens with arms wherewith to fight American soldiers. When the North was in death-grapple with the South, it supplied our men in the field with shoes that could not be worn, with shoddy clothing, with fraud in every shape an army contract could cover. In times of peace it calls in adulteration to its aid, and poisons whatever can be sophisticated. The spirit of the age is shown forth in the invention of oleomargarine, or sham butter, and especially in the arguments used to defend and justify the product. The haste to be rich, indeed, debases everything and demoralizes every one. There is no great line of modern development which is not branded by the rank dishonesty this lust produces. It flourishes rankly in governmental affairs. Wherever the sense of responsibility is weakened by the absence of personal headship and ownership, fraud has entered freely. The land system of the country is honeycombed with it. The history of the distribution of the public lands is a history of continued and gigantic robberies. There has never been an issue of land-scrip to any class, soldiers, Indians, or civilians, or to States for educational purposes, which has not been made the machinery for effecting these knaveries. Government timber has been stolen as generally as government land. Railroad enterprises, too, have frequently been made the cover for extraordinary rapacity and dishonesty in the same directions. All this is known far and wide, but it signifies nothing. It is in no sense a figure of speech that any man may become rich by positive stealing : that the truth concerning his manner of obtaining his money may be generally known ; and that not only will he not lose caste by his immoral methods, but a large number of people will admire him for his "smartness," which, being interpreted, perhaps means successful roguery. . . . .

A chief danger of the situation consists in the fact that all the most potent evils of materialism tend to feed and fatten upon their own substance, and to perpetuate themselves after the manner of certain low organisms in the physical world. It would not, for instance, require more than one or two generations of undisciplined self-seekers to establish a breed of egoists more self-centred, more void of sympathy, than any form of advanced civilization has yet known, and the influence of such men and women upon any society can be easily perceived. Toleration of fraud and mendacity, for a comparatively brief period, would produce equally marked consequences. Nor is the effect less in minor phenomena. In a country where the ballot is the ultimate expression of popular will, it is only necessary greatly to stimulate the rapacity of the masses to bring about, in due course, legislation involving confiscation of the possessions of the rich. In the Greek republics this kind of social war frequently occurred, and naturally, when matters reached that extremity, the only law capable of enforcement was that of *force majeure ;* so sometimes the poor overcame the rich, and sometimes the rich overcame the poor, and whichever side was victor practised hideous cruelties upon the vanquished. The history of the Paris Commune proves that the lowest depths of savagery are not beyond the possible descent of civilized societies, and we cannot therefore solace ourselves with the flattering assurance that like causes would not produce like effects among us. The decline in the sense of duty tends to similar consequences. When responsibility decays, regard for the rights of others is sure to be weakened. Communities which tolerate the practice of abuses upon themselves are apt to manifest loose morality in general. Good citizenship implies self-respect and full recognition of the neighbor's rights, together with equally clear perception of one's own and one's fellow's obligations. Those who are careless of what is due to themselves will be not less apathetic concerning what is due to the commonwealth. But incivism is the fruit of unsocial selfishness. Whoever refuses to do his duty as a citizen does so because he is absorbed in his personal occupations, and, as a rule, is thus absorbed by the greed of gain. As all force is masterful, selfish and greedy men exercise a strong influence on the community, and their concentration of purpose usually secures their ends. But let the masses also acquire this energy of acquisitiveness, and apply it through the ballot, and the strong purpose of the selfish minority must be borne down by the pressure of the much greater though similar force. What redemption there could be for a community or a nation so circumstanced it is difficult to see. All reversion tends to spread. Savagery superimposed upon civilization can only be met by savagery.

James Herbert Morse.

Born in Hubbardston, Mass., 1841.

LOSS.

THE moon last night was shining
  Brightly on land and sea,
And I from the pine grove could see her,
  As I leaned against a tree.

I doffed my hat, though 'twas midnight,
  As she slowly rode through the sky,
And I said to her softly and sadly:
  "Pale moon, far off and high,

"Thou seest a thousand churchyards,—
  All still they lie, and white;
And thou pourest thy holy splendor
  O'er all of them, night by night.

"There is one on a hillside lying,—
  'Tis little and lonely and bare;
But O shine down more softly,
  Sweet moon, when thou comest there!"

I came to an inland river,—
  For on, from state to state,
With a burden not easy to carry,
  I have wandered much of late,—

'Twas midnight. Amid the alders
  I sat down, the river nigh,
And my shadow sat there beside me,
  For the moon was full and high.

The river seemed sighing and sobbing:
  "O River, why sighest thou so?"—
"There are so many tombstones
  On my banks, wherever I go!"

"Then thy sighing and thy sobbing,
  O River, I cannot blame."
And I dropped my head on my bosom,
  My shadow did the same.

George Alfred Townsend.

Born in Georgetown, Del., 1841.

OLD "BEAU" AND "CRUTCH, THE PAGE."

[*Crutch, the Page.—Tales of the Chesapeake.* 1880.]

"AND now," said Mr. Bee, "as we wair all up late at the club last night, I propose we take a second julep, and as Reybold is coming in he will jine us."

"I won't give you a farthing!" cried Reybold at the door, speaking to some one. "Chips, indeed! What shall I give you money to gamble away for? A gambling beggar is worse than an impostor! No, sir! Emphatically no!"

"A dollar for four chips for brave old Beau!" said the other voice. "I've struck 'em all but you. By the State Arms! I've got rights in this distreek! Everybody pays toll to brave old Beau! Come down!"

The Northern Congressman retreated before this pertinacious mendicant into his committee-room, and his pesterer followed him closely, nothing abashed, even into the privileged cloisters of the committee. The Southern members enjoyed the situation.

"Chips, Right Honorable! Chips for old Beau. Nobody this ten-year has run as long as you. I've laid for you, and now I've fell on you. Judge Bee, the fust business befo' yo' committee this mornin' is a assessment for old Beau, who's away down! Rheumatiz, bettin' on the black, failure of remittances from Fauqueeah, and other casualties by wind an' flood, have put ole Beau away down. He's a institution of his country and must be sustained!"

The laughter was general and cordial amongst the Southerners, while the intruder pressed hard upon Mr. Reybold. He was a singular object; tall, grim, half-comical, with a leer of low familiarity in his eyes, but his waxed mustache of military proportions, his patch of goatee just above the chin, his elaborately oiled hair and flaming necktie, set off his faded face with an odd gear of finery and impressiveness. His skin was that of an old *roué's*, patched up and calked, but the features were those of a once handsome man of style and carriage.

He wore what appeared to be a cast-off spring overcoat, out of season and color on this blustering winter day, a rich buff waistcoat of an embossed pattern, such as few persons would care to assume, save, perhaps, a gambler, negro buyer, or fine "buck" barber. The assumption of a large and flashy pin stood in his frilled shirt-bosom. He wore watch-seals without the accompanying watch, and his pantaloons, though faded and threadbare, were once of fine material and cut in a style of extravagant elegance, and they covered his long, shrunken, but aristocratic limbs, and were strapped beneath his boots to keep them shapely. The boots themselves had been once of varnished kid or fine calf, but they were cracked and cut, partly by use, partly for comfort; for it was plain that their wearer had the gout, by his aristocratic hobble upon a gold-mounted cane, which was not the least inconsistent garniture of his mendicancy.

"Boys," said Fitzchew Smy, "I s'pose we better come down early. There's a shillin', Beau. If I had one more sech constituent as you, I should resign or die premachorely!"

"There's a piece o' tobacker," said Jeems Bee languidly, "all I can afforde, Beau, this mornin'. I went to a chicken-fight yesterday and lost all my change."

"Mine," said Box Izard, "is a regulation pen-knife, contributed by the United States, with the regret, Beau, that I can't 'commodate you with a pine coffin for you to git into and git away down lower than you ever been."

"Yaw's a dollar," said Pontotoc Bibb; "it'll do for me an' Lowndes Cleburn, who's a poet and genius, and never has no money. This buys me off, Beau, for a month."

The gorgeous old mendicant took them all grimly and leering, and then pounced upon the Northern man, assured by their twinkles and winks that the rest expected some sport.

"And now, Right Honorable from the banks of the Susquehanna, Colonel Reybold—you see, I got your name; I ben a layin' for you!—come down handsome for the Uncle and ornament of his capital and country. What's yore's?"

"Nothing," said Reybold in a quiet way. "I cannot give a man like you anything, even to get rid of him."

"You're mean," said the stylish beggar, winking to the rest. "You hate to put your hand down in yer pocket, mightily. I'd rather be ole Beau, and live on suppers at the faro banks, than love a dollar like you!"

"I'll make it a V for Beau," said Pontotoc Bibb, "if he gives him a rub on the raw like that another lick. Durn a mean man, Cleburn!"

"Come down, Northerner," pressed the incorrigible loafer again; "it don't become a Right Honorable to be so mean with old Beau."

The little boy on crutches, who had been looking at this scene in a state of suspense and interest for some time, here cried hotly:

"If you say Mr. Reybold is a mean man, you tell a story, you nasty beggar! He often gives things to me and Joyce, my sister. He's just got me work, which is the best thing to give; don't you think so, gentlemen?"

"Work," said Lowndes Cleburn, "is the best thing to give away, and the most onhandy thing to keep. I like play the best—Beau's kind o' play!"

"Yes," said Jeroboam Coffee; "I think I prefer to make the chips fly out of a table more than out of a log."

"I like to work!" cried the little boy, his hazel eyes shining, and his poor, narrow body beating with unconscious fervor, half suspended on his crutches, as if he were of that good descent and natural spirit which could assert itself without bashfulness in the presence of older people. "I like to work for my mother. If I was strong, like other little boys, I would make money for her, so that she shouldn't keep any boarders—except Mr. Reybold. Oh! she has to work a lot; but she's proud and won't tell anybody. All the money I get I mean to give her; but I wouldn't have it if I had to beg for it like that man!"

"O Beau," said Colonel Jeems Bee, "you've cotched it now! Reybold's even with you. Little Crutch has cooked your goose! Crutch is right eloquent when his wind will permit."

The fine old loafer looked at the boy, whom he had not previously noticed, and it was observed that the last shaft had hurt his pride. The boy returned his wounded look with a straight, undaunted, spirited glance, out of a child's nature. Mr. Reybold was impressed with something in the attitude of the two, which made him forget his own interest in the controversy.

Beau answered with a tone of nearly tender pacification:

"Now, my little man; come, don't be hard on the old veteran! He's down, old Beau is, sence the time he owned his blooded pacer and dined with the *Corps Diplomatique;* Beau's down sence then; but don't call the old feller hard names. We take it back, don't we?—we take *them* words back?"

"There's a angel somewhere," said Lowndes Cleburn, "even in a Washington bummer, which responds to a little chap on crutches with a clear voice. Whether the angel takes the side of the bummer or the little chap, is a p'int out of our jurisdiction. Abe, give Beau a julep. He seems to have been demoralized by little Crutch's last."

"Take them hard words back, Bub," whined the licensed mendicant, with either real or affected pain; "it's a p'int of honor I'm a standin' on. Do, now, little Major!"

"I shan't!" cried the boy. "Go and work like me. You're big, and you called Mr. Reybold mean. Haven't you got a wife or little girl, or nobody to work for? You ought to work for yourself, anyhow. Oughtn't he, gentlemen?"

Reybold, who had slipped around by the little cripple and was holding him in a caressing way from behind, looked over to Beau, and was even more impressed with that generally undaunted worthy's expression. It was that of acute and suffering sensibility, perhaps the effervescence of some little remaining pride, or it might have been a twinge of the gout. Beau looked at the little boy, suspended there with the weak back and the narrow chest, and that scintillant, sincere spirit beaming out with courage born in the stock he belonged to. Admiration, conciliation, and pain were in the ruined vagrant's eyes. Reybold felt a sense of pity. He put his hand in his pocket and drew forth a dollar.

"Here, Beau," he said, "I'll make an exception. You seem to have some feeling. Don't mind the boy!"

In an instant the coin was flying from his hand through the air. The beggar, with a livid face and clinched cane, confronted the Congressman like a maniac.

"You bilk!" he cried. "You supper customer! I'll brain you! I had rather parted with my shoes at a dolly shop and gone gadding the hoof, without a doss to sleep on—a town pauper, done on the vag—than to have been made scurvy in the sight of that child and deserve his words of shame!"

He threw his head upon the table and burst into tears.

. . . .

The Lake and Bayou Committee reaped the reward of a good action.

Crutch, the page, as they all called Uriel Basil, affected the sensibility of the whole committee to the extent that profanity almost ceased there, and vulgarity became a crime in the presence of a child. Gentle words and wishes became the rule; a glimmer of reverence and a thought of piety were not unknown in that little chamber.

"Dog my skin!" said Jeems Bee, "if I ever made a 'pintment that give me sech satisfaction! I feel as if I had sot a nigger free!"

The youthful abstractionist, Lowndes Cleburn, expressed it even better. "Crutch," he said, "is like a angel reduced to his bones. Them air wings or pinions, that he might have flew off with, being a pair of crutches, keeps him here to tarry awhile in our service. But, gentlemen, he's not got long to stay. His crutches is growing too heavy for that expandin' sperit. Some day we'll look up and miss him through our tears."

They gave him many a present; they put a silver watch in his pocket, and dressed him in a jacket with gilt buttons. He had a bouquet of flowers to take home every day to that marvellous sister of whom he spoke so often; and there were times when the whole committee, seeing him drop off to sleep as he often did through frail and weary nature, sat silently watching lest he might be wakened before his rest was over. But no persuasion could take him off the floor of Congress. In that solemn old Hall of Representatives, under the semicircle of gray columns, he darted with agility from noon to dusk, keeping speed upon his crutches with the healthiest of the pages, and racing into the document-room, and through the dark and narrow corridors of the old Capitol loft, where the House library was lost in twilight. Visitors looked with interest and sympathy at the narrow back and body of this invalid child, whose eyes were full of bright, beaming spirit. He sometimes nodded on the steps by the Speaker's chair; and these spells of dreaminess and fatigue increased as his disease advanced upon his wasting system. Once he did not awaken at all until adjournment. The great Congress and audience passed out, and the little fellow still slept, with his head against the Clerk's desk, while all the other pages were grouped around him, and they finally bore him off to the committee-room in their arms, where, amongst the sympathetic watchers, was old Beau. When Uriel opened his eyes the old mendicant was looking into them.

"Ah! little Major," he said, "poor Beau has been waiting for you to take those bad words back. Old Beau thought it was all bob with his little cove."

"Beau," said the boy, "I've had such a dream! I thought my dear father, who is working so hard to bring me home to him, had carried me out on the river in a boat. We sailed through the greenest marshes, among white lilies, where the wild ducks were tame as they can be. All the ducks were diving and diving, and they brought up long stalks of celery from the water and gave them to us. Father ate all his. But mine turned into lilies and grew up so high that I felt myself going with them, and the higher I went the more beautiful grew the birds. Oh! let me sleep and see if it will be so again."

The outcast raised his gold-headed cane and hobbled up and down the room with a laced handkerchief at his eyes.

"Great God!" he exclaimed, "another generation is going out, and here I stay without a stake, playing a lone hand forever and forever."

"Beau," said Reybold, "there's hope while one can feel. Don't go away until you have a good word from our little passenger."

The outstretched hand of the Northern Congressman was not refused by the vagrant, whose eccentric sorrow yet amused the Southern committeemen.

"Ole Beau's jib-boom of a mustache 'll put his eye out," said Pontotoc Bibb, "ef he fetches another groan like that."

"Beau's very shaky around the hams an' knees," said Box Izard; "he's been a good figger, but even figgers can lie ef they stand up too long."

The little boy unclosed his eyes and looked around on all those kindly, watching faces.

"Did anybody fire a gun?" he said. "Oh! no. I was only dreaming that I was hunting with father, and he shot at the beautiful pheasants that were making such a whirring of wings for me. It was music. When can I hunt with father, dear gentlemen?"

They all felt the tread of the mighty hunter before the Lord very near at hand; the hunter whose name is Death.

"There are little tiny birds along the beach," muttered the boy. "They twitter and run into the surf and back again, and am I one of them? I must be; for I feel the water cold, and yet I see you all, so kind to me! Don't whistle for me now; for I don't get much play, gentlemen! Will the Speaker turn me out if I play with the beach-birds just once? I'm only a little boy working for my mother."

"Dear Uriel," whispered Reybold, "here's Old Beau, to whom you once spoke angrily. Don't you see him?"

The little boy's eyes came back from far-land somewhere, and he saw the ruined gamester at his feet.

"Dear Beau," he said, "I can't get off to go home with you. They won't excuse me, and I give all my money to mother. But you go to the back gate. Ask for Joyce. She'll give you a nice warm meal every day. Go with him, Mr. Reybold! If you ask for him it will be all right; for Joyce—dear Joyce!—she loves you."

The beach-birds played again along the strand; the boy ran into the foam with his companions and felt the spray once more. The Mighty Hunter shot his bird—a little cripple that twittered the sweetest of them all. Nothing moved in the solemn chamber of the committee but the voice of an old forsaken man, sobbing bitterly.

IN RAMA.

A LITTLE face there was,
  When all her pains were done,
Beside that face I loved:
  They said it was a son.

A son to me—how strange!—
  Who never was a man,
But lived from change to change
  A boy, as I began.

More boyish still the hope
  That leaped within me then,
That I, matured in him,
  Should found a house of men;
And all my wasted sheaves,
  Bound up in his ripe shock,
Give seed to sterner times
  And name to sterner stock.

He grew to that ideal
  And blossomed in my sight;
Strange questions filled his day,
  Sweet visions in the night,
Till he could walk with me,
  Companion, hand in hand;
But nothing seemed to be
  Like him, in Wonder-land.

For he was leading me
  Beyond the bounds of mind,
Far down Eternity,
  And I so far behind.
One day an angel stepped
  Out of the idle sphere—
The man had entered in,
  The boy is weeping here.

My house is founded there
  In heaven that he has won.
Shall I be outlawed, then,
  O Lord who hast my son?
This grief that makes me old,
  These tears that make me pure,
They tell me time is time,
  And only heaven mature.

Cincinnatus Hiner Miller.

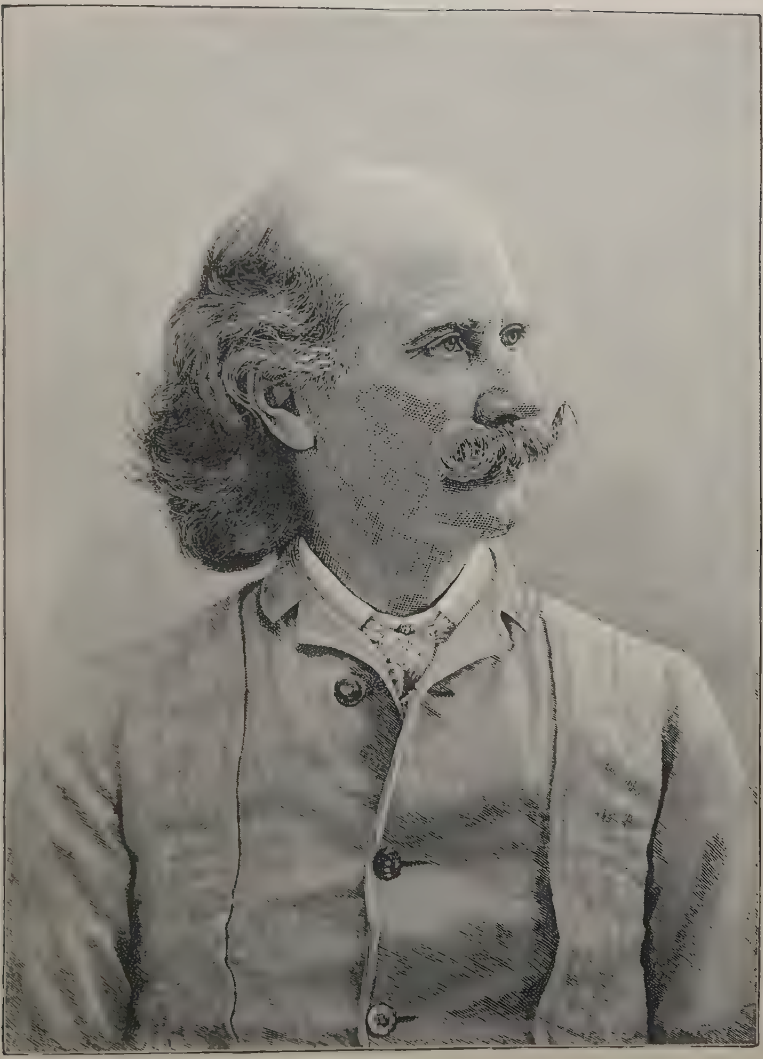
Born in Wabash District, Ind., 1841.

FROM "ARIZONIAN."

[*Songs of the Sierras. By Joaquin Miller.* 1871.]

THE red ripe stars hang low overhead,
  Let the good and the light of soul reach up,
Pluck gold as plucking a butter-cup:
But I am as lead and my hands are red;
There is nothing that is that can wake one passion
In soul or body, or one sense of pleasure,
No fame or fortune in the world's wide measure,
Or love full-bosomed or in any fashion.

  The doubled sea, and the troubled heaven,
Starred and barred by the bolts of fire,
In storms where stars are riven, and driven
As clouds through heaven, as a dust blown higher;
The angels hurled to the realms infernal,
Down from the walls in unholy wars
That man misnameth the falling stars;
The purple robe of the proud Eternal,
The Tyrian blue with its fringe of gold,
Shrouding His countenance, fold on fold—
All are dull and tame as a tale that is told.
For the loves that hasten and the hates that linger,
The nights that darken and the days that glisten,
And men that lie and maidens that listen,
I care not even the snap of my finger.



Yours
Joaquin Miller.

So the sun climbs up, and on, and over,
And the days go out and the tides come in,
And the pale moon rubs on the purple cover
Till worn as thin and as bright as tin;
But the ways are dark and the days are dreary,
And the dreams of youth are but dust in age,
And the heart gets hardened, and the hands grow weary
Holding them up for their heritage.

And the strained heartstrings wear bare and brittle,
And the fond hope dies when so long deferred;
Then the fair hope lies in the heart interred,
So stiff and cold in its coffin of lead.
For you promise so great and you gain so little;
For you promise so great of glory and gold,
And gain so little that the hands grow cold;
And for gold and glory you gain instead
A fond heart sickened and a fair hope dead.

So I have said, and I say it over,
And can prove it over and over again,
That the four-footed beasts on the red-crowned clover,
The pied and hornèd beasts on the plain
That lie down, rise up, and repose again,
And do never take care or toil or spin,
Nor buy, nor build, nor gather in gold,
Though the days go out and the tides come in,
Are better than we by a thousandfold;
For what is it all, in the words of fire,
But a vexing of soul and a vain desire?

WRITTEN IN ATHENS.

SIERRAS, and eternal tents
Of snow that flash o'er battlements
Of mountains! My land of the sun,
Am I not true? have I not done
All things for thine, for thee alone,
O sun-land, sea-land, thou mine own?
From other loves and other lands,
As true, perhaps, as strong of hands,
Have I not turned to thee and thine,
O sun-land of the palm and pine,
And sung thy scenes, surpassing skies,
Till Europe lifted up her face
And marvelled at thy matchless grace,
With eager and inquiring eyes?
Be my reward some little place
To pitch my tent, some tree and vine
Where I may sit above the sea,
And drink the sun as drinking wine,
And dream, or sing some songs of thee;
Or days to climb to Shasta's dome
Again, and be with gods at home,
Salute my mountains—clouded Hood,
Saint Helen's in its sea of wood—
Where sweeps the Oregon, and where
White storms are in the feathered fir.

KIT CARSON'S RIDE.

"RUN? Now you bet you; I rather guess so!
But he's blind as a badger. Whoa, Paché, boy, whoa!
No, you wouldn't believe it to look at his eyes,
But he is, badger blind, and it happened this wise.

"We lay in the grasses and the sunburnt clover
That spread on the ground like a great brown cover
Northward and southward, and west and away
To the Brazos, to where our lodges lay,
One broad and unbroken sea of brown,
Awaiting the curtains of night to come down
To cover us over and conceal our flight
With my brown bride, won from an Indian town
That lay in the rear the full ride of a night.

"We lounged in the grasses—her eyes were in mine,
And her hands on my knee, and her hair was as wine
In its wealth and its flood, pouring on and all over
Her bosom wine-red, and pressed never by one;
And her touch was as warm as the tinge of the clover
Burnt brown as it reached to the kiss of the sun,
And her words were as low as the lute-throated dove,
And as laden with love as the heart when it beats
In its hot eager answer to earliest love,
Or the bee hurried home by its burthen of sweets.

"We lay low in the grass on the broad plain levels,
Old Revels and I, and my stolen brown bride;
And the heavens of blue and the harvest of brown
And beautiful clover were welded as one,
To the right and the left, in the light of the sun.
'Forty full miles if a foot to ride,
Forty full miles if a foot, and the devils
Of red Camanches are hot on the track
When once they strike it. Let the sun go down
Soon, very soon,' muttered bearded old Revels
As he peered at the sun, lying low on his back,
Holding fast to his lasso. Then he jerked at his steed
And he sprang to his feet, and glanced swiftly around,
And then dropped, as if shot, with his ear to the ground;
Then again to his feet, and to me, to my bride,
While his eyes were like fire, his face like a shroud,
His form like a king, and his beard like a cloud,
And his voice loud and shrill, as if blown from a reed,—
'Pull, pull in your lassos, and bridle to steed,
And speed you if ever for life you would speed,
And ride for your lives, for your lives you must ride!
For the plain is aflame, the prairie on fire,
And feet of wild horses hard flying before
I hear like a sea breaking high on the shore,

While the buffalo come like a surge of the sea,
Driven far by the flame, driving fast on us three
As a hurricane comes, crushing palms in his ire.'

"We drew in the lassos, seized saddle and rein,
Threw them on, sinched them on, sinched them over again,
And again drew the girth, cast aside the macheers,
Cut away tapaderas, loosed the sash from its fold,
Cast aside the cantinas red-spangled with gold,
And gold-mounted Colt's, the companions of years,
Cast the silken serapes to the wind in a breath,
And so bared to the skin sprang all haste to the horse—
As bare as when born, as when new from the hand
Of God—without word, or one word of command.
Turned head to the Brazos in a red race with death,
Turned head to the Brazos with a breath in the hair
Blowing hot from a king leaving death in his course;
Turned head to the Brazos with a sound in the air
Like the rush of an army, and a flash in the eye
Of a red wall of fire reaching up to the sky,
Stretching fierce in pursuit of a black rolling sea
Rushing fast upon us, as the wind sweeping free
And afar from the desert blew hollow and hoarse.

"Not a word, not a wail from a lip was let fall,
Not a kiss from my bride, not a look nor low call
Of love-note or courage; but on o'er the plain
So steady and still, leaning low to the mane,
With the heel to the flank and the hand to the rein,
Rode we on, rode we three, rode we nose and gray nose,
Reaching long, breathing loud, as a creviced wind blows:
Yet we broke not a whisper, we breathed not a prayer,
There was work to be done, there was death in the air,
And the chance was as one to a thousand for all.

"Gray nose to gray nose, and each steady mustang
Stretched neck and stretched nerve till the arid earth rang,
And the foam from the flank and the croup and the neck
Flew around like the spray on a storm-driven deck.
Twenty miles! . . . thirty miles! . . . a dim distant speck . . .
Then a long reaching line, and the Brazos in sight,
And I rose in my seat with a shout of delight.
I stood in my stirrup and looked to my right—
But Revels was gone; I glanced by my shoulder
And saw his horse stagger; I saw his head drooping
Hard down on his breast, and his naked breast stooping
Low down to the mane, as so swifter and bolder
Ran reaching out for us the red-footed fire.
To right and to left the black buffalo came,
A terrible surf on a red sea of flame
Rushing on in the rear, reaching high, reaching higher.
And he rode neck to neck to a buffalo bull,
The monarch of millions, with shaggy mane full

Of smoke and of dust, and it shook with desire
Of battle, with rage and with bellowings loud
And unearthly, and up through its lowering cloud
Came the flash of his eyes like a half-hidden fire,
While his keen crooked horns, through the storm of his mane,
Like black lances lifted and lifted again;
And I looked but this once, for the fire licked through,
And he fell and was lost, as we rode two and two.

"I looked to my left then—and nose, neck, and shoulder
Sank slowly, sank surely, till back to my thighs;
And up through the black blowing veil of her hair
Did beam full in mine her two marvellous eyes,
With a longing and love, yet a look of despair
And of pity for me, as she felt the smoke fold her,
And flames reaching far for her glorious hair.
Her sinking steed faltered, his eager ears fell
To and fro and unsteady, and all the neck's swell
Did subside and recede, and the nerves fall as dead.
Then she saw sturdy Paché still lorded his head,
With a look of delight; for nor courage nor bribe,
Nor naught but my bride, could have brought him to me.
For he was her father's, and at South Santafee
Had once won a whole herd, sweeping everything down
In a race where the world came to run for the crown.
And so when I won the true heart of my bride—
My neighbor's and deadliest enemy's child,
And child of the kingly war-chief of his tribe—
She brought me this steed to the border the night
She met Revels and me in her perilous flight
From the lodge of the chief to the North Brazos side;
And said, so half guessing of ill as she smiled,
As if jesting, that I, and I only, should ride
The fleet-footed Paché, so if kin should pursue
I should surely escape without other ado
Than to ride, without blood, to the North Brazos side,
And await her—and wait till the next hollow moon
Hung her horn in the palms, when surely and soon
And swift she would join me, and all would be well
Without bloodshed or word. And now as she fell
From the front, and went down in the ocean of fire,
The last that I saw was a look of delight
That I should escape—a love—a desire—
Yet never a word, not one look of appeal,
Lest I should reach hand, should stay hand or stay heel
One instant for her in my terrible flight.

"Then the rushing of fire around me and under,
And the howling of beasts and a sound as of thunder—
Beasts burning and blind and forced onward and over,
As the passionate flame reached around them, and wove her
Red hands in their hair, and kissed hot till they died—
Till they died with a wild and a desolate moan,

As a sea heart-broken on the hard brown stone . . .
And into the Brazos . . . I rode all alone—
All alone, save only a horse long-limbed,
And blind and bare and burnt to the skin.
Then just as the terrible sea came in
And tumbled its thousands hot into the tide,
Till the tide blocked up and the swift stream brimmed
In eddies, we struck on the opposite side.

. . . .

"Sell Paché—blind Paché? Now, mister, look here,
You have slept in my tent and partook of my cheer
Many days, many days, on this rugged frontier,
For the ways they were rough and Camanches were near;
But you'd better pack up, sir! That tent is too small
For us two after this! Has an old mountaineer,
Do you book-men believe, got no tum-tum at all?
Sell Paché! You buy him! A bag full of gold!
You show him! Tell of him the tale I have told!
Why, he bore me through fire, and is blind, and is old!
. . . Now pack up your papers, and get up and spin
To them cities you tell of . . . Blast you and your tin!"

MOUNT SHASTA.

TO lord all Godland! lift the brow
Familiar to the noon,—to top
The universal world,—to prop
The hollow heavens up,—to vow
Stern constancy with stars,—to keep
Eternal ward while eons sleep;
To tower calmly up and touch
God's purple garment-hems that sweep
The cold blue north! Oh, this were much!
Where storm-born shadows hide and hunt
I knew thee in my glorious youth.
I loved thy vast face, white as truth.
I stood where thunderbolts were wont
To smite thy Titan-fashioned front,
And heard rent mountains rock and roll.
I saw thy lightning's gleaming rod
Reach forth and write on heaven's scroll
The awful autograph of God!

Denton Jaques Snider.

BORN in Mt. Gilead, Ohio, 1841.

AT THE HOUSE OF PINDAR.

[*A Walk in Hellas.* 1881.]

WE have entered another world, the tragic discord of the Syrma has been cut off and left far behind, and man has become a most harmonious being who dwells forever amid the tuneful spheres; we have entered the house of Pindar.

Upon this spot it stood according to our ancient guide; here the poet when he rose at morn saw the first beams of Helius play over the Dirkean waters. The material house has indeed disappeared, but that other house built by Pindar stands visible, nay audible to-day and forever. For it is a musical house still, though partly in ruins; the most happy musical temple ever erected out of the lofty hymn. Into it we may enter and tarry long, catching its harmonies broken at times, but still possessed of the sweetest and sublimest cadences.

Many were the miraculous things told of him in antiquity indicating that he was truly a child of the Gods. On that hot day while he was going to Thespia, he seems to have received his first revelation; he fell asleep along the road and the bees lit upon his lips, depositing their waxen cells for honey; when he woke, he began to sing; such, says the ancient narrator, was the beginning of his making hymns. Then the appearance of Persephone, Goddess of the Lower Regions, to the Poet in a dream, complaining that to her alone of the divinities he had never written a hymn, was justified by his character; dark Tartarean realms he avoids, but delights to dwell on the upper earth in Greek sunshine. Therefore he was the special favorite of Apollo, God of Light, whose games he has celebrated in such rapturous splendor; the priestess at Delphi announced to all Greece to give to Pindar a share of the first-fruits equal to that of the God. Then too the proclamation was long afterward heard at the Delphic shrine: "Let the poet Pindar come in to his supper with the God." Indeed he is the product and culmination of Delphi, thither we shall have to follow him in order to reach the deepest and richest vein of his character. In the dell of the Oracle, at the fount of Castalia, under the tops of Parnassus, we shall have to place him, where prophecy and poesy rocked the hills with musical wisdom, whereof he is the highest expression. Pindar, on the whole, may be taken as the best Delphic utterance remaining for us to-day.

Still he belongs here too, and in him all Thebes turns to harmony—that discordant Thebes so full elsewhere of tragic destinies; nay, that sensual Thebes, receiving its nickname from swinish indulgence, becomes through him the most ethereal of poetic existences. It is one of the marvels of this land that it could bring him forth, him the most ideal of men. From this fat soil he sprang, this heavy air he breathed, upon this gross vegetation he fed, yet he has the freest rein and the widest bound of all poets, often a little too sudden in his earth-defying leaps. To-day we confess him unrivalled in the lyric; he has the exaltation, the sweep of imagination and the greatness of thought which belong to all supreme poetic utterance.

But the quality in which he surpasses every poet whom I have read after, is what may be called his harmony. Not that light superficial thing called by the critics harmonious versification is meant now; this true harmony flows from the deepest of matters, it is the harmony of the All, of the Universe uttering itself in the measured syllables of the bard. At his best moment each word is set in vibration which sings long afterward in the ear or rather in the soul, indeed one will never get rid of that music truly heard; but such a word is only a note of the song which in its completeness will make your whole being throb and thrill in attunement with its strains. Yet not you alone, but nature outside of you vibrates to the chords of the lyre which the poet touches; both the inner and outer world are absorbed into the stride and swell of his harmonies. All Time, too, is therein made musical, as to-day sunny Thebes seems to be gently moving to pulsations of those ancient hymns.

Such is the Pindaric music, unattainable by any external combination of sounds and syllables, or by any arrangement of the scanning machine; what modern would get it, if only thus it could be reached? It goes far deeper, as it must in all true poetry; the rhythm must lie ultimately in the thought wedding itself to speech; the words are but the outward drapery dropping into symphonic folds from the rapturous pulsations within; the fountain of Pindar's harmony is in the soul, and there only can it be truly heard. It is a great mistake to think that the music of poetry comes from the jingle of sounds, short and long, accented and unaccented, from the employment of open vowels, from the abolition of certain consonants in certain situations. Much talk of this kind has been heard of late; but such doctrines can do hardly more than construct a well-regulated poetical machine which will grind at any time with any person turning the crank; thus we may attain a light-flowing Italian melody at the very best, but not all-pervading, all-subduing organ harmonies. First there must be the thought great and worthy, then it must pulse with an inner ecstasy which bursts forth into utterance.

No counting of syllables, then, is going to reveal to you the deepest secret of poetic harmonies. It is true that in verse measure is necessary; but this is the mechanical part, it is the outer to which there must be an inner that creates it and puts it musically on like a rich glowing vestment. Poetry cannot do without that fixed recurrence of accents called metre; even the sea, most melodious of Nature's instruments, has a measured rhythm, a regular beat in its rise and fall, as if the waves were keeping time after some invisible master. Yet hardly are we to think of the metre the while, but to hear the music; it is the harmonious thought of Pindar which makes every word drop tuneful from his lips; too often his strains get lost in that labyrinth of metrical schemes, which produce so much discord, at least among grammarians. I cannot help thinking that Pindar's verse, and all true verse, makes its own scheme as it goes along, to a degree; it throbs great waves of harmony through any soul musically attuned, without scansion; for I must refuse to believe that the dry prosodical man who scans Pindar is the sole person who has become heir to his melodious wealth. An inborn poetic sense may perhaps be better tested by Pindar's verse than by that of any other poet; if no music be heard there, whatever the outer ear may be, the poetic soul is of dubious existence.

This harmony then, combined with his exaltation, is Pindar's highest poetical characteristic. Next to him perhaps Dante should be placed, who likewise possesses the power of setting all in vibration to the strains of his poetry; even the dry abstractions of scholastic theology move in his "Paradiso" with a strange enraptured rhythm. Here also lies the chief miraculous gift of our Milton, though he is behind the two who have been mentioned. These are preëminently the poets of harmony, to my mind; others greater than they have existed because of the possession of a still greater quality, in conjunction with this one.

Pindar is the most rapt expression of the Greek world, the Delphic utterance of it we may say. His sympathy with Hellenic life is complete; he is in the main content to live as his forefathers lived; we do not find in him the profound questionings of the Attic poets, he is too harmonious. He does not assail the established, he is at one with the religion and morality of his age—a conservative poet we may consider him. Yet he will not accept all the myths which have been handed down, nor does he fail to castigate certain evils of his city and time. But he is not a satirist, not a revolutionist; he is in harmony with the world and the world with him; so that he becomes the throbbing utterance of the games, of the festivals, of the songs in that joyous Greek life around him.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

Born in Fryeburg, Me., 1841.

DRIVING HOME THE COWS.

[*Harper's New Monthly Magazine.* 1865.]

OUT of the clover and blue-eyed grass
He turned them into the river-lane;
One after another he let them pass,
Then fastened the meadow-bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,
He patiently followed their sober pace;
The merry whistle for once was still,
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said
He never could let his youngest go:
Two already were lying dead
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-swamp,
Over his shoulder he slung his gun
And stealthily followed the foot-path damp.

Across the clover, and through the wheat,
With resolute heart and purpose grim,
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying feet
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;
And now, when the cows came back at night,
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm
That three were lying where two had lain;
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late.
He went for the cows when the work was done;
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,
He saw them coming one by one:

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass—
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air
The empty sleeve of army blue;
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,
And yield their dead unto life again;
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;
For the heart must speak when the lips are dumb:
And under the silent evening skies
Together they followed the cattle home.

LATENT.

WITHOUT the garden wall it grows,
A flowerless tree;
Wrung by the restless blast that blows
Across the sea.
Forgotten of the fickle Spring
The scanty leaves droop, withering.
Scarce would it seem—poor, sapless thing!—
A rose to be.

Yet must the frail and faded spray
A rose remain,
Though bitter-blowing winds to-day
Its growth restrain.
Somewhere, however these deny,
The color and the fragrance lie;
Somewhere the perfect flower its dry,
Dull stalks contain.

If in a kindlier soil perchance
The root should grow,
Where dews would fall, and sunbeams glance,
And soft airs flow,
Fair as the flower the garden shows
The leaf might spring, the bud unclose.
From out the calyx of a rose
A rose will blow!

Mayo Williamson Hazeltine.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1841.

ZOLA.

[*Chats about Books, Poets, and Novelists.* 1883.]

WHETHER our tastes or our convictions prompt us to side with those who praise, or with those who scout him, the fact is beyond dispute that Emile Zola has attained a measure of success seldom paralleled in our generation, and that his themes and his style, his aims, methods, and performances have provoked the widest attention and the liveliest discussion throughout Europe. The truth is that the author of the series of novels, grouped together under the generic title of "Les Rougon-Macquart" is a phenomenon that invites at once the study of the artist, the scientist, and the politician. As regards subject and treatment, Emile Zola incarnates an æsthetic revolution, while in his social and political leanings he represents the literary side of the great upheaval which followed the collapse of the second empire. Still more curious and suggestive is his deliberate application of Darwinism to literature, his portrayal of life and character under the strict conditions of the evolutionary theory, namely, heredity and atavism on the one hand, with environment and natural or sexual selection on the other. These are Zola's credentials, and such a man deserves to be scanned, if not with sympathy and approval, at all events with respect, as the type of an epoch.

M. Zola would probably contend that his distinctive attitude as a student of human life is mainly due to physical causes, including, of course, hereditary aptitudes. He would not repudiate, however, the influence exercised by intellectual ancestors, whose works by virtue of a subtle affinity, or of long contact at an impressionable age, may have tinctured, developed, or directed his mind. He is not unwilling to be counted the successor of writers who have recognized more or less distinctly the same aims—as the latest exponent of a school whose origin may be traced back for a century. He himself calls Rousseau the founder of realistic narrative in France, having in view, of course, the "Confessions," and not the "Nouvelle Héloise," as some of his critics have imagined. But Rousseau only suggested the tremendous force that lies in naked veracity, and it was Balzac who first carried out the process of ruthless vivisection on a great scale. The wonderful minuteness with which the individual characters of his persons were projected by the author of the "Comédie Humaine," and the painstaking accuracy of the surroundings in which he placed them, sharply distinguished his treatment from Victor Hugo's exaggerated coloring on the one hand, and from George Sand's pursuit of abstract types upon the other. But although Balzac diverged at once from romantic and from classical models, he did not always evince the scrupulous, and, so to speak, mechanical fidelity of the modern naturalists. He was no mere photographer, a strangely fecund fancy and an irresistible instinct of generalization not seldom forcing him to transform individuals into veritable types, as in the case of "Rastignac," or "Lucien de Rubempré," or "La Femme de trente Ans." After Balzac's death realism in literature lost its hold on the French world for almost a generation. Something, it is true, was done by the coworkers Erckmann-Chatrian within a restricted provincial horizon, something by Emile Gaboriau in the almost unworked field of the judicial and detective novel, and something on a wider canvas by the brothers Goncourt. But if we except some of Gaboriau's stories, which ran through numerous editions, the works of the realists failed to please the artificial, jaded society of the second empire, and were eclipsed not only by clever adepts in the classic conventions like Octave Feuillet, but even by the wretched imitators of the elder Dumas, who spun out serial sensations for the daily newspapers. And even Zola's veritable master, Gustave Flaubert, whose "Madame Bovary" and "L'Education Sentimentale" are consummate examples of novel-writing conceived as a form of natural history where the methods of scientific scrutiny are applied with perfect cynicism, never won anything beyond the esteem of a narrow circle. Certainly a man of his temper was scarcely fitted to be the pet of the Tuileries, or to become, like Feuillet, the arbiter of festivals and charades at Compiègne, or, like Prosper Merimée, the literary mentor of the frivolous personage whom caprice and accident had made Empress of France.

With the empire fell a vast scaffolding of spurious or fragile reputations in art and literature, which had helped to prop the political structure. What has become of Houssaye and Bélôt, who made a sumptuous living by the portrayal of vice and scandal? What has paralyzed the pen of Gustave Droz, whose quaint admixture of sentiment and sensuality had the piquancy of a new sauce? What has come over the public which used to flock by tens of thousands to buy "Camors," but which now turns with indifference, almost with contempt, from the listless elegance and refined vapidity of Feuillet's latest works? So, too, the cunning affectations and pungent epigrams of the accomplished Genevese, Cherbuliez, seem to have lost much of their savor, if we may judge from the waning vogue of his performances at home. And if Theuriet has so far escaped the general submergence of former favorites, it is solely due to his descriptions of natural scenery, where, of course, a novelist's special qualifications do not come at all in question. The real sovereigns of the French reading public at this time, as attested by the conclusive voucher of unapproached success, are Zola and Alphonse Daudet. The latter began as an idealist, and his "Lettres de mon Moulin" and "Tartarin de Tarascon" are charming examples of the sentimental school; but it was only when he joined Zola in accepting Flaubert for a master, and under his impulse produced "Fromont Jeune," "Jack," and "Le Nabab" that he attained a great reputation. Yet it is a curious fact that the orthodox realists are not quite willing to class Daudet in their ranks. They admit that the persons of his recent books are human beings of very complex character about which it is not easy to pronounce an absolute opinion, but in their judgment he makes the mistake of sympathizing with his heroes, and giving too much scope to poetry and feeling. Moreover, his style wants, they say, the simplicity and translucency with which the more austere realist seeks to efface his personality and mirror with crystalline distinctness the object of his portraiture. He has borrowed, seemingly from the brothers Goncourt, a somewhat affected diction, loaded with florid ornament and far-fetched metaphor, and at the same time rugged and precipitous in movement, as if the novelist meant to suggest to the ear the headlong current of Paris life. The French naturalism of our day finds, as we have seen, its perfect model in Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," but that wonderful anatomist of vicious instincts wanted industry or fecundity, and only once returned to the task of impassive, implacable reproduction. Accordingly his mantle has fallen on Zola's shoulders, who not only undertakes the function of dissection without the faintest sign of conventional shudder or rebuke, but avows his purpose of disclosing in all his personages the physiological causes of their actions.

What is the object contemplated by the author of the "Rougon-Macquart" novels? It is, as we have said, to trace the natural and social history of a family which by one or another of its offshoots shall represent every class of French society. The better to define his purpose and enforce the essential unity of his design, the author has prefixed to one of his volumes, "Un Page d'Amour," a genealogical tree, which, exhibiting the origin of the lineage, marks its early bifurcation into two main trunks sharply distinguished in physical traits, which, however, are sometimes softened, sometimes accented in their various ramifications. The remarkable virility of a peasant progenitor is transmitted through two channels, legitimate and illegitimate, and, according to the greater or less influence of the female lines, is transformed in his descendants into diverse forms of moral and intellectual energy or weakness. Under felicitous conditions of admixture and environment, this ancestral vigor rises to the heights of heroism, of creative genius, or of consummate executive ability, while in untoward circumstances it engenders dexterous knavery or desperate crime. In one of the main branches there is an hereditary taint amounting to a disease of the nervous system, which in some of the offspring is sublimated to the sensitive organization of the poet, or the mystical fervor of the priest, while in others it breeds a frantic excitation of the appetites, conducting in the end, perhaps, to imbecility. In the case of every individual whose career is made the object of special study, we are put in possession of all the physiological facts which a materialist might deem indispensable to a just sentence upon his conduct. We are told about his parents and his grandparents; we know what passions, proclivities, sensibilities he brought with him into the world; how far these congenital tendencies have been encouraged, lulled, or supplanted by his surroundings, until, when he is launched into a given medium, we can almost forecast his behavior. As with each new volume a new problem in human life is laid before us, we approach its solution with a conviction that at least the statement of its terms has been exhaustive, that none of the springs of motive, so far as these are physical or social, have escaped the author's scrutiny. You are impressed also by the glacial impartiality of the narrative, as if the worst extremes of sin and suffering and the divinest soarings of self-sacrifice and virtue were alike referred to the inexorable workings of natural law. In

Zola's indifference, however, there is nothing galling: there is no trace of malicious satisfaction, as in Flaubert's cynicism; it recalls rather the profound, far-gazing serenity of an Assyrian statue, the inflexible, inscrutable tranquillity of a sphinx. It is not to be supposed, meanwhile, that because Zola never blames or applauds his characters the reader's sympathies are equally unstirred. Such is often the power of his trenchant strokes, such the vitality of certain figures, that you quite lose sight of the artist's unconcerned, impassive temper, and fix your eyes with an eager, poignant intentness on the canvas. Curiously, too, this man, who handles like a surgeon the most delicate fibres of the human heart, discovers the effusive tenderness of a poet when he turns to outward nature. It is as if the materialist were blended with the pantheist in his philosophy; as if the God whom he had lost in the labyrinth of physiology were found again in the play of light and motion, the infinite beauty and suggestion of the inanimate world.

It is true that M. Zola eschews psychological analysis, that he is satisfied with an outward portrayal of people, and that for this reason their soul escapes him. We say of his creations, Yes, they are most lifelike, we might have passed them but now in the street; on the other hand, we know no more of them than if we had passed them in the street. We may con, if we choose, a catalogue of the physiological causes for their feelings and actions. But in real life we never use such data; we only see them transformed in sentiment and motive, and it is the transformations which kindle interest and constitute originality. To which M. Zola might reply that if the soul has escaped him, perhaps it was not there. That he knows very well what judges, and juries, and law-makers, and, for that matter, novelists, have been wont to look at; that it is a question, however, not of what we are accustomed to study, but of what we ought to study. If we seem to know less intimately the men and women to whom Zola has introduced us than we know the impressive or exquisite types created by other masters of fiction, the author of "L'Assommoir" would probably remind us that types do not exist in nature, that what we call our knowledge of such figments is a delusion, that nothing is known but physiology, and that the transmutation of food into thought is still a mystery. Moreover, it is not quite fair to compare Zola's characters to the stranger that brushes us in the street; we understand them quite as thoroughly, after all, as we understand our acquaintances, or indeed our personal friends, for we can foretell their conduct with rather more precision. We shall never probably in this world know so much of any human being as we know of certain personages in the works of Fielding, Thackeray, or George Eliot. Now, is it the business of a novelist to draw figures of which we shall say, these are men and women, ordinary, every-day folk, neither better nor worse; or figures in which you shall recognize winning and noble types sufficiently individualized for you to caress the dream of their possible incarnation? That is the question at issue between the realist and the idealist, and Zola, for his part, does not hesitate to accept the former conception of the function undertaken by the writer of prose fiction.

A word as to the crudities and vulgarities which disfigure many of Zola's pages. Those who have read only "L'Assommoir" or "Le Ventre de Paris," and who are accustomed to the carefully pruned diction of Octave Feuillet, are naturally shocked to stumble upon words belonging to the unprinted vocabulary which exists in every language. The truth is that when this thorough-going realist essays to describe a particular stratum of society, he does not purpose to put you off with his impression, but means to paint it precisely as it is, and let you form impressions for yourself. He insists that if this principle is anything but a pretence, if the truth is really to be shown in its native rawness and squalor, then the author must reproduce without squeamishness or euphuism the idiom of the class and calling he has elected to depict; otherwise we miss the master-key to its intellectual and moral attitude. Of course, those who do not care to study at first hand the factory and the grog-shop need not read "L'Assommoir," but they should not go the length of supposing that the same language is employed to photograph very different phases of society. When, for example, the author sketches the home circle of the Tuileries or the Ministerial vicissitudes of the second empire, we can assure the reader that M. Zola's style is not unequal to the occasion, although his pen is not by any means that of a courtier. In a word, Zola's novels are like the world. If your ears cannot bear the coarse and brutal phrase by which vulgar folk are wont to drive an idea home, you must pick your company. There will be scope enough for dainty discrimination in these twenty volumes.

There is something almost colossal in the proportions of Zola's undertaking, yet it is already wellnigh completed. He purposes, as we have said, to leave behind him a complete panorama of French civilization under the social and political conditions of the second empire. In "La Fortune de Rougon" he has unfolded the circumstances of provincial life and the characteristic features of the mercantile calling in the petty commerce of a rural town. "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret" is a study of the Church, and especially of the privations, compensations, experiences, and temptations incident to the clerical vocation. In "Le Ventre de Paris" the author studies the method of provisioning Paris, while in "L'Assommoir" he depicts the burdens, blunders, vices, and the redeeming virtues, the shabby, the revolting, and the honorable sides of a workman's life in the Faubourg St. Antoine. In "Son Excellence Eugène Rougon," we have a portrait of Eugène Rouher, the famous ex-Minister of the empire, so curiously minute in its biographical details that almost every incident and personage in its pages can be identified. In another number of the series, "Un Page d'Amour"—which by the way is accessible in an English version under the name of "A Love Episode"—Zola opens to us those minor professional circles of the Parisian community which embrace the households of notaries, of physicians in moderate practice, of Government employees below the grade of heads of bureaus, in fact all that stratum of society which in England would be ranked just below the top of the lower middle class. In succeeding novels the army, journalism, the magistracy will by turns occupy the field of his camera. Zola contemplates also a volume on the Commune, that is to say, on the artisan in his political aspect.

Whatever may be thought of the fundamental principles of realism in art and literature—a discussion into which we will not just now enter—it is manifest that Zola's immense accumulations will prove of singular value to the future student of France under the social conditions of our day. It is probable that hereafter the young bachelor of arts, returning from his sojourn in the Quartier Latin, and pressed to account for his wide knowledge of Paris—instead of replying like his fathers, "I have read Balzac, and that suffices"—will point to "Les Rougon-Macquart" as the exhaustless treasure-house of vicarious observation.

It may be thought that the theories of realism received a sufficiently crude embodiment in "L'Assommoir" and "Le Ventre de Paris," but the scope of those works at least embraced something besides sheer animalism. They purported to be exhaustive transcripts of the life of workshop and market, and, accordingly, types of industry, sobriety, and kindliness were interspersed, as we see them every day, amid illustrations of sloth, viciousness, and shame. They attested, too, such a profound comprehension of the mechanism of society in the particular strata portrayed, of the rude necessities and coarse devices, of the promptings, pressures, contagions amid which the tinge and fibre of individual character is acquired, that our respect for the observer modified our judgment of the artist. The student of social science seemed so signally to obscure the novelist that we were scarcely more disposed to quarrel with a raw phrase, or an offensive fact, than we should be to insist on a surgeon's performing vivisection in immaculate kid gloves. Yet, even in those cases, the suspicion must not seldom have crossed us that this unshrinking, all-embracing scrutiny of human life belonged to the methods of science, rather than the processes of art; that the uncompromising purpose of telling the whole truth, in the most literal and unvarnished words, would preclude the exercise of the artistic faculty in the selection, disposition, and accentuation of materials. In proportion as the inquirer's purpose should be fully carried out, as his eye should be keen, his hand firm, and his tongue fearless, his work, it was suggested, must inevitably pass out of the category of artistic composition, and be classified with the raw material of history. Unassorted, unwinnowed, and unchastened with any reference to æsthetic emphasis and significance, the record of his observations would be, at best, a photograph and not a picture, a diary and not a novel, a chapter of biography, a cross-section of real life. Heretofore, however, none of the champions of realism, neither Flaubert, nor the brothers Goncourt, nor Zola himself, had been perfectly unswerving and unscrupulous in the application of their theory. Zola, for instance, in "La Faute de l'Abbé Mouret," actually reverted, for a moment, to the idyl and the parable. His latest work, "Nana," on the other hand, is the most extravagant result of the doctrine that anything which is true may be printed, and that nothing human, though it reek with the foulness of a worse than bestial humanity, is foreign to the purpose of the student of manners and the painter of society. . . . .

To purge the passions, we are told on high authority, is the aim of tragedy; but Aristotle is far from affirming that the methods of the dramatist and those of the physician should be identical. It is one thing to watch, rapt and awestruck, on the stage of an Athenian theatre those who have sinned in the high places, a Thyestes, a Clytemnestra, caught in the meshes of an irrevocable doom. It is another thing to track the fetid course of a lewd woman from pinchbeck magnificence to hopeless squalor, from the lazaretto to the morgue. For his part, however, Zola cares but little about the abstract conceptions of beauty and sublimity, and he snaps his fingers at æsthetic canons, no matter how potent the names which may have sanctioned them. He is a Jacobin in politics, an iconoclast in literature; he prefers the dissecting-room to the studio, and is perfectly willing to be refused the title of artist, provided you will concede to him the useful name of physiologist. Certainly the works of Zola will be accounted valuable material by the future student of nineteenth century society. What the writings of Apuleius and Petronius Arbiter are for the resolute inquirer into Roman civilization, that Zola's "Nana" may be found when another generation shall seek to comprehend the social decomposition and political catastrophe of France under the second empire.

Edward Rowland Sill.

Born in Windsor, Conn., 1841. Died in Cleveland, Ohio, 1887.

THE LOVER'S SONG.

[*Venus of Milo, and Other Poems. Privately Printed.* 1883.—*Poems. By Edward Rowland Sill.* 1888.]

LEND me thy fillet, Love!
  I would no longer see:
Cover mine eyelids close awhile,
  And make me blind like thee.

Then might I pass her sunny face,
  And know not it was fair;
Then might I hear her voice, nor guess
  Her starry eyes were there.

Ah! Banished so from stars and sun—
  Why need it be my fate?
If only she might dream me good
  And wise, and be my mate!

Lend her thy fillet, Love!
  Let her no longer see:
If there is hope for me at all,
  She must be blind like thee.

OPPORTUNITY.

THIS I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:—
  There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;
And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged
A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's edge,

And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this
Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left the field.
Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,
And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,
Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout
Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,
And saved a great cause that heroic day.

THE FOOL'S PRAYER.

THE royal feast was done; the King
Sought some new sport to banish care,
And to his jester cried: "Sir Fool,
Kneel now, and make for us a prayer!"

The jester doffed his cap and bells,
And stood the mocking court before;
They could not see the bitter smile
Behind the painted grin he wore.

He bowed his head, and bent his knee
Upon the monarch's silken stool;
His pleading voice arose: "O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"No pity, Lord, could change the heart
From red with wrong to white as wool;
The rod must heal the sin: but Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!

"'Tis not by guilt the onward sweep
Of truth and right, O Lord, we stay;
'Tis by our follies that so long
We hold the earth from heaven away.

"These clumsy feet, still in the mire,
Go crushing blossoms without end;
These hard, well-meaning hands we thrust
Among the heart-strings of a friend.

"The ill-timed truth we might have kept—
Who knows how sharp it pierced and stung!
The word we had not sense to say—
Who knows how grandly it had rung!

"Our faults no tenderness should ask,
The chastening stripes must cleanse them all;
But for our blunders—oh, in shame
Before the eyes of heaven we fall.

"Earth bears no balsam for mistakes;
Men crown the knave, and scourge the tool
That did his will; but Thou, O Lord,
Be merciful to me, a fool!"

The room was hushed; in silence rose
The King, and sought his gardens cool,
And walked apart, and murmured low,
"Be merciful to me, a fool!"

EVE'S DAUGHTER.

I WAITED in the little sunny room:
  The cool breeze waved the window-lace, at play,
The white rose on the porch was all in bloom,
  And out upon the bay
I watched the wheeling sea-birds go and come.

"Such an old friend,—she would not make me stay
  While she bound up her hair." I turned, and lo,
Danaë in her shower! and fit to slay
  All a man's hoarded prudence at a blow:
Gold hair, that streamed away
  As round some nymph a sunlit fountain's flow.

"She would not make me wait!"—but well I know
  She took a good half-hour to loose and lay
Those locks in dazzling disarrangement so!

George Makepeace Towle.

BORN in Washington, D. C., 1841.

GLADSTONE SPEAKING.

[*Certain Men of Mark.* 1880.]

IT was in the lobby of the Commons that, some fifteen years ago, I first saw Mr. Gladstone. He was then in the full prime of life, being about fifty-five years of age. He had already won a degree of political renown only less than the highest. At that time he was Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Palmerston's cabinet; and, next to Lord Palmerston, was the most distinguished member of the popular House. He had been a member of Parliament thirty-three years; and his career there, at least as far as reputation was concerned, had been a triumphal progress, ever and steadily advancing. No one doubted that at some day not far distant Mr. Gladstone would be summoned to assume the post of Prime Minister.

A glance sufficed to recognize him. His photographs peered at the passer-by from every book-store and print-shop in London; and no one could have seen them without taking note of the very remarkable, expressive, intense features they discovered. But there was something about Mr. Gladstone as he stood there, gravely talking with two gentlemen who listened to him with every outward sign of respect, which the photographs had not disclosed. There was a certain plainness, almost rusticity, of dress and external appearance; a thick-set, farmer-like body, far from graceful; a certain negligence of attire and toilet and manner, and simple gravity of bearing, which one had not expected to see in the brilliant and eloquent scholar who had so often thrilled the House, and, through the medium of the press, the world. But after the first superficial glance, when you raised your eyes to the face and head, and observed the features, you soon found the man's character reflected there. The not very large, but brilliant, earnest, burning eyes; the retreating, but nobly shaped forehead; the very un-English swarthy complexion; the firm, thin mouth, to which every line lent new expressiveness; the squareset jaw, and bold straight nose; the spirit and warmth that glowed in the whole countenance betokened a mind and soul alike lofty, zealous, and intense.

Never once did the slightest smile cross those almost grim features; and the contrast between this grimness of expression and the sweet, silvery voice, the tones of which now and then reached my ear, was very striking. Mr. Gladstone's smiles, indeed, are very few and slight. He has always been too dead-in-earnest; and dead-in-earnestness has stamped itself on his face, as it has throughout the record of his public career. . . . . .

When the orator rose from the front government bench, drew himself up, holding a small slip of paper in his hand, and quietly looked around on the multitude whose single gaze was upon him, he seemed younger and more imposing than he had done when standing chatting in the lobby. You recognized at once, by his mere expression and motion, that he was already warm and proud with the ardor of forensic conflict; that he loved this arena on which he stood, and that his whole soul was in the task before him. In his first few simple sentences one already felt the sweet and persuasive power of a voice which, even in his age, has perhaps no equal in any assembly on earth. There were the soul and life of intense earnestness in its very first tones, as the commonplace opening of the speech was uttered; now subdued, to be sure, but soon to burn out and glow with all the fire of the man's warm intellectual nature. The next thing observed was the contrast between this smooth, steady flow of words, this rising fluency of language, pouring out long and involved sentences without a pause, a hitch, an instant's loss of the right word, and the halting and hesitating oratory of most English public men. After listening to the stammering of Lord John Russell, the humming and hawing of the genial Palmerston, and the studied abruptness of Disraeli, this rapid, steady, limpid quality of Mr. Gladstone's eloquence was charming. To his wonderful fluency, the flexibility and strength as well as sweetness of his voice added striking effect; for it has depth, volume, and wide range of tone, and quickly adapts itself to the rhetorical need of the moment.

His style of speaking was easy and simple. As he proceeded, he played with a piece of paper in his hand, which soon proved to contain the few notes he had prepared; and every now and then he stroked the thin hair above his forehead with his forefinger or thumb, as if to encourage the idea to come out into expression. The gestures were at first few, the clenched hand occasionally suddenly sawing the air for a moment, then falling as suddenly prone at his side. As he advanced, he often straightened himself up from a colloquial to a declamatory posture, with his head thrown back, his sunken dark eyes glistening from beneath the heavy brows, and the strong jaw seeming to set, as for a serious purpose; and then, as he passed to another branch of the subject, he would relapse into the conversational attitude again. The movements, it could be easily seen, were quite unstudied; the impulse of the moment guided the action of head or hand, or the expression of the speaking features. As he warmed to his subject, his action became more excited, and his gestures more frequent. Now his head was almost every moment high in air, his hands would be clasped as if in appeal, he turned often to the right and to the left, or bent over the table in front of him. Every attitude was at once ungraceful and strong. The spontaneity, the earnestness, made even the orator's occasional awkwardness eloquent; while the continual, unhesitating, liquid flow of the words and sentences, and the solid chain of thought, most often diverted the listener's mind from the gestures altogether.

You recognized at once that this was not an extempore speech, in the sense of being delivered off-hand and without preparation. Every point had been thought over carefully, every series of figures conned, the array of the general current of the argument duly and methodically arranged in the mind. But the words, the sentences, the few telling figures of speech, came with voluble spontaneity. The opening deceived you somehow into the idea that the flow of the harangue would be sweet and serene throughout. But before Mr. Gladstone had been speaking fifteen minutes he seemed, as Sydney Smith said of Webster, "a steam-engine in trousers." No orator was ever more susceptible to the warming-up process, caused by the very act of speaking, than he. No orator ever became more wrapt, more absorbed, in the task before him. You felt profoundly that he was speaking from the most firmly rooted convictions; that the cause he advocated was buried deep in his heart, and was the outcome alike of conscience and intellectual self-persuasion. The dominant idea with him was, not to make a great display, not to produce a refined and polished-off bit of eloquence, but to persuade and to convince. He produced that powerful effect upon his hearer, which is one of the highest triumphs of oratory, that made you feel ashamed and perverse not to agree with him and be persuaded. I cannot imagine even a stolid Tory squire listening to such appeals without feeling some dull qualm at his own silent resistance to the persuasive argument. There was, too, a proud consciousness of his own powers betrayed in every motion and utterance; not vain self-conceit was this, but the pride that assured him that these powers might be and should be used to attain the unselfish public end he had in view. "He stands up," as a shrewd observer once said of him, "in the spirit of an apostle with a message to deliver, certain of its truth, and certain that *he*, and not some other man, is appointed to deliver it." That is just the impression which Mr. Gladstone has always produced, and still produces, on those who hear him speak; and this apostolic earnestness is, indeed, the chief source of his forensic power.

Nora Perry.

Born in Dudley, Mass.

SOME DAY OF DAYS.

[*After the Ball, and Other Poems.* 1875.]

SOME day, some day of days, threading the street
With idle, heedless pace,
Unlooking for such grace,
I shall behold your face!
Some day, some day of days, thus may we meet.

Perchance the sun may shine from skies of May,
Or winter's icy chill
Touch whitely vale and hill.
What matter? I shall thrill
Through every vein with summer on that day.

Once more life's perfect youth will all come back,
And for a moment there
I shall stand fresh and fair,
And drop the garment care;
Once more my perfect youth will nothing lack.

I shut my eyes now, thinking how 'twill be,—
How face to face each soul
Will slip its long control,
Forget the dismal dole
Of dreary Fate's dark separating sea;

And glance to glance, and hand to hand in greeting,
The past with all its fears,
Its silences and tears,
Its lonely, yearning years,
Shall vanish in the moment of that meeting.

THE LOVE-KNOT.

TYING her bonnet under her chin,
She tied her raven ringlets in;
But not alone in the silken snare
Did she catch her lovely floating hair,
For, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

They were strolling together up the hill,
Where the wind comes blowing merry and chill;

And it blew the curls, a frolicsome race,
All over the happy peach-colored face,
Till, scolding and laughing, she tied them in,
Under her beautiful dimpled chin.

And it blew a color, bright as the bloom
Of the pinkest fuchsia's tossing plume,
All over the cheeks of the prettiest girl
That ever imprisoned a romping curl,
Or, tying her bonnet under her chin,
Tied a young man's heart within.

Steeper and steeper grew the hill;
Madder, merrier, chillier still
The western wind blew down, and played
The wildest tricks with the little maid,
As, tying her bonnet under her chin,
She tied a young man's heart within.

O western wind, do you think it was fair,
To play such tricks with her floating hair?
To gladly, gleefully do your best
To blow her against the young man's breast,
Where he as gladly folded her in,
And kissed her mouth and her dimpled chin?

Ah! Ellery Vane, you little thought,
An hour ago, when you besought
This country lass to walk with you,
After the sun had dried the dew,
What perilous danger you'd be in,
As she tied her bonnet under her chin!

RIDING DOWN.

OH, did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh, did you hear those bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannons' crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass, amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face,—

My face uplifted red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

Oh, did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh, all along, a lovely throng
Of faces fair, beyond compare,
Beamed out upon him riding there!

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face,
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass who blushed to see!

THE COMING OF THE SPRING.

THERE'S something in the air
That's new and sweet and rare—
A scent of summer things,
A whir as if of wings.

There's something, too, that's new
In the color of the blue
That's in the morning sky,
Before the sun is high.

And though, on plain and hill,
'Tis winter, winter still,
There's something seems to say
That winter's had its day.

And all this changing tint,
This whispering stir, and hint
Of bud and bloom and wing,
Is the coming of the spring.

And to-morrow or to-day
The brooks will break away
From their icy, frozen sleep,
And run and laugh and leap!

And the next thing, in the woods,
The catkins in their hoods
Of fur and silk will stand,
A sturdy little band.

And the tassels soft and fine
Of the hazel will untwine,
And the elder-branches show
Their buds against the snow.

So, silently but swift,
Above the wintry drift,
The long days gain and gain,
Until, on hill and plain,

Once more and yet once more
Returning as before,
We see the bloom of birth
Make young again the earth.

Titus Munson Coan.

Born in Hilo, Hawaiian Islands, 1841.

ON BEING BORN AWAY FROM HOME.

[*The Galaxy.* 1877.]

ALEXANDER HAMILTON was an eminent American who migrated in search of a home; but seeking, not quitting, our country. Born of English parents in another British colony, the West Indies, he spent his boyhood cursing the fate which had doomed him, apparently, to what he called the "grovelling condition of a clerk" in the North Caribbee islands. He longed to escape from trade; boylike, he longed for a war, for the opportunity of distinction in affairs. Nor did he have to wait until age, or even until maturity, for verification of the saying of his contemporary, Goethe, about the final fulfilment of the desires of youth. What Hamilton desired in boyhood came to him promptly, almost as by the rubbing of the lamp. We all know the story: how at fifteen he found his way to New Jersey, whence extricating himself he went to Columbia college; and how, while he was there, the Revolutionary war broke out, making the lad drop his books at once to accept an appointment as major of artillery; and how naturally his career flowed from that initial point. And in our own times Thackeray was another product of a British colony, having been born in Calcutta, and spending the first seven years of his childhood there. I will not venture to say that I trace much colonial influence in his writings. He may have been an Indian at heart, but his novels are certainly those of a clubman and a Londoner; and none of his essays disclose very much of the Hindoo. Sainte-Claire Deville, again, one of the truest of Frenchmen, was born, like Hamilton, in the Antilles.

But how many have there been who never found a real home, though they sought it painfully and with tears! Byron, the predestinate wanderer, and Rousseau, who never found rest, who complained that his birth was but the beginning of his misfortunes, *le premier de mes malheurs*—these are types of the less fortunate class. We need not multiply examples; it is the old story of wandering and homelessness. How often is the homing effort made in vain! One would fancy the air filled with piloting spirits that endeavor to find ways of escape for the languishing body, spirits constantly coming and going between the rock of exile and the far distant home. Sometimes the effort succeeds, and sometimes it fails; the spirit wastes itself in vain endeavor, passes away like the unnoticed melting of a cloud. To spirits thus aspiring, thus failing, life is indeed what old Desportes calls it, a bitter and thorny blossom, *une fleur espineuse et poignante.* For what is the loss of opportunity but the loss of the soul? and the conscious loss of opportunity may go on for a lifetime, a protracted martyrdom. Take the case of any intelligent exile, some wanderer in the Macerian desert, some refined person unluckily born in Patagonia, who rejects the Patagonian ideals, who no longer craves the most succulent of limpets gathered at the lowest tide: in our own comfort and satisfaction cannot we extend a little compassion to him? Not that I have the least prejudice against Patagonia; but we need a name for the better concentration of our sympathy. The intelligent but discontented Patagonian, then, the man who rejects the Patagonian ideals, whose thoughts are not the thoughts of Patagonia, whose ways are not Patagonian ways, he to whom even the most successful popular career in Patagonia would seem a humiliation, because it would associate him with the Patagonian character, and so compromise him before the extra-Patagonian world—his, I say, is not a happy case. His exile must end like other banishments for life—either in escape or in death. For while he lives he must do without spiritual light and heat, without the intellectual climate that he needs.

Do you call this a morbid state of mind in the Patagonian? Well, it may be that he should imitate the repose, the serenity of the limpet; it may be his duty to rest contented with the beach at low tide, with the estate to which he was born; and yet I say that his feeling is not devoid of a certain distinction. It may be, indeed, very blamable, but it is a feeling that is no trait of ignoble natures.

And there is, too, a sanative quality in that feeling. His critical attitude may help the exile to keep before him higher standards, whether in thought or in conduct, whether in his "Hellenizing" or his "Hebraizing" tendencies, as Mr. Arnold calls them, than he might entertain were he living comfortably at the very centre. His privations may thus be more effective than the maceration of the recluse in keeping him in sympathy with culture, with the best things of the mind; and surely that is some compensation for living in Patagonia! There is still another: there is a fortunate exemption for such exiles—fortunate we may safely call it, though it is but a negative beatitude—the exemption from envy. That is worth not a little. In Paris, in London, in Pekin, how many provocatives to envy beset even the philosopher! For in those towns he must see many undeniably superior persons about him—persons superior to himself not only in fortune, but in ability. There, in attainment of all kinds, he meets his rivals; and if he is a real philosopher, he will remember Creon's caution—"not to get the idea fixed in your head that what you say and nothing else is right." Still, philosopher or not, he will be likely to envy some of the desirable things that he sees; and the fault is perhaps excusable: at any rate an occasional touch of the claw, an *effleurement* now and then of the passion, need not surprise us, even when we do not excuse it, in London or Pekin. But in the Patagonian civilization, however important it may be to the progress of the world, what does such a man find to envy? Surely the higher provocatives to that weakness are not abundant. Hereditary wealth, ancient family dignities, culture, scholarship, imposing genius—these do not surround him, these do not confront him with his inferiority as they do (let us say) in our country. It is we, then, who are the unhappy ones in this respect; but we can understand, at least, the weakness of brethren who may be a little shaken by the contemplation of the desirable things in which the richer civilizations abound.

Yes, the careers which we may observe from day to day may certainly prove stumbling-blocks to some of us. The thriving politician or contractor, for instance, Dives in his barouche, the blooming members of literary cliques, the fashionable clergymen and poets, chorusing gently to feminine audiences who listen intent, perhaps even "weeping in a rapturous sense of art,"—as Heine tells us the women of his day wept when they heard the sweet voices of the evirates who sang of passion, of "Liebessehnen, von Liebe und Liebeserguss,"—how admirable are all these characters! These, indeed, are careers to move any but the steadfast mind.

And yet even in Philistia it is not every one that will yearn after successes like these. In Philistia, far from the promised land, the exile may yet contemplate without desire all these desirable things, envying neither them nor their possessors. He may even indulge in a saving scorn of them, a scorn of the main achievements, the popular men of the Philistine community; bathing himself in irony as a tonic against the spiritual malaria. Such a man I once knew, a man of Askelon. He lived in that rich city as a recluse, and he was not rich according to any standard recognized in Askelon. On this text he would sometimes quote delightful old Rutebeuf:

"Je ne sai par ou je coumance,
Tant ai de matyère abondance
Por parleir de ma povretei."

Yet this man was not without his pleasures. One of them, I remember, came from his interest in the study of architecture. For Askelon was an expensively built city; and he used to walk much in the streets of it, gazing upon the fronts of the costly houses, all patterned, as I was told, after the purest Greek orders. He used to walk around admiring, and making me admire. But this man had a wonderful eye, a visual gift which must have been, I think, much the same thing as the second sight or clairvoyance of which we read; for upon the fronts of these fine houses he saw more than what the delicate taste, the cunning hand of the builder, had placed there. He certainly made out writing upon those walls and doors which I, for one, could never see, though I have no doubt that it was really there. But they were legends which would have startled the residents could they have been audibly published in the streets of Askelon. "What inscriptions upon these door-plates!" he would sometimes remark, walking down the Pentodon, the most fashionable street in the place: "Let me read you a few that I discern in this neighborhood"; and as we passed slowly before the Greek houses he pronounced, one by one, these remarkable words, reading them off, as it seemed, from the lintels of the very finest edifices. I cannot give all of them, but these, if I remember, were some: Charlatan, Tartufe, Peculator, Sharper, Parthis mendacior; and when we came to one of the corner houses, or "palaces," as they called them in Askelon, he said: "One of our furtive men lives there—one of our men of three letters. We have as many of them here in Askelon as ever existed in Plautus's time, and they are quite as able now as they then were to live in fine houses to which they have not quite the most honest claim in the world." While he spoke the man of three letters came out and ran down the marble staircase, smiling, and offering, I thought, to salute my friend as he stepped into his chariot; but my friend, though he had clear sight for the palace, did not see the owner.

But you were surely too severe, dear friend of mine! There were just men even in Askelon—upright, religious, and intelligent, full of good works. What if this clever conveyancer had appropriated to himself enough to buy him a fine house? Was it not in the very air of Askelon that he should do such a thing—that he, like others, should at any rate establish himself comfortably? and may not some honester man than himself live after him in the fine house? Come now, confess, I used to say, that you yourself in his place might not have done much better: confess, at least, that when you were a boy you put your fingers into the sugar-bowl when you should have kept them out, when well you knew that you ought to keep them out! And then my friend would confess the pressure of the environment, the power of the "Zeitgeist," as we have learned to call it since then. Poor man! That was long ago; and things have changed greatly in Askelon of latter years. They tell me that everybody there has now grown honest, and that nobody goes around any more reading invisible writing on the houses. And all of the fine buildings are still standing, it appears; though the journals of that city remark that the Grecian architecture has mostly peeled off from the fronts of the houses in the Pentodon, having been insecurely fastened on, it seems, at first. And how my poor friend used to criticise those very palaces in his dry, technical way! One thing in particular that he said I remember by the antithesis, the turn of it; he used to say that the architects of Askelon were never certain whether to construct ornament or to ornament construction.

Well, he is gone now; he will never blame Askelon again, or run down Gath. He died in Philistia. Perhaps he served his purpose there, but I am sure he would have done more if he had been a little less Quixotic in his notions.

THE WATCH-FIRE.

MY soul goes wandering in the wilderness
All the day long; nor through the hours of light
Can any foe my constant footing fright,
Although I fare alone and weaponless:
But when deep shadows fall, and lay their stress
Upon me, and giant creatures glare in sight,
The panther Terror, leaping from the night,
The fiery-eyed soft-pacing lioness,—
How guard the pilgrim then, and compass him,
And beat Abaddon from him, in the hour
When age o'ertakes him in the desert dim?
The flame of Poesy shall fling a shower
Of guarding radiance—and the monsters grim
Shall flee the spot protected by its power!

The Century Magazine. 1888.

William Gordon McCabe.

BORN near Richmond, Va., 1841.

DREAMING IN THE TRENCHES.

I PICTURE her there in the quaint old room,
  Where the fading fire-light starts and falls,
Alone in the twilight's tender gloom
  With the shadows that dance on the dim-lit walls.

Alone, while those faces look silently down
  From their antique frames in a grim repose—
Slight scholarly Ralph in his Oxford gown,
  And stanch Sir Alan, who died for Montrose.

There are gallants gay in crimson and gold,
  There are smiling beauties with powdered hair,
But she sits there, fairer a thousand-fold,
  Leaning dreamily back in her low arm-chair.

And the roseate shadows of fading light
  Softly clear steal over the sweet young face,
Where a woman's tenderness blends to-night
  With the guileless pride of a knightly race.

Her hands lie clasped in a listless way
  On the old *Romance*—which she holds on her knee—
Of Tristram, the bravest of knights in the fray,
  And Iseult, who waits by the sounding sea.

And her proud, dark eyes wear a softened look
  As she watches the dying embers fall—
Perhaps she dreams of the knight in the book,
  Perhaps of the pictures that smile on the wall.

What fancies I wonder are thronging her brain,
  For her cheeks flush warm with a crimson glow!
Perhaps—ah! me, how foolish and vain!
  But I'd give my life to believe it so!

Well, whether I ever march home again
  To offer my love and a stainless name,
Or whether I die at the head of my men,—
  I'll be true to the end all the same.

Petersburg Trenches. 1864.

CHRISTMAS NIGHT OF '62.

THE wintry blast goes wailing by,
The snow is falling overhead;
I hear the lonely sentry's tread,
And distant watch-fires light the sky.

Dim forms go flitting through the gloom;
The soldiers cluster round the blaze,
To talk of other Christmas days,
And softly speak of home and home.

My sabre swinging overhead
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow,
And memory leads me to the dead.

My thoughts go wandering to and fro,
Vibrating 'twixt the Now and Then;
I see the low-browed home again,
The old hall wreathed with mistletoe.

And sweetly from the far-off years
Comes borne the laughter faint and low,
The voices of the Long Ago!
My eyes are wet with tender tears.

I feel again the mother-kiss,
I see again the glad surprise
That lightened up the tranquil eyes
And brimmed them o'er with tears of bliss,

As, rushing from the old hall-door,
She fondly clasped her wayward boy—
Her face all radiant with the joy
She felt to see him home once more.

My sabre swinging on the bough
Gleams in the watch-fire's fitful glow,
While fiercely drives the blinding snow
Aslant upon my saddened brow.

Those cherished faces all are gone!
Asleep within the quiet graves
Where lies the snow in drifting waves,—
And I am sitting here alone.

There's not a comrade here to-night
But knows that loved ones far away
On bended knees this night will pray:
"God bring our darling from the fight."

But there are none to wish me back,
For me no yearning prayers arise.
The lips are mute and closed the eyes—
My home is in the bivouac.

In the Army of Northern Virginia.

Charles Edward Carryl.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1841.

ROBINSON CRUSOE.

[*Davy and the Goblin.* 1885.]

THE night was thick and hazy
When the "Piccadilly Daisy"
Carried down the crew and Captain in the sea;
And I think the water drowned 'em,
For they never, never found 'em,
And I know they didn't come ashore with me.

Oh! 'twas very sad and lonely
When I found myself the only

Population on this cultivated shore;
  But I've made a little tavern
  In a rocky little cavern,
And I sit and watch for people at the door.

  I spent no time in looking
  For a girl to do my cooking,
As I'm quite a clever hand at making stews;
  But I had that fellow Friday
  Just to keep the tavern tidy,
And to put a Sunday polish on my shoes.

  I have a little garden
  That I'm cultivating lard in,
As the things I eat are rather tough and dry;
  For I live on toasted lizards,
  Prickly pears, and parrot gizzards,
And I'm really very fond of beetle-pie.

  The clothes I had were furry,
  And it made me fret and worry
When I found the moths were eating off the hair·
  And I had to scrape and sand 'em,
  And I boiled 'em and I tanned 'em,
Till I got the fine morocco suit I wear.

  I sometimes seek diversion
  In a family excursion
With the few domestic animals you see;
  And we take along a carrot
  As refreshments for the parrot,
And a little can of jungleberry tea.

  Then we gather as we travel
  Bits of moss and dirty gravel,
And we chip off little specimens of stone,
  And we carry home as prizes
  Funny bugs of handy sizes,
Just to give the day a scientific tone.

  If the roads are wet and muddy,
  We remain at home and study,
For the Goat is very clever at a sum—
  And the Dog, instead of fighting,
  Studies ornamental writing,
While the Cat is taking lessons on the drum.

  We retire at eleven,
  And we rise again at seven;
And I wish to call attention, as I close,
  To the fact that all the scholars
  Are correct about their collars,
And particular in turning out their toes.

Minot Judson Savage.

Born in Norridgewock, Me., 1841.

SPIRITUALISM.

[*Unity Pulpit.* 1889.]

IT seems to me that a great many people are intellectually confused as to the choice they must make between the two great theories of life. There are people who put aside any claims to proof in this direction or that as bearing upon the spiritual nature of man, and yet cling to their own belief in his spiritual nature illogically and without any proof whatever. We are presented with two theories, and we cannot choose a little of one and a little of the other. One or the other is certainly true. One theory is the materialistic. In accordance with that, human life, any intelligent life, is merely a passing, transitory stage, of no more permanent existence than these blossoms that now surround me. Humanity itself, its brain, its heart, its life, its hope, its Jesus, its Shakespeare, its Buddha, all the great names of the world, are only curious and strange manifestations of this material world, blossoming as the plants blossom, fading as the plants fade. On that theory,—think a moment what it means,—the world, all the past of the world, is a desert, darkness, a black abyss, just behind us—nothing. All who have ever lived have been blotted out, and all that great array of figures are only fancies of a dream. And before us what? Night and the dark again. We live, we think, we feel for a little while, and that is the end. Here is this world of ours, with just a few generations that are now peopling it, sailing through space, and this is all; and when one drops out he drops into everlasting nothingness. That is one theory. It does not commend itself to me, either to my intellect or to my heart.

The other theory is what? It is that spirit and life are first, supreme; that spirit shaped and controls form, that form only expresses spirit. Why, I have had a dozen bodies since I was born into this life. There is nothing that I know of in any science to make it unreasonable to believe that after the fact which we call death I may still go on clothed with a body as real as is this. This theory teaches us that the universe is all alive. Young, the great scientist who discovered what has been the universally accepted theory of light, who lived just a little after Sir Isaac Newton's time, recognized as one of the most acute and profound thinkers of the world, put it forth as a speculation merely,—he did not claim anything more,—that for anything science knew to the contrary—we now see hints that look that way—there might be no end of living, pulsing, throbbing worlds all around us, a spiritual system of which we are the material counterpart.

At any rate, we must choose between the theory of materialism and a spiritualistic theory. If the spiritualistic theory be true, then death is not the end. I may hope to find my friends once more; and it is quite natural that the spiritual natures of certain susceptible ones of the race should become developed so that they are capable of receiving communications from the other side from those who attempt to come into communication with them. Does that not seem to you perfectly natural? If there be such a thing as a spiritual world, if my father is alive, if your brother, sister, husband, wife, is alive, and if they are not very far away, would it not be the most natural thing in the world for them to try, at any rate, to reach you?

I propose now to hint to you a few words as to the proof of these claims which Spiritualists offer. One thing is significant, and is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism. It does not ask anybody to believe with his eyes shut. It does not ask anybody to take the statement of the most truthful person on the face of the earth. It offers, or claims to offer, no end of facts as proved; and it asks you to investigate, and believe or reject on the basis of these claims. I say it is immensely to the credit of this higher Spiritualism that it should put itself on this purely scientific basis as being perfectly in accord with the tendencies and movement of the modern world.

You are familiar in a general way with the kind of facts that are offered as proof. They are spoken of lightly, sometimes sneered at. It has been said, Even suppose a physical body is lifted up or moved by a force that has apparently no connection with the muscular power of any people present,—I have heard this spoken of and sneered at a thousand times,—suppose it is, what of it? One of the most learned men of this country has given this hint as to what of it. I repeat it from him. He makes this point. Everything in this world, so far as we know, if let alone, tends downward under the force of universal gravity. There is no power known in heaven or earth that is capable of lifting even a pin against this force of gravity except the power of intelligent will. If, therefore, it should happen, if it should be demonstrated, that there is any such force that is capable of doing this, here would be the Rubicon, the very dividing line between materialism and spiritualism, absolute demonstration that here is intelligent will at work. I give you this as quotation, not verbally, but the idea, as expressing the opinion of one of the most learned men in this country as to the significance of such a fact, supposing it ever occurred. And I say to you frankly, in passing, that I am convinced that such facts have occurred and do occur.

I cannot, at this time, even hint at the many proofs that the Spiritualists offer. You can find them for yourselves. You may, however, be interested if I give you one or two brief hints of things which have come under my own observation and which have filled me with most restless and eager questioning.

There has been in the modern world a manifestation in these last few years of certain strange powers on the part of mind as already embodied, such as was not recognized or given any place in science until the last half-century. A French scientific commission investigated hypnotism and pronounced it all humbug. To-day there is not a competent scientific man who does not recognize its truth. There used to be once great incredulity as to the existence of clairvoyance and clairaudience. To-day, I venture to say there is no person of competent intelligence, who has investigated the matter, who does not believe that these powers exist. It was once believed that there could be no such thing as communication on the part of one mind with another, except through recognized physical media. The idea would have been scorned and flouted a few years ago. I venture here again to say that there is probably not a man of competent intelligence, who has given it careful and earnest investigation, who does not believe in telepathy, or mind-reading,—the possibility of minds communicating with each other without much regard to space, providing the conditions and circumstances are favorable.

These do not prove Spiritualism at all, but note this one thing. It proves that there has been a tremendous increase and widening of the recognition of the powers of the human mind. They prove what appears to be, at least, a semi-independence of the recognized physical faculties of communication. What kind of mind is this that can manifest itself to another a thousand miles away? Something different from the old idea of mind that used to be generally entertained. Phenomena like these have become so familiar to me that they are no more wonderful now than the telegraph and the telephone. I cannot explain the telegraph and the telephone, but I know they are true. I cannot explain these things, but I know they are true. . . .

The one thing, the only thing that any sane man can desire, is the truth. It seems to me the most foolhardy of all things for any man to object to a fact. If it is a fact, then it is only folly to object; for if indeed it be a fact it will remain a fact after you have objected your life long. The only sane search in the world, then, is for truth. I am so anxious to find the truth that I cannot afford to make up my mind too readily. I must pause, I must wait. I must not only think certain things probable, but I must know they are true.

But this much I will say. It seems to me due to the claims of this higher Spiritualism to say that, if I should ever come to accept the central claim of Spiritualism, I cannot see wherein it would change my belief, scientific, philosophic, ethical, practical, one whit. What would it do? It would simply place under my feet a rock, demonstrated to be a rock, instead of a hope, a trust, a great and glorious belief.

If this higher faith of Spiritualism should ever be universally accepted, what would follow? It would abolish death. It would make you know that the loved are not lost, though they have gone before you. It would make any human life here, whatever its poverty, disease or sorrow, worth while, because of the grand possibility of the outlook. It would give victory over sorrow, over heart-break, over tears. It would make one master not only of death, but of life.

THE SHADOW.

[*Poems*. 1882.]

IN a bleak land and desolate,
  Beyond the earth somewhere,
Went wandering through death's dark gate
  A soul into the air.

And still, as on and on it fled,
  A wild, waste region through,
Behind there fell the steady tread
  Of one that did pursue.

At last he paused, and looked aback;
  And then he was aware
A hideous wretch stood in his track,
  Deformed, and cowering there.

"And who art thou," he shrieked in fright,
  "That dost my steps pursue?
Go, hide thy shapeless shape from sight,
  Nor thus pollute my view!"

The foul form answered him: "Alway
  Along thy path I flee.
I'm thine own actions. Night and day
  Still must I follow thee!"

Susan Dabney Smedes.

Born in Raymond, Hinds Co., Miss.

THOMAS DABNEY, A PLANTER OF THE OLD TIME.

[*Memorials of a Southern Planter*. 1887.]

THE war ended in April. The news of Lincoln's assassination came a short time previous to this, and was received with deep regret by Thomas. "He was the best friend that we had," he said, "and his death was the greatest calamity that could have befallen the South."

It was no longer Thomas's duty to spend a part of his time in Montgomery, Alabama. He was at Burleigh when he heard of General Lee's surrender. On the day that the news reached him, he called his son Thomas to him, and they rode together to the field where the negroes were at work. He informed them of the news that had reached him, and that they were now free. His advice was that they should continue to work the crop as they had been doing. At the end of the year they should receive such compensation for their labor as he thought just.

From this time till January 1, 1866, no apparent change took place among the Burleigh negroes. Those who worked in the fields went out as usual, and cultivated and gathered in the crops. In the house, they went about their customary duties. We expected them to go away, or to demand wages, or at least to give some sign that they knew they were free. But, except that they were very quiet and serious, and more obedient and kind than they had ever been known to be for more than a few weeks, at a time of sickness or other affliction, we saw no change in them.

At Christmas such compensation was made them for their services as seemed just. Afterwards fixed wages were offered and accepted. Thomas called them up now and told them that as they no longer belonged to him they must discontinue calling him "master."

"Yes, marster," "yes, marster," was the answer to this. "They seem to bring in 'master' and say it oftener than they ever did," was his comment, as he related the occurrence to his children. This was true. The name seemed to grow into a term of endearment. As time went on, and under the changed order of things, negroes whom he had never known became tenants on his plantation; these new people called him master also. This was unprecedented in the South, I think. They were proud of living on his place, on account of the good name that he had won for himself as a master. Not infrequently they were heard to express a regret that they had not belonged to him, when they saw the feeling that existed between himself and his former slaves. Sometimes he came to us with a puzzled look to ask who those negroes were who had just called him old master and shaken hands with him.

"I cannot recall their faces," he would say; "surely, I never owned them."

Finally the negroes on the neighboring plantations, and wherever he went, came to call him old master. They seemed to take pride in thus claiming a relationship with him, as it were; and he grew accustomed to the voluntary homage.

He had come home to a house denuded of nearly every article of furniture, and to a plantation stripped of the means of cultivating any but a small proportion of it. A few mules and one cow comprised the stock. We had brought a few pieces of common furniture from Georgia, and a very few necessary articles were bought. In the course of time some home-made contrivances and comforts relieved the desolate appearance of the rooms, but no attempt was ever made to refurnish the house.

He owned nothing that could be turned into money without great sacrifice but five bales of cotton. There were yet two sons and two daughters to be educated. He decided to get a tutor for them, and to receive several other pupils in his house in order to make up the salary. The household was put on an economical footing. The plantation negroes were hired to work in the fields, and things seemed to promise more prosperous days. So the first year was passed. . . . . .

And now a great blow fell on Thomas Dabney. Shortly before the war he had been asked by a trusted friend to put his name as security on some papers for a good many thousand dollars. At the time he was assured that his name would only be wanted to tide over a crisis of two weeks, and that he would never hear of the papers again. It was a trap set, and his unsuspicious nature saw no danger, and he put his name to the papers. Loving this man, and confiding in his honor as in a son's, he thought no more of the transaction.

It was now the autumn of 1866. One night he walked up-stairs to the room where his children were sitting, with a paper in his hand. "My children," he said, "I am a ruined man. The sheriff is down-stairs. He has served this writ on me. It is for a security debt. I do not even know how many more such papers have my name to them." His face was white as he said these words. He was sixty-eight years of age, with a large and helpless family on his hands, and the country in such a condition that young men scarcely knew how to make a livelihood.

The sheriff came with more writs. Thomas roused himself to meet them all. He determined to pay every dollar.

But to do this he must have time. The sale of everything that he owned would not pay all these claims. He put the business in the hands of his lawyer, Mr. John Shelton, of Raymond, who was also his intimate friend. Mr. Shelton contested the claims, and this delayed things till Thomas could decide on some way of paying the debts.

A gentleman to whom he owed personally several thousand dollars courteously forbore to send in his claim. Thomas was determined that he should not on this account fail to get his money, and wrote urging him to bring a friendly suit, that, if the worst came, he should at least get his proportion. Thus urged, the friendly suit was brought, the man deprecating the proceeding, as looking like pressing a gentleman.

And now the judgments, as he knew they would, went against him one by one. On the 27th of November, 1866, the Burleigh plantation was put up at auction and sold, but the privilege of buying it in a certain time reserved to Thomas. At this time incendiary fires were common. There was not much law in the land. We heard of the gin-houses and cotton-houses that were burned in all directions. One day as Thomas came back from a business journey the smouldering ruins of his gin-house met his eye. The building was itself valuable and necessary. All the cotton that he owned was consumed in it. He had not a dollar. He had to borrow the money to buy a postage stamp, not only during this year, but during many years to come. It was a time of deepest gloom. Thomas had been wounded to the bottom of his affectionate heart by the perfidy of the man who had brought this on his house. In the midst of the grinding poverty that now fell in full force on him, he heard of the reckless extravagance of this man on the money that should have been used to meet these debts.

Many honorable men in the South were taking the benefit of the bankrupt law. Thomas's relations and friends urged him to take the law. It was madness, they said, for a man of his age, in the condition the country was then in, to talk of settling the immense debts that were against him. He refused with scorn to listen to such proposals. But his heart was wellnigh broken.

He called his children around him, as he lay in bed, not eating and scarcely sleeping.

"My children," he said, "I shall have nothing to leave you but a fair name. But you may depend that I shall leave you that. I shall, if I live, pay every dollar that I owe. If I die, I leave these debts to you to discharge. Do not let my name be dishonored. Some men would kill themselves for this. I shall not do that. But I shall die."

The grief of betrayed trust was the bitterest drop in his cup of suffering. But he soon roused himself from this depression and set about arranging to raise the money needed to buy in the plantation. It could only be done by giving up all the money brought in by the cotton crop for many years. This meant rigid self-denial for himself and his children. He could not bear the thought of seeing his daughters deprived of comforts. He was ready to stand unflinchingly any fate that might be in store for him. But his tenderest feelings were stirred for them. His chivalrous nature had always revolted from the sight of a woman doing hard work. He determined to spare his daughters all such labor as he could perform. General Sherman had said that he would like to bring every Southern woman to the wash-tub. "He shall never bring my daughters to the wash-tub," Thomas Dabney said. "I will do the washing myself." And he did it for two years. He was in his seventieth year when he began to do it.

This may give some idea of the labors, the privations, the hardships, of those terrible years. The most intimate friends of Thomas, nay, his own children, who were not in the daily life at Burleigh, have never known the unprecedented self-denial, carried to the extent of acutest bodily sufferings, which he practised during this time. A curtain must be drawn over this part of the life of my lion-hearted father!

When he grew white and thin, and his frightened daughters prepared a special dish for him, he refused to eat the delicacy. It would choke him, he said, to eat better food than they had, and he yielded only to their earnest solicitations. He would have died rather than ask for it. When the living was so coarse and so ill-prepared that he could scarcely eat it, he never failed, on rising from the table, to say earnestly and reverently, as he stood by his chair, "Thank the Lord for this much."

During a period of eighteen months, no light in summer, and none but a fire in winter, except in some case of necessity, was seen in the house. He was fourteen years in paying these debts that fell on him in his sixty-ninth year. He lived but three years after the last dollar was paid.

When he was seventy years of age he determined to learn to cultivate a garden. He had never performed manual labor, but he now applied himself to learn to hoe as a means of supplying his family with vegetables. With the labor of those aged hands he made a garden that was the best ordered that we had ever seen at Burleigh. He made his garden, as he did everything that he undertook, in the most painstaking manner, neglecting nothing that could insure success. The beds and rows and walks in that garden were models of exactness and neatness. It was a quarter of a mile from the house and from water, on the top of a long, high hill, and three-quarters of an acre in extent. In a time of drought, or if he had set out anything that needed watering, he toiled up that long, precipitous hill with bucket after bucket of water. "I never look at the clouds" had been a saying of his in cultivating his plantation, and he carried it out now. That garden supplied the daily food of his family nearly all the year round. He planted vegetables in such quantities that it was impossible to consume all on the table, and he sold barrels of vegetables of different kinds in New Orleans.

Oftentimes he was so exhausted when he came in to dinner that he could not eat for a while. He had his old bright way of making every one take an interest in his pursuits,—sympathy was as necessary and sweet to him as to a child,—and he showed with pride what he had done by his personal labor in gardening and in washing. He placed the clothes on the line as carefully as if they were meant to hang there always, and they must be admired, too! He said, and truly, that he had never seen snowier ones.

Oh, thou heroic old man! Thou hast a right to thy pride in those exact strokes of the hoe and in those superb potatoes, "the best ever seen in the New Orleans market," and in those long lines of snowy drapery! But those to whom thou art showing these things are looking beyond them, at the man! They are gazing reverently, and with scarce suppressed tears, on the hands that have been in this world for three-score and ten years, and are beginning to-day to support a houseful of children!

At the end of the hard day's work he would say, sometimes: "General Sherman has not brought my daughters to the wash-tub. I could not stand that."

General Sherman's words were as a cruel spur in the side of a noble steed that needed no spur, and was already running beyond his strength.

He urged some of his old friends to follow his example, and was quite disgusted at the answer of one, that he had no "turn" for working in a garden. "No turn!" he repeated, indignantly, in speaking of it to his children. "I hear that he allows the ladies to do all this work. I wonder what *turn* for it they have! I have no toleration for such big Indian talk."

His hands were much bent with age and gout. No glove could be drawn over them. They had been so soft that a bridle-rein, unless he had his gloves on, chafed them unpleasantly. He expressed thankfulness that the bent fingers and palms did not interfere with his holding either his hoe-handle or his pen. He wrote as many letters as ever, and an article for a State newspaper or a Virginia or New Orleans paper occasionally, if interested in anything that was going on. But he said that politics were getting to the state that only disgusted him, and he took no active part or interest even in State government till he saw a hope of throwing off "carpet-bag" rule. When he spoke of the expense of the postage on his correspondence, he said that he could not maintain himself in his station if he wrote fewer letters.

He tried hard to learn to plough, but he could not do it. It was a real disappointment. He tried to learn to cut wood, but complained that he could not strike twice in the same spot. It was with great labor that he got a stick cut in two. His failure in this filled him with a dogged determination to succeed, and he persisted in cutting wood in the most painful manner, often till he was exhausted. Some one told him of a hand-saw for sawing wood, and he was delighted and felt independent when he got one. He enjoyed it like a new toy, it was so much better in his hands than the axe. He sawed wood by the hour, in the cold and in the heat. It seemed to be his rule never to stop any work till he was exhausted.

His son Edward lived with him during these years. He tried to lessen his father's labors. But Thomas Dabney was not a man to sit down while his children worked. Besides, there was work enough for these two men, and more than enough. The arrangement of both house and plantation had been planned to employ many servants, as was the custom in the South. Everything was at a long distance from everything else. As time went on, an effort was made to concentrate things. But, without money, it was impossible to arrange the place like a Northern farm, with every convenience near at hand.

One fall, in putting down the dining-room carpet, Thomas heard his daughter say that she meant to turn the carpet, because it looked new on the other side.

"Do not turn it, then," he said. "I do not wish any one to suppose that I would buy a new carpet, owing money as I do."

In these years he was preparing once for a business visit to New Orleans. His daughter asked him to buy a new suit, as he spoke of calling on his friends in the city.

"No," he answered ; "I should be ashamed to wear new clothes. What hope would my creditors have of ever getting their money if they saw me in New Orleans in new clothes ? No ; I am going in this suit that you say looks so shabby and faded. I shall call on all my creditors in this suit. I have not a dollar to take to them, but I shall let them see that I am not shunning them for that. I shall show myself to them, and tell them that I am doing my very best to pay them, and that they shall have every dollar if they will have patience. You see, my child, this is the only assurance I can give them that I mean to pay them. Now, could I expect to be believed if I were handsomely dressed ?"

His merchants, Giquel & Jamison, were among the creditors whom he saw during this visit. They informed him that all their books had been burned during the war, and that they had no bill against him. They said also that they had accounts amounting to one hundred and fifty thousand dollars set down in those books, and that he was the only man who had come forward to pay them. He was not to be turned from paying his debt.

An humble neighbor had said years ago that he hated Colonel Dabney because he acted as if he considered himself a prince. In these later days he admired Thomas as much as he had before disliked him. "I thought him a haughty man because he was rich ; now I see that he is the same man poor that he was rich. Now I know that he is a prince."

One of his daughters had occasion to offer a draft of his to an ignorant man in a distant county of Mississippi. She felt a natural diffidence, as she was not sure that it would be accepted in payment of her indebtedness. She asked the man if he had ever heard of Thomas Dabney.

"Heard of him ?" he said. "Every letter in his name is pure gold. I would as soon have that draft as the gold in my hand."

Seeing one of his daughters look sad and quiet, Thomas said to her : "My child, it seems to me that you look coldly on me. I cannot bear that. You are the very core of my heart. If I have done anything that you do not like, tell me."

Oh, what heart would not bound out to the father who could say that to his own child !

And the tender, satisfied look when he was embraced and kissed, and the real trouble confided to his sympathizing bosom !

Annie Douglas Robinson.

Born in Plymouth, N. H., 1842.

TWO PICTURES.

[*Poems by "Marian Douglas."*]

AN old farm-house, with meadows wide,
  And sweet with clover on each side;
A bright-eyed boy, who looks from out
The door with woodbine wreathed about,
And wishes his one thought all day,—
"Oh, if I could but fly away
  From this dull spot the world to see,
How happy, happy, happy,
  How happy I should be!"

Amid the city's constant din,
A man who round the world has been,
Who, 'mid the tumult and the throng,
Is thinking, thinking all day long,—
"Oh, could I only tread once more
The field-path to the farm-house door,
  The old green meadows could I see,
How happy, happy, happy,
  How happy I should be!"

PUSSY WILLOW.

THE brook is brimmed with melted snow,
The maple sap is running,
And on the highest elm a crow
His big black wings is sunning.
A close green bud the May-flower lies
  Upon its mossy pillow;
And soft and low the South wind blows,
And through the bare fields calling goes,
  "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
Within your close brown wrapper stir!
Come out and show your silver fur!
  Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Soon red will bud the maple trees,
The bluebirds will be singing,
And yellow tassels in the breeze
Be from the poplars swinging;
And rosy will the May-flower lie
  Upon its mossy pillow,
But you must come the first of all.
"Come, Pussy!" is the South wind's call—
  "Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!
A fairy gift to children dear,
The downy firstling of the year—
  Come, Pussy! Pussy Willow!"

Bronson Howard.

BORN in Detroit, Mich., 1842.

THE LAWS OF DRAMATIC CONSTRUCTION.

THEIR PRACTICAL APPLICATION IN THE HISTORY OF "THE BANKER'S DAUGHTER."

[*From a Lecture before the Shakespeare Club of Harvard University.* 1886.]

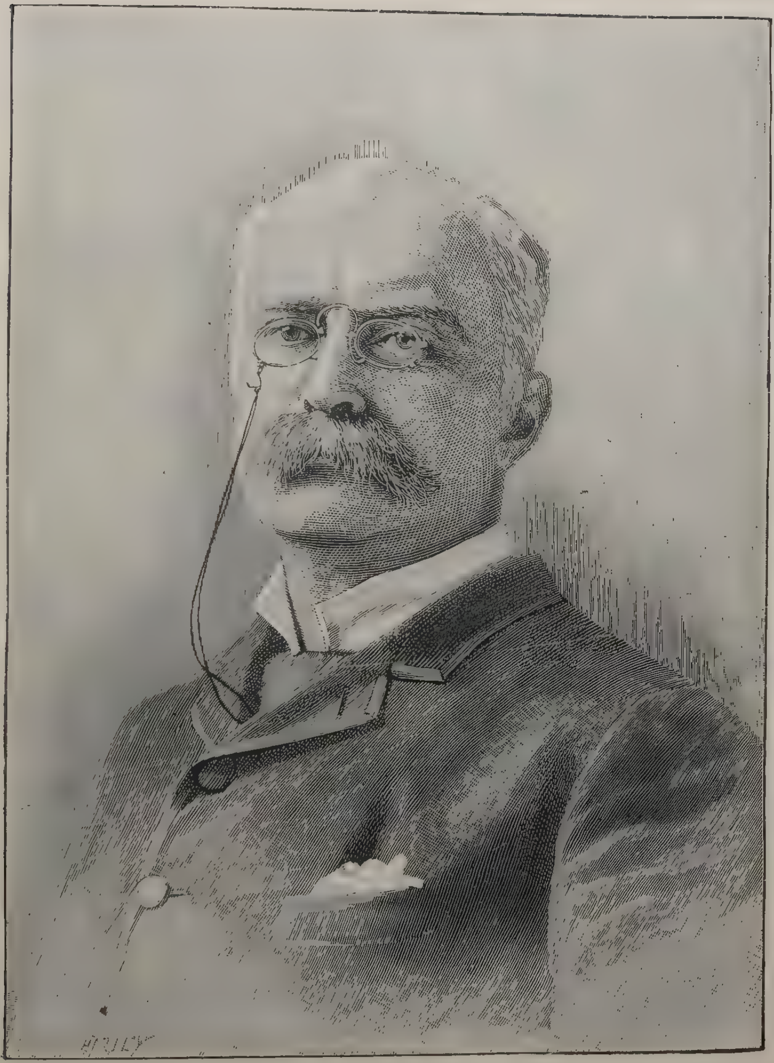
IT happens that one of my own plays has had a very curious history. It has appeared before the American public in two forms, so radically different that a description of the changes made, and of the reasons for making them, will involve the consideration of some very interesting laws of dramatic construction. I shall ask you to listen very carefully to the story, or "plot," of the piece as it was first produced in Chicago in 1873. Then I shall trace the changes that were made in this story before the play was produced at the Union Square Theatre in New York, five years later. And after that, to follow the very odd adventures of the same play still further, I shall point out briefly the changes which were made necessary by adapting it to English life with English characters, for its production at the Court Theatre, London, in 1879. All the changes which I shall describe to you were forced upon me (as soon as I had decided to make the general alterations in the play) by the laws of dramatic construction; and it is to the experimental application of these laws to a particular play that I ask your attention. The learned professors of Harvard University know much more about them than I do, so far as a study of dramatic literature, from the outside, can give them that knowledge; and the great modern authorities on the subject—Hallam, Lessing, Schlegel, and many others—are open to the students of Harvard in her library; or, rather, shall I say, they lie closed on its shelves. But I invite you to-day to step into a little dramatic workshop, instead of a scientific library, and to see an humble workman in the craft, trying, with repeated experiments—with failures and wasted time—not to elucidate the laws of dramatic construction, but to obey them; exactly as an inventor (deficient, it may be, in all scientific knowledge) tries to apply the general laws of mechanics to the immediate necessities of the machine he is working out in his mind. . . . But what are the laws of dramatic construction? No one man knows much about them. They bear about the same relation to human character and human sympathies as the laws of nature bear to the material universe. When all the mysteries of humanity have been solved, the laws of dramatic construction can be codified and clearly explained; not until then. But every scientific man can tell you a little about nature, and every dramatist can tell you a little about dramatic truth. A few general principles have been discovered by experiment and discussion. These few principles can be brought to your attention. But after you have learned all that has yet been learned by others, the field of humanity will still lie before you, as the field of nature lies before the scientist, with millions of times more to be discovered, by you or by some one else, than has ever yet been known. All I purpose to-night is to show you how certain laws of dramatic construction asserted themselves from time to time as we were making the changes in this play; how they thrust themselves upon our notice; how we could not possibly ignore them, and you will see how a man comes to understand any particular law, after he has been forced to obey it, although, perhaps, he has never heard of it or dreamed of it before.

And let me say here, to the students of Harvard—I do not presume to address words of advice to the faculty—it is to you and to others who enjoy the high privileges of liberal education that the American stage ought to look for honest and good dramatic work in the future. Let me say to you, then: Submit yourselves truly and unconditionally to the laws of dramatic truth, so far as you can discover them by honest mental exertion and observation. Do not mistake any mere defiance of these laws for originality. You might as well show your originality by defying the law of gravitation. . . . Even if you feel sometimes that your genius—that's always the word in the secret vocabulary of our own minds—even if your genius seems to be hampered by these dramatic laws, resign yourself to them at once.

The story of the play, as first produced in Chicago, may be told as follows:

Act first—Scene, New York. Lilian Westbrook and Harold Routledge have a lovers' quarrel. Never mind what the cause of it is. To quote a passage from the play itself: "A woman never quarrels with a man she doesn't love"—this is one of the minor laws of dramatic construction—"and she is never tired of quarrelling with a man she does love." But, when Lilian announces to Harold Routledge that their engagement is broken forever, he thinks she means to imply that she doesn't intend to marry him. Women are often misunderstood by our more grossly practical sex; we are too apt to judge of what they mean by what they say. Harold Routledge, almost broken-hearted, bids Lilian farewell, and leaves her presence. . . . Lilian's father enters. He is on the verge of financial ruin, and he has just received a letter from Mr. John Strebelow, a man of great wealth, asking his daughter's hand in marriage. Mr. Westbrook urges her to accept him, because he dreads to leave, in his old age, a helpless girl, trained only to luxury and extravagance, to a merciless world. Lilian, on her part, shudders at the thought of her father renewing the struggle of life when years have exhausted his strength; and she sacrifices her own heart. Mr. Strebelow is a man of about forty years, of unquestioned honor, of noble personal character in every way. He marries her without knowing that she does not love him; much less, that she loves another.

Act second—Paris. Lilian has been married five years, and is residing with her husband in the French capital. As the curtain rises, Lilian is teaching her little child, Natalie, her alphabet. All the warm affection of a woman's nature, suppressed and thrown back upon her own heart, has concentrated itself upon this child. Lilian has been a good wife, and she reverences her husband. But she does not love him as a wife. Mr. Strebelow now enters, and tells Lilian that he has just met an old friend of hers and of him-



Sincerely yours
Bronson Howard

self—the American artist, Mr. Harold Routledge, passing through Paris on his way from his studio in Rome. He has insisted on a visit from Mr. Routledge, and the two parted lovers are brought face to face by the husband. They are afterward left alone together. . . . Lilian forgets everything except the moment when her lover last parted from her. She is again the wayward girl that waited for his return; and she does what she would have done five years before; she turns, passionately, to throw herself into his arms. At this moment, her little child, Natalie, runs in. Lilian is a mother again, and a wife. She falls to her knees and embraces her child at the very feet of her former lover. Harold Routledge bows his head reverently, and leaves them together.

Act third. The art of breaking the tenth commandment—thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's wife—has reached its highest perfection in France. One of the most important laws of dramatic construction might be formulated in this way; if you want a particular thing done, choose a character to do it that an audience will naturally expect to do it. I wanted a man to fall in love with my heroine after she was a married woman, and I chose a French count for that purpose. Harold Routledge overhears the Count de Carojac, a hardened roué and a duellist, speaking of Lilian in such terms as no honorable man should speak of a modest woman. . . . A duel is arranged. The parties meet at the Château Chateaubriand, in the suburbs of Paris. . . . A scream from Lilian, as she reaches the scene in breathless haste, throws Routledge off his guard; he is wounded and falls. Strebelow, too, has come on the field. Lilian is ignorant of her husband's presence, and she sees only the bleeding form of the man she loves lying upon the snow. She falls at his side, and words of burning passion, checked a few hours before by the innocent presence of her child, spring to her lips. The last of these words are as follows: "I have loved you—and you only—Harold, from the first." John Strebelow stands for a moment speechless. When his voice returns, he has become another man. He is hard and cold. He will share all his wealth with her; but, in the awful bitterness of a great heart, at that moment, he feels that the woman who has deceived him so wickedly has no natural right to be the guardian of their child. "Return to our home, madam; it will be yours, not mine, hereafter; but our child will not be there." Ungenerous words! But if we are looking in our own hearts, where we must find nearly all the laws of dramatic construction, how many of us would be more generous, with such words as John Strebelow had just heard ringing in our ears? As the act closes, the startled love of a mother has again and finally asserted itself in Lilian's heart, the one overmastering passion of her nature. With the man she has loved lying near her, wounded, and, for aught she knows, dying, she is thinking only of her lost child.

Maternal love, throughout the history of the world, has had triumphs over all the other passions; triumphs over destitution and trials and tortures; over all the temptations incident to life: triumphs to which no other impulse of the human heart—not even the love of man for woman—has ever risen. One of the most brilliant men I had ever known once said in court: "Woman, alone, shares with the Creator the privilege of communing with an unborn human being"; and, with this privilege, the Creator seems to have shared with woman a part of his own great love. All other love in our race is merely human. The play, from this time on, becomes the story of a mother's love. Two years later Lilian is at the home of her father, in New York. Her husband has disappeared with her child. Harold Routledge was wounded seriously in the duel, but not killed; he is near Lilian, seeing her every day; but he is her friend, rather than her lover, now; she talks with him of her child, and he feels how utterly hopeless his own passion is in the presence of an all-absorbing mother's love. . . . The sudden return and reappearance of the husband falls like a stroke of fate upon both; but Lilian dies at last, a smile of perfect happiness on her face, with her child in her arms.

The radical change made in the story I have just related to you, before the production of the play in New York, was this: Lilian lives, instead of dying, in the last act. My reasons for making the change were based upon one of the most important principles of the dramatic art, namely: A dramatist should deal, so far as possible, with subjects of universal interest, instead of with such as appeal strongly to a part of the public only. I do not mean that he may not appeal to certain classes of people, and depend upon those classes for success; but just so far as he does this he limits the possibilities of that success. I have said that the love of offspring in woman has shown itself the strongest of all human passions; and it is the one most nearly allied to the boundless love of Deity. But the one absolutely universal passion of the race—which underlies all other passions—on which, indeed, the very existence of the race depends—the very fountain of maternal love itself—is the love of the sexes. The dramatist must remember that his work cannot, like that of the novelist or the poet, pick out the hearts, here and there, that happen to be in sympathy with its subject. He appeals to a thousand hearts at the same moment; he has no choice in the matter; he must do this. And it is only when he deals with the love of the sexes that his work is most interesting to that aggregation of human hearts we call the "audience." Furthermore—and here comes in another law of dramatic construction—a play must be, in one way or another, "satisfactory" to the audience. This word has a meaning which varies in different countries, and even in different parts of the same country; but, whatever audience you are writing for, your work must be "satisfactory" to it. In England and America, the death of a pure woman on the stage is not "satisfactory," except when the play rises to the dignity of tragedy. The death, in an ordinary play, of a woman who is not pure, as in the case of "Frou-Frou," is perfectly satisfactory, for the reason that it is inevitable. The wife who has once taken the step from purity to impurity can never reinstate herself in the world of art on this side of the grave; and so an audience looks with complacent tears on the death of an erring woman. But Lilian had not taken the one fatal step which would have reconciled an audience to her death. She was still pure, and every one left the theatre wishing that she had lived. . . . The play which finally takes its place on the stage usually bears very little resemblance to the play which first suggested itself to the author's mind. The most magnificent figure in the English drama of this century was a mere faint outline, merely a fatherly old man, until the suggestive mind of Macready stimulated the genius of Bulwer Lytton, and the great author, eagerly acknowledging the assistance rendered him, made "Cardinal Richelieu" the colossal central figure of a play that was first written as a pretty love story. Bulwer Lytton had an eye single, as every dramatist ought to have—as every successful dramatist must have—to the final artistic result; he kept before him the one object of making the play of "Richelieu" as good a play as he possibly could make it. The first duty of a dramatist is to put upon the stage the very best work he can, in the light of whatever advice and assistance may come to him. Fair acknowledgment afterward is a matter of mere ordinary personal honesty. It is not a question of dramatic art.

So Lilian is to live, and not die, in the last act. The first question for us to decide—I say "us"—the New York manager, the literary attaché of the theatre and myself—the first practical question before us was: As Lilian is to live, which of the two men who love her is to die? There are axioms among the laws of dramatic construction, as in mathematics. One of them is this: three hearts cannot beat as one. . . . It was easy enough to kill either of them, but which? We argued this question for three weeks. Mere romance was on the side of the young artist. But to have had him live would have robbed the play of all its meaning. Its moral, in the original form, is this: It is a dangerous thing to marry, for any reason, without the safeguard of love, even when the person one marries is worthy of one's love in every possible way. If we had decided in favor of Routledge, the play would have had no moral at all, or rather a very bad one. If a girl marries the wrong man, she need only wait for him to die; and if her lover waits, too, it'll be all right. If, on the other hand, we so reconstruct the whole play that the husband and wife may at last come together with true affection, we shall have this moral: Even if a young girl makes the worst of all mistakes, and accepts the hand of one man when her heart belongs to another, fidelity to the duty of a wife on her side, and a manly, generous confidence on the part of her husband, may, in the end, correct even such a mistake. The dignity of this moral saved John Strebelow's life, and Harold Routledge was killed in the duel with the Count de Carojac. But there are a number of problems under the laws of dramatic construction which we must solve before the play can now be made to reach the hearts of an audience as it did before. Let us see what they are.

The love of Lilian for Harold Routledge cannot now be the one grand passion of her life. It must be the love of a young girl, however sincere and intense, which yields, afterward, to the stronger and deeper love of a woman for her husband. The next great change, therefore, which the laws of dramatic construction forced upon us was this: Lilian must now control her own passion, and when she meets her lover in the second act she must not depend for her moral safety on the awakening of a mother's love by the appearance of her child. Her love for Harold is no longer such an all-controlling force as will justify a woman—justify her dramatically, I mean—in yielding to it. For her to depend on an outside influence now would be to show a weakness of character that would make her uninteresting. Instead, therefore, of receiving her former lover with dangerous pent-up fires, Lilian now repels him. This is now the end of the second act; a very different end, you see, from the other version, where the little girl runs in, and, in her own innocence, saves her mother from herself.

The third step, in the changes forced upon us by the laws of dramatic construction, was a very great one, and it was made necessary by the fact, just mentioned, that the child, Natalie, had no dramatic function to fulfil in the protection of her mother's virtue. In other words, there is no point in the play, now, where sexual love is, or can be, replaced by maternal love, as the controlling passion of the play. . . . The fourth great change—forced on us, as the others were—concerns the character of John Strebelow. As he is now to become the object of a wife's mature affection, he must not merely be a noble and generous man; he must do something worthy of the love which is to be bestowed on him. He must command a woman's love. When, therefore, he hears his wife, kneeling over her wounded lover, use words which tell him of their former relations, he does, not what most of us would do, but what an occasional hero among us would do. He takes her gently in his arms, and becomes her protector. John Strebelow thus becomes the hero of the play, and it is only necessary to follow the workings of Lilian's heart and his a little further, until they come together at last, loving each other truly, the early love of the wife for another man being only a sad memory in her mind.

Another change which I was obliged to make will interest you, because it shows very curiously what queer turns these laws of dramatic construction may take. As soon as it was decided to have Lilian live, in the fifth act, and love John Strebelow, I was compelled to cut out the quarrel scene between Lilian and Harold Routledge in the first act. This is a little practical matter, very much like taking out a certain wheel at one end of a machine because you have decided to get a different mechanical result at the other end. Harold Routledge must not appear in the first act at all. He could only be talked about as Lilian's lover. John Strebelow must be present alone in the eyes and the sympathy of the audience. If Routledge did not appear until the second act, the audience would regard him as an interloper; it would rather resent his presence than otherwise, and would be easily reconciled to his death in the next act. Even if Harold had appeared in the first act, the quarrel scene would have been impossible. He might have made love to Lilian, perhaps, or even kissed her, and the audience would have forgiven me reluctantly for having her love another man afterward. But if the two young people had had a lovers' quarrel in the presence of the audience, no power on earth could have convinced any man or woman in the house that they were not intended for each other by the eternal decrees of divine Providence.

Now, if you please, we will cross the ocean. I have had many long discussions with English managers on the practice in London of adapting foreign plays, not merely to the English stage, but to English life, with English characters. The Frenchmen of a French play become, as a rule, Englishmen; the Germans of a German play become Englishmen; so do Italians, and Spaniards, and Swedes. They usually, however, continue to express foreign ideas and to act like foreigners. Luckily, the American characters of "The Banker's Daughter," with one exception, could be twisted into very fair Englishmen, with only a faint suspicion of our Yankee accent. Mr. James Albery, one of the most brilliant men in England, author of "The Two Roses," was engaged to make them as nearly English as he could. I learned more about the various minor differences of social life in England and America while we were thus at work together than I could have learned in a residence there of five years. I have time to give you only a few of the points. Take the engagement of Lilian, broken in act first. An engagement in England is necessarily a family matter, and it could neither be made nor broken by the mere fiat of a young girl, without consultation with others, leaving the way open for the immediate acceptance of another man's hand. In the English version, therefore, there is no engagement with Harold Routledge. It is only an understanding between them that they love each other. Then the duel—it is next to impossible to persuade an English audience that a duel is justifiable or natural with an Englishman as one of the principals. So we played a rather sharp artistic trick on our English audience. In the American version, I assume that, if a plucky young American in France insults a Frenchman purposely, he will abide by the local customs, and give him satisfaction, if called upon to do so. So would a young Englishman, between you and me; but the laws of dramatic construction deal with the sympathies of the audience as well as with the natural motives and actions of the characters in a play; and an English audience would think the French count ought to be perfectly satisfied if Routledge knocked him down. How did we get over the difficulty? First, we made Routledge a British officer returning from India, instead of an artist on his way from Rome—a fighting man by profession: and then we made the Count de Carojac pile so many sneers and insults on this British officer, and on the whole British nation, that I verily believe a London audience would have mobbed Routledge if he hadn't tried to kill him. The English public walked straight into the trap, though they abhor nothing on earth more than the duelling system.

. . . .

The peculiar history of the play is my only justification for giving you all these details of its otherwise unimportant career. I only trust that I have shown you how very practical the laws of dramatic construction are in the way they influence a dramatist. The art of obeying them is merely the art of using your common sense in the study of your own and other people's emotions. All I now add is, if you write a play, be honest and sincere in using your common sense. . . . The public often condescends to be trifled with by mere tricksters, but, believe me, it is only a condescension, and very contemptuous. In the long run, the public will judge you, and respect you, according to your artistic sincerity.

Thomas Stephens Collier.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1842.

SACRILEGE.

BESIDE the wall, and near the massive gate
  Of the great temple in Jerusalem,
The legionary, Probus stood elate,
  His eager clasp circling a royal gem.

It was an offering made by some dead king
  Unto the great Jehovah, when the sword
Amid his foes had mown a ghastly ring,
  Helped by the dreaded angel of the Lord.

There, on his rival's crest, among the slain,
  Through the red harvest it had clearly shone,
Lighting the grimness of the sanguine plain
  With splendors that had glorified a throne.

Above the altar of God's sacred place,
  A watchful star, it lit the passing years,
With radiance falling on each suppliant's face,
  Gleaming alike in love's and sorrow's tears,

Till swept the war-tide through the sunlit vales
  Leading from Jordan, and the western sea
And the fierce host of Titus filled the gales
  With jubilant shouts and songs of victory.

Then came the day when over all the walls
  The Romans surged, and Death laughed loud and high,
And there was wailing in the palace halls,
  And sound of lamentations in the sky.

Torn from its place, it lay within the hand
  Of Probus, whose keen sword had rent a way,
With rapid blows, amid the priestly band
  Whose piteous prayers moaned through that dreadful day.

And there, beside the wall, he stopped to gaze
  Upon the fortune, that would give his life
The home and rest that come with bounteous days,
  And bring reward for toil and warlike strife.

There was no cloud in all Heaven's lustrous blue,
  Yet suddenly a red flash cleft the air,
And the dark shadow held a deeper hue,—
  A dead man, with an empty hand, lay there.

The Youth's Companion. 1883.

Charles Monroe Dickinson.

BORN in Lowville, Lewis Co., N. Y., 1842.

THE CHILDREN.

[*The Children, and Other Verses.* 1889.]

WHEN the lessons and tasks are all ended,
And the school for the day is dismissed,
The little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed;
O, the little white arms that encircle
My neck in their tender embrace!
O, the smiles that are halos of heaven,
Shedding sunshine of love on my face!

And when they are gone, I sit dreaming
Of my childhood too lovely to last,—
Of joy that my heart will remember,
While it wakes to the pulse of the past,
Ere the world and its wickedness made me
A partner of sorrow and sin,
When the glory of God was about me,
And the glory of gladness within.

All my heart grows as weak as a woman's,
And the fountain of feeling will flow,
When I think of the paths steep and stony,
Where the feet of the dear ones must go,—
Of the mountains of sin hanging o'er them,
Of the tempest of fate blowing wild;—
O, there's nothing on earth half so holy
As the innocent heart of a child!

They are idols of hearts and of households;
They are angels of God in disguise;
His sunlight still sleeps in their tresses,
His glory still shines in their eyes;
Those truants from home and from heaven,—
They have made me more manly and mild;
And I know now how Jesus could liken
The kingdom of God to a child.

I ask not a life for the dear ones,
All radiant, as others have done,
But that life may have just enough shadow
To temper the glare of the sun;
I would pray God to guard them from evil,
But my prayer would bound back to myself;—
Ah! a seraph may pray for a sinner,
But a sinner must pray for himself.

The twig is so easily bended,
I have banished the rule and the rod;
I have taught them the goodness of knowledge,
They have taught me the goodness of God:
My heart is the dungeon of darkness
Where I shut them for breaking a rule;
My frown is sufficient correction;
My love is the law of the school.

I shall leave the old house in the autumn,
To traverse its threshold no more;
Ah, how I shall sigh for the dear ones
That meet me each morn at the door!
I shall miss the "good nights" and the kisses,
And the gush of their innocent glee,
The group on the green, and the flowers
That are brought every morning for me.

I shall miss them at morn and at even,
Their song in the school and the street;
I shall miss the low hum of their voices,
And the tread of their delicate feet.
When the lessons of life are all ended,
And death says "The school is dismissed!"
May the little ones gather around me,
To bid me good night and be kissed!

Ellen Warner Olney Kirk.

BORN in Southington, Conn., 1842.

HIS WIFE'S RELATIONS.

[*A Daughter of Eve.* 1889.]

MRS. BARRYMORE often said that she was before all things a mother. Her maternal instinct was fully developed, and she loved to tear her own breast to line the nest for her young, and make it soft and downy. Still, when Valerie had come to her with tears, and implored her to get some money for her dear Benno, who was in the state of mind in which men commit suicide, not even Mrs. Barrymore could have enjoyed the role imposed upon her. But does any one suppose that the mother bird finds her best personal comfort in making provision for her ravenous offspring? When you watch a robin fly back to her brood with a wriggling worm, have you so little imagination as to take it for granted that it was her real choice to run the risks of cats and shotguns?

However, necessities like the baron's have always governed circumstances, and, accordingly, some two minutes after Patty had left Mr. Litchfield, Mrs. Barrymore rang at his door, was admitted, and, walking along the hall majestically, waved the servant away, and said that she herself would find her son-in-law, and accordingly Bunce drew back and retreated to his pantry. . . . .

Accordingly, now putting every thought behind her of any possible unpleasantness in the coming interview, she tiptoed along the hall, opened the door of her son-in-law's book-room, and looked in, meeting him face to face as he was pacing the room, thinking over his talk with Patty.

"Here I am," said Mrs. Barrymore, in her sprightliest manner. "Dear David, I am so glad to see you!" And she put up her still fresh cheek to be kissed.

He did not evade the caress—shook hands, besides—placed a chair for her, and gave her the end of his tube to talk into.

"What do you suppose I have come for, David?" she asked, in her pretty, playful way, her head a little on one side, smiling, arch, all her face laughing but her eyes, which always seemed on the watch.

"I never guess," said Mr. Litchfield; "you will have to tell me."

"I came to ask a favor—just a little favor," said Mrs. Barrymore. "Now, promise me you will grant it. It is nothing to you, literally nothing; yet to me it is everything."

"If it is anything for yourself—anything for your individual self—consider it granted."

Here was Mrs. Barrymore's opportunity; she might have filled up this carte blanche in a way to make her comfortable for many a day to come, but we all have our ideal of character to live up to, and, fond of substantial gains although Mrs. Barrymore was, her consistency was dearer. She knew her own disinterestedness, and stood aghast at times at the world's ingratitude towards such unrecorded virtues.

"For myself?" she shrieked into the tube. "Did you ever know me to make a personal request? None! I can suffer; I can go without; I can resign. My only thought is for my family, and I am a mother before all things. You have heard how the pelican"—

"You are a good mother, no doubt," said Mr. Litchfield; "but you must reflect that all good mother birds, when the young ones are fully fledged, push them out of the nest, to teach them to fly alone."

"Oh, but, dear David, we have not only the devotedness of birds; we need far more. We have to be patient even when our young ones stay in the nest. It is so important, indeed," she pursued, carrying on the metaphor, "that they should not fly until the right time. David, my dear son, you are a self-made man."

She glanced into his face winningly, and he looked back at her with his serene, meditative gaze.

"A self-made man!" he repeated. "I always supposed God made me, like the rest of his creatures."

"I mean," said Mrs. Barrymore, "that you began as a poor boy. You came to New York with a few dollars in your pocket."

"The truth is," said Mr. Litchfield, with a faint chuckle, "I came to New York without a penny in my pocket. I was born here."

Mrs. Barrymore may have been impatient with this mild joke; at least she did not seem to discover any humor in it.

"Your success has been amazing—amazing," she said, with animation, but with the most solemn emphasis. "You began at the very bottom of the ladder, but now you have reached a really proud position."

"Still, I try not to be proud."

"But you may well be proud," insisted Mrs. Barrymore, "connected as you now are with the Careys, the Dorseys, the Barrymores, and not only with the first families of New York, but the very highest aristocracy of Europe."

"But am I?" asked Mr. Litchfield, as if in consternation.

"You are brother-in-law to Baron Benno von Lindholm!" shouted Mrs. Barrymore, whose nerves began to feel the strain of this demand upon her voice and her patience. It was at such moments that a conviction flashed a clear illumination into the recesses of her inmost soul that her son-in-law was not deaf; that he was not even so innocent as he seemed to be.

"There is no better family in Germany than the Lindholm-Gatzbergs. They have forty quarterings and they live in a schloss."

"A schloss, good Heavens!" said Mr. Litchfield, holding his tube with an air of the most sedulous attention.

"Yes, a schloss. Benno's father, the baron, his mother, the baroness, and his brothers, and their wives, all live in this schloss."

"It needs to be of good size," suggested Mr. Litchfield; then, with a brightening eye, as if on the threshold of a new idea, he added: "I suppose the reason our baron does not take Valerie to the ancestral schloss is because there is no room."

"He will take her next year," said the long-suffering mother-in-law, with perfect sweetness. "He is simply waiting to realize on those shares, you know, and they are to begin work next month. It is of the greatest importance that he should be on the spot, for everybody predicts that the stock will go up like a rocket."

"That is excellent news—excellent."

"Benno is such a good fellow," said Mrs. Barrymore. "So cultivated, so superior, such tastes! I wish your deafness did not cut you off from his conversation, for I should like to have you hear him talk about art. And he plays the flute exquisitely. I wonder if with your trumpet you could not hear some of his trills. And he has such manners! They bear the court stamp. He makes us poor Americans seem crude."

"But then a baron like that is not a self-made man," said Mr. Litchfield. "He came into the world with a gold spoon in his mouth."

"Yes, indeed. A man like that is the product of centuries," said Mrs. Barrymore, bent on hammering in these obvious truths.

"A costly product," observed Mr. Litchfield, with a faint sigh.

"Of course, one has to pay for these luxuries," said Mrs. Barrymore, with a lighter air. "It is very delightful to have a son-in-law who is a baron, but a connection with the aristocracy of Europe is expensive."

"I wouldn't have him, then," said Mr. Litchfield, with a sudden air of decision. "I would get rid of him. Let the state support him."

Such uncompromising hostility was enough to discourage the most ardent advocate. Mrs. Barrymore, however, could not afford to be discouraged. The lines in the corners of her mouth stiffened a little, and her eyes grew more vigilant; but she showed no sign of defeat, merely reënforced herself with a fresh argument, and advanced on a new line.

"You see, dear David," she said, with as confidential an air as was possible in talking to a deaf man, "the baron married Valerie with high expectations. Naturally, any one of that rank expects a handsome dower with his wife, and, judging by dear Olive's splendid position, he took it for granted that we were all very rich."

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Litchfield. "He supposed that Olive brought me my fortune."

"Yes," said Mrs. Barrymore; and they looked at each other a moment in silence. He waited for her to proceed.

"And, since he made such a mistake as that, we owe him a little something. Don't we, David?" she said, coaxingly.

"No doubt of it—no doubt of it."

"I wonder if you could find it in your heart to give the dear fellow a little ready money; he is so sadly in need of it."

"Certainly, certainly," said Mr. Litchfield; "I'll write you a check at once."

He turned in his chair to his desk, opened his check-book for the second time, and took up his pen. But, in spite of his air of alacrity, Mrs. Barrymore watched his proceedings with a tremor. It was not his way to disburse large sums in such an offhand way.

"I will give him enough to pay his passage back to the paternal schloss," said Mr. Litchfield. "I will give him a hundred dollars."

"A hundred dollars!" shrieked Mrs. Barrymore. "Just think, David,—a man like that, a near connection, a baron"—

"I know—I know," said Mr. Litchfield, his head bent, leaning his chin on his hand with a look of musing, "a baron—a schloss—forty quarterings, seven brothers, all barons. It is very little. But I shall not give him any more, Mrs. Barrymore," he went on, with a mild, serious glance at her from beneath his eyebrows. "Neither now nor at any time in future will I give Baron Benno von Lindholm any more money."

"But, dearest David," said Mrs. Barrymore, entreatingly, "Valerie told me with sobs and tears last night that the baron had said unless he could have at least two hundred and fifty dollars he should *go—to—the—devil.*"

"My dear Mrs. Barrymore," said Mr. Litchfield, with an air of conviction and relief, "why not let him go?"

Whether Mrs. Barrymore could have rallied from this rebuff we are not certain. She did not despair too easily, knowing that patient persistence wears out the sternest opposition in time. But at this moment her son Carey walked into the room, and, with an air of having accomplished his part of a serious obligation, walked up to Mr. Litchfield, lifted the end of the tube, and said, "I am here, as you requested."

Mr. Litchfield nodded. "Carey and I have a very particular engagement," he said to Mrs. Barrymore. "I hope you will excuse us. I dare say you will find Olive in her room."

Mrs. Barrymore, realizing the importance of the interview to Carey's peace of mind, withdrew at once. She had huddled the check into her bag as she heard the door opened, and knew, as she went upstairs to find Olive, who was still sitting over the fire, with her notes and invitations in her lap, that her mission had not, after all, resulted in complete failure.

Meanwhile, Mr. Litchfield had seated himself at his desk, and Carey had drawn a comfortable chair to his side.

"I have come," he said again, impressively. "I made a point of coming."

"That is extremely good of you," said Mr. Litchfield.

"I am very punctilious about the least engagement," said Carey, with due solemnity. "The baron wanted me to go over to Long Island and look at a horse he is interested in, but I told him I was coming here."

"The baron is interested in horses, is he?"

"I fancy he means to back him for the spring races."

"Oh, the baron bets, does he?"

"I suppose he does; but then I fancy he does it without much idea of winning, chiefly as a distraction; he is so confoundedly troubled about his money matters."

Mr. Litchfield regarded his innocent-faced young visitor with an odd sort of smile.

"You are a little troubled, too, aren't you, Carey?" said he. "Do you get along without any distractions?"

"I have got a stronger mind than the baron has," said Carey, "and, besides, I have not had to shoulder my own responsibilities so far."

"Exactly,—the actions are yours, the consequences are other people's."

"Of course I had to be educated. That is always an expensive process, which has to be paid for by somebody. I couldn't do it myself, you know. But, now that I am educated, I am ready to do my duty in life."

"That is very handsome of you, I think, Carey," said Mr. Litchfield. "Some people like to go on shirking their responsibilities."

"I am sure I want to be independent as soon I can," said Carey.

Mr. Litchfield again regarded the young man attentively, his head a little on one side, and a smile lighting his face.

"I have looked over those bills," said he.

"I should never have thought of troubling you with such details unless you had asked to see them," said Carey.

"I prefer to understand such details," said Mr. Litchfield.

"That is your business way of doing things," said Carey, benevolently. "I myself footed them up and made a memorandum of the amount, which seemed all that was necessary."

"That is your large way of doing things," said Mr. Litchfield. "My business habits are of the old-fashioned sort, and I feel compelled to count odd dollars and cents."

"I like round numbers, myself," said Carey.

"Here is the schedule," said Mr. Litchfield. "Do you know, it quite interested me."

"I dare say. You have been a young man yourself."

"Not exactly your sort of a young man. When I was twenty-three years of age I had been married and had lost my wife. My salary up to that time had been eight hundred a year, and it was then raised to fifteen hundred."

"Oh, I say," put in Carey, "unless you had somebody to pay your bills, life on such terms must have been a pretty poor affair."

"I had no bills—or, if I had, I paid them myself," said Mr. Litchfield. "But still, life, in spite of its poverty and its sorrows, indeed for its poverty and for its sorrows, was well worth having. Everywhere it opened before me wonderful vistas—everywhere was spread out a great banquet. It was not for me, it is true; even if I was admitted to it, I often fasted,—in fact, I generally fasted, for I resolutely told myself the sweets would not have been good for me."

Carey listened with an air of bland condescension, putting up heroically with a disagreeable experience.

"Now, my boy, you have not fasted," said Mr. Litchfield, with a half-humorous laugh. "You have revelled in the good things without stint or misgiving."

Carey smiled, but did not speak.

"These bills show that you possess strong and diversified tastes," said Mr. Litchfield.

"I always try not to be one-sided," said Carey, modestly. "Of course I like some things better than I do others."

Mr. Litchfield unrolled a sheet of legal cap on which he had neatly written out the list.

"Why, sir," said Carey, "you remind me of Leporello with his roll of his master's peccadilloes."

But Mr. Litchfield had dropped his end of the tube and did not hear.

"I was much struck by your tailor's bills," said he. "I really did not suppose that a man could wear so many coats and trousers. It is hard for me to get enough wear out of two suits a year, and my evening clothes are ten years old. I have had my two top-coats some five years."

"A fellow doesn't expect to wear his clothes till they get shiny at the seams," said Carey.

"No, apparently not. Now, I should suppose that you and the Prince of Wales had about the same wardrobe."

"A gentleman is a gentleman; he can be no more. I have no court dress," Carey remarked, blandly.

"Nor coronation robes, but I think you may congratulate yourself on being handsomely equipped for all other occasions. You will see that I have made a little comment on most of the items, and opposite your tailor's and furnisher's bills I have put 'Princely.'"

He read out the amount, compared it with the bills which lay on his desk, then passed on to the bootmaker's.

"I envy you your boots," said he, plaintively. "I always thought it would be a pleasure to have a pair of every kind of boots known to civilized man."

"Why don't you try?" said Carey.

"I cannot afford it," said Mr. Litchfield. "Two hundred a year is my limit for my personal expenses. But against your bootmaker's and your shoemaker's bills I have put 'Cap-à-pie complete.'"

If Mr. Litchfield had an idea of amusing himself a little at the young man's expense, he had gone successfully to work. He had given more than one epigrammatic touch to his schedule. The photographers had evidently done much for Carey. "Hold the mirror up to the glass of fashion and the mould of form," said Mr. Litchfield. There were upholsterers', picture-dealers', book-binders', jewellers', livery-men's, wine-merchants', and confectioners' accounts.

"I told you I would pay your bills, Carey," said Mr. Litchfield, "but I confess that such extravagance as this was not only beyond my experience, but beyond my fancy of what a penniless young man could spend. Had I written what inevitably came into my mind, I should have put 'A beggar on horseback,' etc., after your livery bill."

"Oh, if you call that extravagance," said Carey, "I should really like to have you know what Standish and Waring's bills were. That set of fellows considered me mean. But I always kept within bounds, and did not care what others thought of me. If one is governed by other men's expectations of what one should do, one commits all sorts of follies; but I am lucky enough to have no vices. I like a good glass of wine, but there I stop. I have a contempt for a wine-bibber. A dozen bundles of cigarettes will last me a fortnight, and I never buy cigars; they are ruinous; a man has to give so many away. Then, as to jewellery, I am the most moderate of men. If one has half a dozen different sets of studs, and a good watch and chain, and a scarf-pin or so, what else does he want? I would as soon wear rings in my ears as on my fingers. I like to ride a good horse, but not every day,—only when I feel like it. I am willing to be hospitable on occasion, but I have no intention of ruining myself by feeding other people. I assure you, brother David, that, taking into account all the temptations that may beset a man in college, my bills are well within bounds."

Pausing to see if his hearer had gone along with him, Carey saw that the old man sat bending forward with an abstracted gaze; he was shaking his head slowly, as if he found it impossible to accept his visitor's views.

"You must remember, sir," said Carey, "that we have all been young."

Mr. Litchfield looked at him, still shaking his head.

"We have all been young," he said, gently, "but we have not all been old."

He rose and began to pace the floor with a troubled face.

"Suppose the bills are paid, Carey," he said, after a little silence, "what is your outlook in life?"

"That is exactly what I want to know," remarked Carey, as if glad that they were coming to the point.

"You are young, strong, decently intelligent. You ought to accomplish some useful work."

"I am ready to do anything suitable."

"What do you call suitable?"

"Anything a gentleman can do, and which has a fair salary attached to it. I should very much like to know what my career is to be. I hate to fling myself away. My theory is, that a man ought to take pains to do one thing well, and win success in that line. It does not make so much difference what it is, but if he does one thing admirably—say he dresses well, or dances well, has a really correct taste in art, or knows how to make money in Wall Street—he is master of the situation; everybody respects him and makes way for him. And it has really been a grievance with me that I have not known what to turn my attention to. I like to meet the world on equal terms."

"Listen to me, Carey," said David Litchfield, "I have a definite suggestion to make."

Mary Anna Phinney Stansbury.

Born in Vernon, N. Y., 1842.

HOW HE SAVED ST. MICHAEL'S.

[*Contributed to The Aldine, N. Y., May,* 1873.]

SO you beg for a story, my darling—my brown-eyed Leopold—
And you, Alice, with face like morning, and curling locks of gold;
Then come, if you will, and listen—stand close beside my knee—
To a tale of the Southern city, proud Charleston by the sea.

It was long ago, my children, ere ever the signal gun
That blazed above Fort Sumter had wakened the North as one;
Long ere the wondrous pillar of battle-cloud and fire
Had marked where the unchained millions marched on to their hearts' desire.

On the roofs and the glittering turrets, that night, as the sun went down,
The mellow glow of the twilight shone like a jewelled crown,
And, bathed in the living glory, as the people lifted their eyes,
They saw the pride of the city, the spire of St. Michael's, rise

High over the lesser steeples, tipped with a golden ball,
That hung like a radiant planet caught in its earthward fall;
First glimpse of home to the sailor who made the harbor-round,
The last slow-fading vision dear to the outward-bound.

The gently gathering shadows shut out the waning light;
The children prayed at their bedsides, as you will pray to-night;
The noise of buyer and seller from the busy mart was gone,
And in dreams of a peaceful morrow the city slumbered on.

But another light than sunrise aroused the sleeping street,
For a cry was heard at midnight, and the rush of trampling feet;
Men stared in each other's faces through mingled fire and smoke,
While the frantic bells went clashing clamorous stroke on stroke!

By the glare of her blazing roof-tree the houseless mother fled,
With the babe she pressed to her bosom shrieking in nameless dread,
While the fire-king's wild battalions scaled wall and cap-stone high,
And planted their flaring banners against an inky sky.

From the death that raged behind them and the crash of ruin loud,
To the great square of the city, were driven the surging crowd,
Where yet firm in all the tumult, unscathed by the fiery flood,
With its heavenward-pointing finger the church of St. Michael's stood.

But e'en as they gazed upon it there rose a sudden wail,
A cry of horror blended with the roaring of the gale,
On whose scorching wings updriven a single flaming brand
Aloft on the towering steeple clung like a bloody hand.

"Will it fade?" The whisper trembled from a thousand whitening lips;
Far out on the lurid harbor they watched it from the ships—
A baleful gleam that brighter and ever brighter shone,
Like a flickering, trembling will-o'-wisp to a steady beacon grown.

"Uncounted gold shall be given to the man whose brave right hand,
For the love of the perilled city, plucks down yon burning brand!"
So cried the Mayor of Charleston, that all the people heard,
But they looked each one at his fellow, and no man spoke a word.

Who is it leans from the belfry, with face upturned to the sky?
Clings to a column and measures the dizzy spire with his eye?
Will he dare it, the hero undaunted, that terrible, sickening height?
Or will the hot blood of his courage freeze in his veins at the sight?

But see! he has stepped on the railing, he climbs with his feet and his hands,
And firm on a narrow projection with the belfry beneath him he stands!
Now once, and once only, they cheer him—a single, tempestuous breath—
And there falls on the multitude gazing a hush like the stillness of death.

Slow, steadily mounting, unheeding aught save the goal of the fire,
Still higher and higher, an atom, he moves on the face of the spire;
He stops! Will he fall? Lo! for answer, a gleam like a meteor's track,
And, hurled on the stones of the pavement, the red brand lies shattered and black!

Once more the shouts of the people have rent the quivering air,
At the church-door Mayor and Council wait with their feet on the stair,
And the eager throng behind them press for a touch of his hand—
The unknown savior whose daring could compass a deed so grand.

But why does a sudden tremor seize on them while they gaze?
And what means that stifled murmur of wonder and amaze?
He stood in the gate of the temple he had perilled his life to save,
And the face of the hero, my children, was the sable face of a slave!

With folded arms he was speaking, in tones that were clear, not loud,
And his eyes ablaze in their sockets burnt into the eyes of the crowd:
"You may keep your gold,—I scorn it!—but answer me, ye who can,
If the deed I have done before you be not the deed of a *man?*"

He stepped but a short space backward, and from all the women and men
There were only sobs for answer, and the Mayor called for a pen
And the great seal of the city, that he might read who ran;
And the slave who saved St. Michael's went out from the door, a man.

Henry Abbey.

Born in Rondout, N. Y., 1842.

MAY IN KINGSTON.

[*Poems. Enlarged Edition.* 1886.]

OUR old colonial town is new with May:
The loving trees that clasp across the streets
Grow greener-sleeved with bursting buds each day.
Still this year's May the last year's May repeats;
Even the old stone houses half renew
Their youth and beauty, as the old trees do.

High over all, like some divine desire
Above our lower thoughts of daily care,
The gray, religious, heaven-touching spire
Adds to the quiet of the springtime air;
And over roofs the birds create a sea,
That has no shore, of their May melody.

Down through the lowlands now of lightest green,
The undecided creek winds on its way.
There the lithe willow bends with graceful mien,
And sees its likeness in the depths all day;
While in the orchards, flushed with May's warm light,
The bride-like fruit-trees dwell, attired in white.

But yonder loom the mountains old and grand,
That off, along dim distance, reach afar,
And high and vast against the sunset stand
A dreamy range, long and irregular—
A caravan that never passes by,
Whose camel-backs are laden with the sky.

So, like a caravan, our outlived years
Loom on the introspective landscape seen
Within the heart; and now, when May appears,
And earth renews its vernal bloom and green,
We but renew our longing, and we say:
"Oh, would that life might ever be all May!

"Would that the bloom of youth that is so brief,
The bloom, the May, the fulness ripe and fair
Of cheek and limb, might fade not as the leaf;
Would that the heart might not grow old with care,
Nor love turn bitter, nor fond hope decay;
But soul and body lead a life of May!"

WINTER DAYS.

NOW comes the graybeard of the north;
The forests bare their rugged breasts
To every wind that wanders forth,
And, in their arms, the lonely nests
That housed the birdlings months ago
Are egged with flakes of drifted snow.

No more the robin pipes his lay
To greet the flushed advance of morn;
He sings in valleys far away;
His heart is with the south to-day;
He cannot shrill among the corn.
For all the hay and corn are down
And garnered; and the withered leaf,
Against the branches bare and brown,
Rattles; and all the days are brief.

An icy hand is on the land;
The cloudy sky is sad and gray;
But through the misty sorrow streams,
Outspreading wide, a golden ray.
And on the brook that cuts the plain
A diamond wonder is aglow,
Fairer than that which, long ago,
De Rohan staked a name to gain.

John Fiske.

Born in Hartford, Conn., 1842.

IMMORTALITY THE LOGICAL OUTCOME OF EVOLUTION.

[*The Destiny of Man, Viewed in the Light of his Origin.* 1884.]

THE virtues of forbearance and self-control are still in a very rudimentary state, and of mutual helpfulness there is far too little among men. Nevertheless in all these respects some improvement has been made, along with the diminution of warfare, and by the time warfare has not merely ceased from the earth, but has come to be the dimly remembered phantom of a remote past, the development of the sympathetic side of human nature will doubtless become prodigious. The manifestation of selfish and hateful feelings will be more and more sternly repressed by public opinion, and such feelings will become weakened by disuse, while the sympathetic feelings will increase in strength as the sphere for their exercise is enlarged. And thus at length we see what human progress means. It means throwing off the brute-inheritance—gradually throwing it off through ages of struggle that are by and by to make struggle needless. Man is slowly passing from a primitive social state, in which he was little better than a brute, toward an ultimate social state in which his character shall have become so transformed that nothing of the brute can be detected in it. The ape and the tiger in human nature will become extinct. Theology has had much to say about original sin. This original sin is neither more nor less than the brute-inheritance which every man carries with him, and the process of evolution is an advance toward true salvation. Fresh value is thus added to human life. The modern prophet, employing the methods of science, may again proclaim that the kingdom of heaven is at hand. Work ye, therefore, early and late, to prepare its coming.

John Fiske

Now, what is this message of the modern prophet but pure Christianity? —not the mass of theological doctrine ingeniously piled up by Justin Martyr and Tertullian and Clement and Athanasius and Augustine, but the real and essential Christianity which came, fraught with good tidings to men, from the very lips of Jesus and Paul! When did St. Paul's conception of the two men within him that warred against each other, the appetites of our brute nature and the God-given yearning for a higher life—when did this grand conception ever have so much significance as now? When have we ever before held such a clew to the meaning of Christ in the Sermon on the Mount? "Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth." In the cruel strife of centuries has it not often seemed as if the earth were to be rather the prize of the hardest heart and the strongest fist? To many men these words of Christ have been as foolishness and as a stumbling-block, and the ethics of the Sermon on the Mount have been openly derided as too good for this world. In that wonderful picture of modern life which is the greatest work of one of the great seers of our time, Victor Hugo gives a concrete illustration of the working of Christ's methods. In the saint-like career of Bishop Myriel, and in the transformation which his example works in the character of the hardened outlaw Jean Valjean, we have a most powerful commentary on the Sermon on the Mount. By some critics who could express their views freely about "Les Misérables" while hesitating to impugn directly the authority of the New Testament, Monseigneur Bienvenu was unsparingly ridiculed as a man of impossible goodness, and as a milksop and fool withal. But I think Victor Hugo understood the capabilities of human nature, and its real dignity, much better than these scoffers. In a low stage of civilization Monseigneur Bienvenu would have had small chance of reaching middle life. Christ himself, we remember, was crucified between two thieves. It is none the less true that when once the degree of civilization is such as to allow this highest type of character, distinguished by its meekness and kindness, to take root and thrive, its methods are incomparable in their potency. The Master knew full well that the time was not yet ripe—that he brought not peace, but a sword. But he preached nevertheless that gospel of great joy which is by and by to be realized by toiling Humanity, and he announced ethical principles fit for the time that is coming. The great originality of his teaching, and the feature that has chiefly given it power in the world, lay in the distinctness with which he conceived a state of society from which every vestige of strife, and the modes of behavior adapted to ages of strife, shall be utterly and forever swept away. Through misery that has seemed unendurable and turmoil that has seemed endless, men have thought on that gracious life and its sublime ideal, and have taken comfort in the sweetly solemn message of peace on earth and good will to men.

I believe that the promise with which I started has now been amply redeemed. I believe it has been fully shown that so far from degrading Humanity, or putting it on a level with the animal world in general, the doctrine of evolution shows us distinctly for the first time how the creation and the perfecting of Man is the goal toward which Nature's work has been tending from the first. We can now see clearly that our new knowledge enlarges tenfold the significance of human life, and makes it seem more than ever the chief object of Divine care, the consummate fruition of that creative energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe. . . .

It is not likely that we shall ever succeed in making the immortality of the soul a matter of scientific demonstration, for we lack the requisite data. It must ever remain an affair of religion rather than of science. In other words, it must remain one of that class of questions upon which I may not expect to convince my neighbor, while at the same time I may entertain a reasonable conviction of my own upon the subject. In the domain of cerebral physiology the question might be debated forever without a result. The only thing which cerebral physiology tells us, when studied with the aid of molecular physics, is against the materialist, so far as it goes. It tells us that, during the present life, although thought and feeling are always manifested in connection with a peculiar form of matter, yet by no possibility can thought and feeling be in any sense the products of matter. Nothing could be more grossly unscientific than the famous remark of Cabanis, that the brain secretes thought as the liver secretes bile. It is not even correct to say that thought goes on in the brain. What goes on in the brain is an amazingly complex series of molecular movements, with which thought and feeling are in some unknown way correlated, not as effects or as causes, but as concomitants. So much is clear, but cerebral physiology says nothing about another life. Indeed, why should it ? The last place in the world to which I should go for information about a state of things in which thought and feeling can exist in the absence of a cerebrum would be cerebral physiology !

The materialistic assumption that there is no such state of things, and that the life of the soul accordingly ends with the life of the body, is perhaps the most colossal instance of baseless assumption that is known to the history of philosophy. No evidence for it can be alleged beyond the familiar fact that during the present life we know Soul only in its association with Body, and therefore cannot discover disembodied soul without dying ourselves. This fact must always prevent us from obtaining direct evidence for the belief in the soul's survival. But a negative presumption is not created by the absence of proof in cases where, in the nature of things, proof is inaccessible. With his illegitimate hypothesis of annihilation, the materialist transgresses the bounds of experience quite as widely as the poet who sings of the New Jerusalem with its river of life and its streets of gold. Scientifically speaking, there is not a particle of evidence for either view.

But when we desist from the futile attempt to introduce scientific demonstration into a region which confessedly transcends human experience, and when we consider the question upon broad grounds of moral probability, I have no doubt that men will continue in the future, as in the past, to cherish the faith in a life beyond the grave. In past times the disbelief in the soul's immortality has always accompanied that kind of philosophy which, under whatever name, has regarded Humanity as merely a local incident in an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes. As a general rule, people who have come to take such a view of the position of Man in the universe have ceased to believe in a future life. On the other hand, he who regards Man as the consummate fruition of creative energy, and the chief object of Divine care, is almost irresistibly driven to the belief that the soul's career is not completed with the present life upon the earth. Difficulties on theory he will naturally expect to meet in many quarters; but these will not weaken his faith, especially when he remembers that upon the alternative view the difficulties are at least as great. We live in a world of mystery, at all events, and there is not a problem in the simplest and most exact departments of science which does not speedily lead us to a transcendental problem that we can neither solve nor elude. A broad common-sense argument has often to be called in, where keen-edged metaphysical analysis has confessed itself baffled.

Now, we have here seen that the doctrine of evolution does not allow us to take the atheistic view of the position of Man. It is true that modern astronomy shows us giant balls of vapor condensing into fiery suns, cooling down into planets fit for the support of life, and at last growing cold and rigid in death, like the moon. And there are indications of a time when systems of dead planets shall fall in upon their central ember that was once a sun, and the whole lifeless mass, thus regaining heat, shall expand into a nebulous cloud like that with which we started, that the work of condensation and evolution may begin over again. These titanic events must doubtless seem to our limited vision like an endless and aimless series of cosmical changes. They disclose no signs of purpose, or even of dramatic tendency; they seem like the weary work of Sisyphos. But on the face of our own planet, where alone we are able to survey the process of evolution in its higher and more complex details, we do find distinct indications of a dramatic tendency, though doubtless not of purpose in the limited human sense. The Darwinian theory, properly understood, replaces as much teleology as it destroys. From the first dawning of life we see all things working together toward one mighty goal, the evolution of the most exalted spiritual qualities which characterize Humanity. The body is cast aside and returns to the dust of which it was made. The earth, so marvellously wrought to man's uses, will also be cast aside. The day is to come, no doubt, when the heavens shall vanish as a scroll, and the elements be melted with fervent heat. So small is the value which Nature sets upon the perishable forms of matter! The question, then, is reduced to this: are Man's highest spiritual qualities, into the production of which all this creative energy has gone, to disappear with the rest? Has all this work been done for nothing? Is it all ephemeral, all a bubble that bursts, a vision that fades? Are we to regard the Creator's work as like that of a child, who builds houses out of blocks, just for the pleasure of knocking them down? For aught that science can tell us, it may be so, but I can see no good reason for believing any such thing. On such a view the riddle of the universe becomes a riddle without a meaning. Why, then, are we any more called upon to throw away our belief in the permanence of the spiritual element in Man than we are called upon to throw away our belief in the constancy of Nature? When questioned as to the ground of our irresistible belief that like causes must always be followed by like effects, Mr. Mill's answer was that it is the result of an induction coextensive with the whole of our experience; Mr. Spencer's answer was that it is a postulate which we make in every act of experience; but the authors of the "Unseen Universe," slightly varying the form of statement, called it a supreme act of faith—the expression of a trust in God, that He will not "put us to permanent intellectual confusion." Now, the more thoroughly we comprehend that process of evolution by which things have come to be what they are, the more we are likely to feel that to deny the everlasting persistence of the spiritual element in Man is to rob the whole process of its meaning. It goes far toward putting us to permanent intellectual confusion, and I do not see that any one has as yet alleged, or is ever likely to allege, a sufficient reason for our accepting so dire an alternative.

For my own part, therefore, I believe in the immortality of the soul, not in the sense in which I accept the demonstrable truths of science, but as a supreme act of faith in the reasonableness of God's work. Such a belief, relating to regions quite inaccessible to experience, cannot of course be clothed in terms of definite and tangible meaning. For the experience which alone can give us such terms we must await that solemn day which is to overtake us all. The belief can be most quickly defined by its negation, as the refusal to believe that this world is all. The materialist holds that when you have described the whole universe of phenomena of which we can become cognizant under the conditions of the present life, then the whole story is told. It seems to me, on the contrary, that the whole story is not thus told. I feel the omnipresence of mystery in such wise as to make it far easier for me to adopt the view of Euripides, that what we call death may be but the dawning of true knowledge and of true life. The greatest philosopher of modern times, the master and teacher of all who shall study the process of evolution for many a day to come, holds that the conscious soul is not the product of a collocation of material particles, but is in the deepest sense a divine effluence. According to Mr. Spencer, the divine energy which is manifested throughout the knowable universe is the same energy that wells up in us as consciousness. Speaking for myself, I can see no insuperable difficulty in the notion that at some period in the evolution of Humanity this divine spark may have acquired sufficient concentration and steadiness to survive the wreck of material forms and endure forever. Such a crowning wonder seems to me no more than the fit climax to a creative work that has been ineffably beautiful and marvellous in all its myriad stages.

Only on some such view can the reasonableness of the universe, which still remains far above our finite power of comprehension, maintain its ground. There are some minds inaccessible to the class of considerations here alleged, and perhaps there always will be. But on such grounds, if on no other, the faith in immortality is likely to be shared by all who look upon the genesis of the highest spiritual qualities in Man as the goal of Nature's creative work. This view has survived the Copernican revolution in science, and it has survived the Darwinian revolution. Nay, if the foregoing exposition be sound, it is Darwinism which has placed Humanity upon a higher pinnacle than ever. The future is lighted for us with the radiant colors of hope. Strife and sorrow shall disappear. Peace and love shall reign supreme. The dream of poets, the lesson of priest and prophet, the inspiration of the great musician, is confirmed in the light of modern knowledge; and as we gird ourselves up for the work of life, we may look forward to the time when in the truest sense the kingdoms of this world shall become the kingdom of Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever, king of kings and lord of lords.

Sidney Lanier.

BORN in Macon, Ga., 1842. DIED at Lynn, N. C., 1881.

THE MARSHES OF GLYNN.

[*Poems of Sidney Lanier. Edited by his Wife.* 1884.]

GLOOMS of the live-oaks, beautiful-braided and woven
 With intricate shades of the vines that myriad-cloven
 Clamber the forks of the multiform boughs,—
  Emerald twilights,—
  Virginal shy lights,
Wrought of the leaves to allure to the whisper of vows,
When lovers pace timidly down through the green colonnades
Of the dim sweet woods, of the dear dark woods,
 Of the heavenly woods and glades,
That run to the radiant marginal sand-beach within
 The wide sea-marshes of Glynn;—

Beautiful glooms, soft dusks in the noon-day fire,—
Wildwood privacies, closets of lone desire,
Chamber from chamber parted with wavering arras of leaves,—
Cells for the passionate pleasure of prayer to the soul that grieves,
Pure with a sense of the passing of saints through the wood,
Cool for the dutiful weighing of ill with good;—

O braided dusks of the oak and woven shades of the vine,
While the riotous noon-day sun of the June-day long did shine
Ye held me fast in your heart and I held you fast in mine;
But now when the noon is no more, and riot is rest,
And the sun is a-wait at the ponderous gate of the West,
And the slant yellow beam down the wood-aisle doth seem
Like a lane into heaven that leads from a dream,—
Ay, now, when my soul all day hath drunken the soul of the oak,
And my heart is at ease from men, and the wearisome sound of the stroke
 Of the scythe of time and the trowel of trade is low,
 And belief overmasters doubt, and I know that I know,
 And my spirit is grown to a lordly great compass within,
That the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn

Will work me no fear like the fear they have wrought me of yore
When length was fatigue, and when breadth was but bitterness sore,
And when terror and shrinking and dreary unnamable pain
Drew over me out of the merciless miles of the plain,—

Oh, now, unafraid, I am fain to face
  The vast sweet visage of space.
To the edge of the wood I am drawn, I am drawn,
Where the gray beach glimmering runs, as a belt of the dawn,
  For a mete and a mark
    To the forest-dark:—
                So:
Affable live-oak, leaning low,—
Thus—with your favor—soft, with a reverent hand,
(Not lightly touching your person, Lord of the land!)
Bending your beauty aside, with a step I stand,
On the firm-packed sand,
                Free
By a world of marsh that borders a world of sea.
  Sinuous southward and sinuous northward the shimmering band
  Of the sand-beach fastens the fringe of the marsh to the folds of the land.
Inward and outward to northward and southward the beach-lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away to a dim gray looping of light.
And what if behind me to westward the wall of the woods stands high?
The world lies east: how ample, the marsh and the sea and the sky!
A league and a league of marsh-grass, waist-high, broad in the blade,
Green, and all of a height, and unflecked with a light or a shade,
Stretch leisurely off, in a pleasant plain,
To the terminal blue of the main.

Oh, what is abroad in the marsh and the terminal sea?
  Somehow my soul seems suddenly free
From the weighing of fate and the sad discussion of sin,
By the length and the breadth and the sweep of the marshes of Glynn.

Ye marshes, how candid and simple and nothing-withholding and free
Ye publish yourselves to the sky and offer yourselves to the sea!
Tolerant plains, that suffer the sea and the rains and the sun,
Ye spread and span like the catholic man who hath mightily won
God out of knowledge and good out of infinite pain
And sight out of blindness and purity out of a stain.

As the marsh-hen secretly builds on the watery sod,
Behold I will build me a nest on the greatness of God:
I will fly in the greatness of God as the marsh-hen flies
In the freedom that fills all the space 'twixt the marsh and the skies:
By so many roots as the marsh-grass sends in the sod
I will heartily lay me a-hold on the greatness of God:
Oh, like to the greatness of God is the greatness within
The range of the marshes, the liberal marshes of Glynn.

And the sea lends large, as the marsh: lo, out of his plenty the sea
Pours fast: full soon the time of the flood-tide must be:
Look how the grace of the sea doth go
About and about through the intricate channels that flow
Here and there,
Everywhere,
Till his waters have flooded the uttermost creeks and the low-lying lanes,
And the marsh is meshed with a million veins,
That like as with rosy and silvery essences flow
In the rose-and-silver evening glow.
Farewell, my lord Sun!
The creeks overflow: a thousand rivulets run
'Twixt the roots of the sod; the blades of the marsh-grass stir;
Passeth a hurrying sound of wings that westward whir;
Passeth, and all is still; and the currents cease to run;
And the sea and the marsh are one.

How still the plains of the waters be!
The tide is in his ecstasy.
The tide is at his highest height:
And it is night.

And now from the Vast of the Lord will the waters of sleep
Roll in on the souls of men,
But who will reveal to our waking ken
The forms that swim and the shapes that creep
Under the waters of sleep?
And I would I could know what swimmeth below when the tide comes in
On the length and the breadth of the marvellous marshes of Glynn.

1878.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE.

OUT of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried *Abide, abide,*
The wilful waterweeds held me thrall,
The laving laurel turned my tide,
The ferns and the fondling grass said *Stay,*
The dewberry dipped for to work delay,
And the little reeds sighed *Abide, abide,*
Here in the hills of Habersham
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade, the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold,
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said, *Pass not, so cold, these manifold*
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall.

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook-stone
Did bar me of passage with friendly brawl,
And many a luminous jewel lone
—Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist,
Ruby, garnet and amethyst—
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh, not the hills of Habersham,
And oh, not the valleys of Hall
Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call—
Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,
The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

1877.

THE MOCKING BIRD.

SUPERB and sole, upon a plumèd spray
That o'er the general leafage boldly grew,
He summ'd the woods in song; or typic drew
The watch of hungry hawks, the lone dismay
Of languid doves when long their lovers stray,
And all birds' passion-plays that sprinkle dew
At morn in brake or bosky avenue.
Whate'er birds did or dreamed, this bird could say.
Then down he shot, bounced airily along
The sward, twitched in a grasshopper, made song
Midflight, perched, prinked, and to his art again.
Sweet Science, this large riddle read me plain:
How may the death of that dull insect be
The life of yon trim Shakspeare on the tree ?

THE REVENGE OF HAMISH.

IT was three slim does and a ten-tined buck in the bracken lay;
And all of a sudden the sinister smell of a man,
Awaft on a wind-shift, wavered and ran
Down the hill-side and sifted along through the bracken and passed that way.

Then Nan got a-tremble at nostril; she was the daintiest doe;
In the print of her velvet flank on the velvet fern
She reared, and rounded her ears in turn.
Then the buck leapt up, and his head as a king's to a crown did go

Full high in the breeze, and he stood as if Death had the form of a deer;
And the two slim does long lazily stretching arose,
For their day-dream slowlier came to a close,
Till they woke and were still, breath-bound with waiting and wonder and fear.

Then Alan the huntsman sprang over the hillock, the hounds shot by,
The does and the ten-tined buck made a marvellous bound, mm
The hounds swept after with never a sound,
But Alan loud winded his horn in sign that the quarry was nigh.

For at dawn of that day proud Maclean of Lochbuy to the hunt had waxed wild,
And he cursed at old Alan till Alan fared off with the hounds
For to drive him the deer to the lower glen-grounds:
"I will kill a red deer," quoth Maclean, "in the sight of the wife and the child."

So gayly he paced with the wife and the child to his chosen stand;
But he hurried tall Hamish the henchman ahead: "Go turn,"—
Cried Maclean—"if the deer seek to cross to the burn, mm
Do thou turn them to me: nor fail, lest thy back be red as thy hand."

Now hard-fortuned Hamish, half blown of his breath with the height of the hill,
Was white in the face when the ten-tined buck and the does
Drew leaping to burn-ward; huskily rose
His shouts, and his nether lip twitched, and his legs were o'er-weak for his will.

So the deer darted lightly by Hamish and bounded away to the burn.
But Maclean never bating his watch tarried waiting below.
Still Hamish hung heavy with fear for to go
All the space of an hour; then he went, and his face was greenish and stern,

And his eye sat back in the socket, and shrunken the eye-balls shone,
As withdrawn from a vision of deeds it were shame to see.
"Now, now, grim henchman, what is't with thee?"
Brake Maclean, and his wrath rose red as a beacon the wind hath upblown.

"Three does and a ten-tined buck made out," spoke Hamish, full mild,
"And I ran for to turn, but my breath it was blown, and they passed;
I was weak, for ye called ere I broke me my fast."
Cried Maclean: "Now a ten-tined buck in the sight of the wife and the child

I had killed if the gluttonous kern had not wrought me a snail's own wrong!"
Then he sounded, and down came kinsmen and clansmen all:
"Ten blows, for ten tine, on his back let fall,
And reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of thong!"

So Hamish made bare, and took him his strokes; at the last he smiled.
"Now I'll to the burn," quoth Maclean, "for it still may be,
If a slimmer-paunched henchman will hurry with me,
I shall kill me the ten-tined buck for a gift to the wife and the child!"

Then the clansmen departed, by this path and that; and over the hill
Sped Maclean with an outward wrath for an inward shame;
And that place of the lashing full quiet became;
And the wife and the child stood sad; and bloody-backed Hamish sat still.

But look! red Hamish has risen; quick about and about turns he.
"There is none betwixt me and the crag-top!" he screams under breath.
Then, livid as Lazarus lately from death,
He snatches the child from the mother, and clambers the crag toward the sea.

Now the mother drops breath; she is dumb, and her heart goes dead for a space,
Till the motherhood, mistress of death, shrieks, shrieks through the glen,
And that place of the lashing is live with men,
And Maclean, and the gillie that told him, dash up in a desperate race.

Not a breath's time for asking; an eye-glance reveals all the tale untold.
They follow mad Hamish afar up the crag toward the sea,
And the lady cries: "Clansmen, run for a fee!—
Yon castle and lands to the two first hands that shall hook him and hold

Fast Hamish back from the brink!"—and ever she flies up the steep,
And the clansmen pant, and they sweat, and they jostle and strain.
But, mother, 'tis vain; but, father, 'tis vain;
Stern Hamish stands bold on the brink, and dangles the child o'er the deep.

Now a faintness falls on the men that run, and they all stand still.
And the wife prays Hamish as if he were God, on her knees,
Crying: "Hamish! O Hamish! but please, but please
For to spare him!" and Hamish still dangles the child, with a wavering will.

On a sudden he turns; with a sea-hawk scream, and a gibe, and a song,
Cries: "So; I will spare ye the child if, in sight of ye all,
Ten blows on Maclean's bare back shall fall,
And ye reckon no stroke if the blood follow not at the bite of the thong!"

Then Maclean he set hardly his tooth to his lip that his tooth was red,
Breathed short for a space, said: "Nay, but it never shall be!
Let me hurl off the damnable hound in the sea!"
But the wife: "Can Hamish go fish us the child from the sea, if dead?

Say yea!—Let them lash *me*, Hamish?"—"Nay!"—"Husband, the lashing will heal;
But, oh, who will heal me the bonny sweet bairn in his grave?
Could ye cure me my heart with the death of a knave?
Quick! Love! I will bare thee—so—kneel!" Then Maclean 'gan slowly to kneel

With never a word, till presently downward he jerked to the earth.
Then the henchman—he that smote Hamish—would tremble and lag;
"Strike, hard!" quoth Hamish, full stern, from the crag;
Then he struck him, and "One!" sang Hamish, and danced with the child in his mirth.

And no man spake beside Hamish; he counted each stroke with a song.
When the last stroke fell, then he moved him a pace down the height,
And he held forth the child in the heartaching sight
Of the mother, and looked all pitiful grave, as repenting a wrong.

And there as the motherly arms stretched out with the thanksgiving prayer—
And there as the mother crept up with a fearful swift pace,
Till her finger nigh felt of the bairnie's face—
In a flash fierce Hamish turned round and lifted the child in the air,

And sprang with the child in his arms from the horrible height in the sea,
Shrill screeching, "Revenge!" in the wind-rush; and pallid Maclean,
Age-feeble with anger and impotent pain,
Crawled up on the crag, and lay flat, and locked hold of dead roots of a tree—

Sidney Lanier.

And gazed hungrily o'er, and the blood from his back drip-dripped in the brine,
And a sea-hawk flung down a skeleton fish as he flew,
And the mother stared white on the waste of blue,
And the wind drove a cloud to seaward, and the sun began to shine.

1878.

NIGHT AND DAY.

THE innocent, sweet Day is dead.
Dark Night hath slain her in her bed.
O, Moors are as fierce to kill as to wed!
—Put out the light, said he.

A sweeter light than ever rayed
From star of heaven or eye of maid
Has vanished in the unknown Shade.
—She's dead, she's dead, said he.

Now, in a wild, sad after-mood
The tawny Night sits still to brood
Upon the dawn-time when he wooed.
—I would she lived, said he.

Star-memories of happier times,
Of loving deeds and lovers' rhymes,
Throng forth in silvery pantomimes.
—Come back, O Day! said he.

1866.

Anna Elizabeth Dickinson.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1842.

THE DRAFT RIOT OF JULY, 1863.

[*What Answer?* 1868.]

ON the morning of Monday, the thirteenth of July, began this outbreak, unparalleled in atrocities by anything in American history, and equalled only by the horrors of the worst days of the French Revolution. Gangs of men and boys, composed of railroad employés, workers in machine-shops, and a vast crowd of those who lived by preying upon others, thieves, pimps, professional ruffians, the scum of the city, jail-birds, or those who were running with swift feet to enter the prison-doors, began to gather on the corners, and in streets and alleys where they lived; from thence issuing forth they visited the great establishments on the line of their advance, commanding their instant close and the companionship of the workmen—many of them peaceful and orderly men—on pain of the destruction of one and a murderous assault upon the other, did not their orders meet with instant compliance.

A body of these, five or six hundred strong, gathered about one of the enrolling-offices in the upper part of the city, where the draft was quietly proceeding, and opened the assault upon it by a shower of clubs, bricks, and paving-stones torn from the streets, following it up by a furious rush into the office. Lists, records, books, the drafting-wheel, every article of furniture or work in the room was rent in pieces and strewn about the floor or flung into the streets; while the law officers, the newspaper reporters—who are expected to be everywhere—and the few peaceable spectators, were compelled to make a hasty retreat through an opportune rear exit, accelerated by the curses and blows of the assailants.

A safe in the room, which contained some of the hated records, was fallen upon by the men, who strove to wrench open its impregnable lock with their naked hands, and, baffled, beat them on its iron doors and sides till they were stained with blood, in a mad frenzy of senseless hate and fury. And then, finding every portable article destroyed—their thirst for ruin growing by the little drink it had had—and believing, or rather hoping, that the officers had taken refuge in the upper rooms, set fire to the house, and stood watching the slow and steady lift of the flames, filling the air with demoniac shrieks and yells, while they waited for the prey to escape from some door or window, from the merciless fire to their merciless hands. One of these, who was on the other side of the street, courageously stepped forward, and, telling them that they had utterly demolished all they came to seek, informed them that helpless women and little children were in the house, and besought them to extinguish the flames and leave the ruined premises; to disperse, or at least to seek some other scene.

By his dress recognizing in him a government official, so far from hearing or heeding his humane appeal, they set upon him with sticks and clubs, and beat him till his eyes were blind with blood, and he, bruised and mangled, succeeded in escaping to the handful of police who stood helpless before this howling crew, now increased to thousands. With difficulty and pain the inoffensive tenants escaped from the rapidly spreading fire, which, having devoured the house originally lighted, swept across the neighboring buildings till the whole block stood a mass of burning flames. The firemen came up tardily and reluctantly, many of them of the same class as the miscreants who surrounded them and who cheered at their approach, but either made no attempt to perform their duty, or so feeble and farcical a one, as to bring disgrace upon a service they so generally honor and ennoble.

At last, when there was here nothing more to accomplish, the mob, swollen to a frightful size, including myriads of wretched, drunken women, and the half-grown vagabond boys of the pavements, rushed through the intervening streets, stopping cars and insulting peaceable citizens on their way, to an armory where were manufactured and stored carbines and guns for the government. In anticipation of the attack, this, earlier in the day, had been fortified by a police squad capable of coping with an ordinary crowd of ruffians, but as chaff before fire in the presence of these murderous thousands. Here, as before, the attack was begun by a rain of missiles gathered from the streets; less fatal, doubtless, than more civilized arms, but frightful in the ghastly wounds and injuries they inflicted. Of this no notice was taken by those who were stationed within. It was repeated. At last, finding they were treated with contemptuous silence, and that no sign of surrender was offered, the crowd swayed back, then forward, in a combined attempt to force the wide entrance-doors. Heavy hammers and sledges, which had been brought from forges and workshops, caught up hastily as they gathered the mechanics into their ranks, were used with frightful violence to beat them in, at last successfully. The foremost assailants began to climb the stairs, but were checked, and for the moment driven back by the fire of the officers, who at last had been commanded to resort to their revolvers. A half-score fell wounded; and one who had been acting in some sort as their leader—a big, brutal, Irish ruffian—dropped dead.

The pause was but for an instant. As the smoke cleared away there was a general and ferocious onslaught upon the armory; curses, oaths, revilings, hideous and obscene blasphemy, with terrible yells and cries, filled the air in every accent of the English tongue save that spoken by a native American. Such were there mingled with the sea of sound, but they were so few and weak as to be unnoticeable in the roar of voices. The paving-stones flew like hail, until the street was torn into gaps and ruts, and every window-pane and sash and door-way was smashed or broken. Meanwhile, divers attempts were made to fire the building, but failed through haste or ineffectual materials, or the vigilant watchfulness of the besieged. In the midst of this gallant defence, word was brought to the defenders from headquarters that nothing could be done for their support, and that, if they would save their lives, they must make a quick and orderly retreat. Fortunately, there was a side passage with which the mob was unacquainted, and one by one they succeeded in gaining this and vanishing. . . . .

The work was begun, continued, gathering in force and fury as the day wore on. Police-stations, enrolling-offices, rooms or buildings used in any way by government authority, or obnoxious as representing the dignity of law, were gutted, destroyed, then left to the mercy of the flames. Newspaper offices, whose issues had been a fire in the rear of the nation's armies by extenuating and defending treason, and through violent and incendiary appeals stirring up "lewd fellows of the baser sort" to this very carnival of ruin and blood, were cheered as the crowd went by. Those that had been faithful to loyalty and law were hooted, stoned, and even stormed by the army of miscreants who were only driven off by the gallant and determined charge of the police, and in one place by the equally gallant and certainly unique defence which came from turning the boiling water from the engines upon the howling wretches, who, unprepared for any such warm reception as this, beat a precipitate and general retreat. Before night fell it was no longer one vast crowd collected in a single section, but great numbers of gatherings, scattered over the whole length and breadth of the city, some of them engaged in actual work of demolition and ruin, others, with clubs and weapons in their hands, prowling round apparently with no definite atrocity to perpetrate, but ready for any iniquity that might offer, and, by way of pastime, chasing every stray police officer, or solitary soldier, or inoffensive negro, who crossed the line of their vision; these three objects—the badge of a defender of the law, the uniform of the Union army, the skin of a helpless and outraged race—acted upon these madmen as water acts upon a rabid dog.

Late in the afternoon a crowd which could have numbered not less than ten thousand, the majority of whom were ragged, frowsy, drunken women, gathered about the Orphan Asylum for Colored Children—a large and beautiful building, and one of the most admirable and noble charities of the city. When it became evident, from the menacing cries and groans of the multitude, that danger, if not destruction, was meditated to the harmless and inoffensive inmates, a flag of truce appeared, and an appeal was made in their behalf, by the principal, to every sentiment of humanity which these beings might possess,—a vain appeal! Whatever human feeling had ever, if ever, filled these souls was utterly drowned and washed away in the tide of rapine and blood in which they had been steeping themselves. The few officers who stood guard over the doors, and manfully faced these demoniac legions, were beaten down and flung to one side, helpless and stunned, whilst the vast crowd rushed in. All the articles upon which they could seize—beds, bedding, carpets, furniture, the very garments of the fleeing inmates, some of these torn from their persons as they sped by—were carried into the streets and hurried off by the women and children who stood ready to receive the goods which their husbands, sons, and fathers flung to their care. The little ones, many of them assailed and beaten; all, orphans and care-takers, exposed to every indignity and every danger, driven on to the street, the building was fired. This had been attempted whilst the helpless children, some of them scarce more than babies, were still in their rooms; but this devilish consummation was prevented by the heroism of one man. He, the Chief of the Fire Department, strove by voice and arm to stay the endeavor; and when, overcome by superior numbers, the brands had been lit and piled, with naked hands, and in the face of threatened death, he tore asunder the glowing embers and trod them under foot. Again the effort was made, and again failed through the determined and heroic opposition of this solitary soul. Then, on the front steps, in the midst of these drunken and infuriate thousands, he stood up and besought them, if they cared nothing for themselves nor for those hapless orphans, that they would not bring lasting disgrace upon the city by destroying one of its noblest charities, which had for its object nothing but good.

He was answered on all sides by yells and execrations, and frenzied shrieks of "Down with the nagurs!" coupled with every oath and every curse that malignant hate of the blacks could devise, and drunken Irish tongues could speak. It had been decreed that this building was to be razed to the ground. The house was fired in a thousand places, and in less than two hours the walls crashed in, a mass of smoking, blackened ruins, whilst the children wandered through the streets, a prey to beings who were wild beasts in everything save the superior ingenuity of man to agonize and torture his victims.

Frightful as the day had been, the night was yet more hideous, since to the horrors which were seen was added the greater horror of deeds which might be committed in the darkness; or, if they were seen, it was by the lurid glare of burning buildings, the red flames of which—flung upon the stained and brutal faces, the torn and tattered garments, of men and women who danced and howled around the scene of ruin they had caused—made the whole aspect of affairs seem more like a gathering of fiends rejoicing in

Pandemonium than aught with which creatures of flesh and blood had to do. . . . . .

The next morning's sun rose on a city which was ruled by a reign of terror. Had the police possessed the heads of Hydra and the arms of Briareus, and had these heads all seen, these arms all fought, they would have been powerless against the multitude of opposers. Outbreaks were made, crowds gathered, houses burned, streets barricaded, fights enacted, in a score of places at once. Where the officers appeared they were irretrievably beaten and overcome; their stand, were it ever so short, but inflaming the passions of the mob to fresh deeds of violence. Stores were closed; the business portion of the city deserted; the large works and factories emptied of men, who had been sent home by their employers or were swept into the ranks of the marauding bands. The city cars, omnibuses, hacks, were unable to run, and remained under shelter. Every telegraph wire was cut, the posts torn up, the operators driven from their offices. The mayor, seeing that civil power was helpless to stem this tide, desired to call the military to his aid and place the city under martial law, but was opposed by the Governor—a governor who, but a few days before, had pronounced the war a failure, and not only predicted but encouraged this mob-rule, which was now crushing everything beneath its heavy and ensanguined feet. This man, through almost two days of these awful scenes, remained at a quiet sea-side retreat but a few miles from the city. Coming to it on the afternoon of the second day, instead of ordering cannon planted in the streets, giving these creatures opportunity to retire to their homes, and, in the event of refusal, blowing them there by powder and ball, he first went to the point where was collected the chiefest mob, and proceeded to address them. Before him stood incendiaries, thieves, and murderers, who even then were sacking dwelling-houses and butchering powerless and inoffensive beings. These wretches he apostrophized as "My friends," repeating the title again and again in the course of his harangue, assuring them that he was there as a proof of his friendship, which he had demonstrated by "sending his adjutant-general to Washington, to have the draft stopped"; begging them to "wait for his return"; "to separate now as good citizens"; with the promise that they "might assemble again whenever they wished to so do"; meanwhile, he would "take care of their rights." This model speech was incessantly interrupted by tremendous cheering and frantic demonstrations of delight, one great fellow almost crushing the Governor in his enthusiastic embrace. . . . .

His allies in newspaper offices attempted to throw the blame upon the loyal press and portion of the community. This was but a repetition of the cry, raised by traitors in arms, that the government, struggling for life in their deadly hold, was responsible for the war: "If thou wouldst but consent to be murdered peaceably, there could be no strife." . . . . .

It was absurd and futile to characterize this new Reign of Terror as anything but an effort on the part of Northern rebels to help Southern ones, at the most critical moment of the war, with the State militia and available troops absent in a neighboring Commonwealth, and the loyal people unprepared. These editors and their coadjutors, men of brains and ability, were of that most poisonous growth—traitors to the Government and the flag of their country—renegade Americans. Let it, however, be written plainly and graven deeply that the tribes of savages—the hordes of ruffians—found ready to do their loathsome bidding were not of native growth nor American-born.

While it is true that there were some glib-tongued fellows who spoke the language without foreign accent, all of them of the lowest order of Democratic ward-politicians, or creatures skulking from the outstretched arm of avenging law; while the most degraded of the German population were represented; while it is also true that there were Irish, and Catholic Irish too, industrious, sober, intelligent people, who indignantly refused participation in these outrages, and mourned over the barbarities which were disgracing their national name; it is preëminently true—proven by thousands of witnesses, and testified to by numberless tongues—that the masses, the rank and file, the almost entire body of rioters, were the worst classes of Irish emigrants, infuriated by artful appeals, and maddened by the atrocious whiskey of thousands of grog-shops.

By far the most infamous part of these cruelties was that which wreaked every species of torture and lingering death upon the colored people of the city—men, women, and children, old and young, strong and feeble alike. Hundreds of these fell victims to the prejudice fostered by public opinion, incorporated in our statute-books, sanctioned by our laws, which here and thus found legitimate outgrowth and action. The horrors which blanched the face of Christendom were but the bloody harvest of fields sown by society, by cultured men and women, by speech, and book, and press, by professions and politics, nay, by the pulpit itself, and the men who there make God's truth a lie, garbling or denying the inspired declaration that "He has made of one blood all people to dwell upon the face of the earth"; and that He, the All-Just and Merciful One, "is no respecter of persons."

David Law Proudfit.

Born in Newburgh, N. Y., 1842.

THE WILLIS.

[*Mask and Domino.* 1883.]

THE Willis are out to-night,
In the ghostly pale moonlight,
With robes and faces white.

Swiftly they circle round,
And make not any sound,
Nor footprint on the ground.

The forest is asleep;
All things that fly or creep
A death-like silence keep.

A fear is over all;
From spectral trees and tall
The gathering night-dews fall.

Moveless are leaf and limb,
While through the forest dim
Slow glides a figure slim.

A figure slim and fair,
With loosened, streaming hair,
Watching the Willis there!

"These are the ghosts," she said,
"Of hapless ones unwed,
Who loved and now are dead."

Her hair was drenched with dew;
The moonlight shimmered through
And showed its raven hue.

"Each one of these," she cried,
"Or ever she was a bride,
For love's sake sinned and died."

"I come," she said, "I too;
Ye are by one too few,"
And joined the phantom crew.

Swiftly they circled round,
Nor was there any sound,
Nor footprint on the ground.

POOR LITTLE JOE.

PROP yer eyes wide open, Joey,
  Fur I've brought you sumpin' great.
Apples? No, enough sight better!
  Don't you take no int'rest? Wait!
Flowers, Joe—I know'd you'd like 'em—
  Ain't them scrumptious? Ain't them high?
Tears, my boy? Wot's them fur, Joey?
  There—poor little Joe!—don't cry!

I was skippin' past a winder
  Where a bang-up lady sot,
All amongst a lot of bushes—
  Each one climbin' from a pot;
Every bush had flowers on it–
  Pretty? Mebbe not! Oh, no!
Wish you could 'a seen 'em growin'.
  It was such a stunnin' show.

Well, I thought of you, poor feller,
  Lyin' here so sick and weak,
Never knowin' any comfort,
  And I puts on lots o' cheek.
"Missus," says I, "if you please, mum,
  Could I ax you for a rose?
For my little brother, missus,
  Never seed one, I suppose."

Then I told her all about you—
  How I bringed you up—poor Joe!
(Lackin' women folks to do it)
  Sich a imp you was, you know!
Till yer got that awful tumble,
  Jist as I had broke yer in
(Hard work, too) to earn your livin'
  Blackin' boots for honest tin.

How that tumble crippled of you,
  So's you couldn't hyper much—
Joe, it hurted when I seen you
  Fur the first time with yer crutch.
"But," I says, "he's laid up now, mum,
  'Pears to weaken every day;"
Joe, she up and went to cuttin'—
  That's the how of this bokay.

Say, it seems to me, ole feller,
  You is quite yourself to-night;
Kind o' chirk—it's been a fortnit
  Sence yer eyes has been so bright.
Better? Well, I'm glad to hear it!
  Yes, they're mighty pretty, Joe.
Smellin' of 'em's made you happy?
  Well, I thought it would, you know.

Never see the country, did you?
  Flowers growin' everywhere!
Some time when you're better, Joey,
  Mebbe I kin take you there.
Flowers in Heaven? 'M—I s'pose so;
  Dunno much about it, though;
Ain't as fly as wot I might be
  On them topics, little Joe.

But I've heerd it hinted somewheres
  That in Heaven's golden gates
Things is everlastin' cheerful—
  B'lieve that's what the Bible states.
Likewise, there, folks don't git hungry:
  So good people, w'en they dies,
Finds theirselves well fixed forever—
  Joe, my boy, wot ails yer eyes?
Thought they looked a little sing'ler.
  Oh, no! Don't you have no fear;
Heaven was made fur such as you is—
  Joe, wot makes you look so queer?
Here—wake up! Oh, don't look that way!
  Joe, my boy! Hold up yer head!
Here's yer flowers—you dropped 'em, Joey.
  Oh, my God, can Joe be dead?

Charles Follen Adams.

Born in Dorchester, Mass., 1842.

YAWCOB STRAUSS.

[*Leedle Yawcob Strauss, and Other Poems.* 1878.]

I HAF von funny leedle poy,
  Vot gomes schust to mine knee;
Der queerest schap, der createst rogue,
  As efer you dit see.
He runs, und schumps, und schmashes dings
  In all barts off der house:
But vot off dot? he vas mine son,
  Mine leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He get der measles und der mumbs,
  Und eferyding dot's oudt;
He sbills mine glass off lager bier,
  Poots schnuff indo mine kraut.
He fills mine pipe mit Limburg cheese,—
  Dot vas der roughest chouse:
I'd dake dot vrom no oder poy
  But leedle Yawcob Strauss.

He dakes der milk-ban for a dhrum,
  Und cuts mine cane in dwo,
To make der schticks to beat it mit,—
  Mine cracious, dot vas drue!
I dinks mine hed vas schplit abart,
  He kicks oup sooch a touse:
But nefer mind; der poys vas few
  Like dot young Yawcob Strauss.

He asks me questions sooch as dese:
  Who baints mine nose so red?
Who vas it cuts dot schmoodth blace oudt
  Vrom der hair ubon mine hed?
Und vhere der plaze goes vrom der lamp
  Vene'er der glim I douse.
How gan I all dose dings eggsblain
  To dot schmall Yawcob Strauss?

I somedimes dink I schall go vild
  Mit sooch a grazy poy,
Und vish vonce more I gould haf rest,
  Und beaceful dimes enshoy;
But ven he vas ashleep in ped,
  So guiet as a mouse,
I prays der Lord, "Dake anyding,
  But leaf dot Yawcob Strauss."

Americus Wellington Bellaw.

Born in Troy, Ohio, 1842.

COTTON-FIELD SONG.

WHEN de sun am wakin', darkey jumps roun',
Sun clammin' high, de darkey wilts down,
Foots git hebby in de cotton groun'
Hi oh, my oh, me.
Aft'noon sun trabble slow,
It's a mighty long time gittin' low,
But better times am comin', I know,
Nex' week when de moon shines, O.

De boss see fur when de cotton am small;
Rudder lay aroun' dan to wuk at all,
Shade mighty skase till de cotton am tall,
Hi oh, my oh, me.
O it's ebbery day alike, some way,
And it's ebbery day alike, I say,
But O Malindy, we'll be gay
Nex' week when de moon shines, O.

De rows am long when de heart's far away,
But ole Bob White he whissel an' he say,
"Soon de hoe an' de grubber aside you will lay,"
Hi oh, my oh, me.
Foots git lighter when dey go
Closer to de aind ob de row,
Soon you'll hear Uncle Rosin's ole bow,
Nex' week when de moon shines, O.

So it's wuk away till de night draps down,
Sweatin's hard wuk when de boss am roun',
Hoe gettin' hebby in de cotton groun',
Hi oh, my oh, me.
But I hear Rosin callin' far away,
"Hurry up, ye darkeys, I say,
For de time am a comin' to be gay,
Nex' week when de moon shines, O."

Charles Bertrand Lewis.

BORN in Liverpool, Ohio, 1842.

FROM THE PROCEEDINGS OF THE LIME-KILN CLUB.

[*Brother Gardner's Lime-Kiln Club. . . . By M. Quad and Brother Gardner.* 1883-88.]

NOT A CONGRESHUNAL BODY.

"IT may be well to menshun a leetle sarcumstance right heah an' now," said Brother Gardner, as the next meeting opened: "I want it distinctly understood dat de rules of Congress doan' govern de purcedins of dis club only to a sartin figger. Fur instance, if Calculation King and Romance Floyd should make use of dis floo' to call each odder liars an' blackguards, an' to make a display of muscle, an apology nex' day would have no effect on dis club. Kase why? Kase de two members wouldn't be heah to apologize! Dat's de remark I war gwine to set fo'th, an' we will now go on wid de reg'lar bizness."

COMMUNICATIONS.

A letter from David Field, of Lynn, Mass., made inquiries of the club as to whether the rainfall in Michigan during the past twelve months was above or below the average.

The Rev. Penstock, who has been very quiet and humble-minded since his jump from the back window, got upon his feet and replied: "I s'pose dat queshun 'peals to me personally, kase I s'pose I'm de only member of dis club who watches sech things. It am my opinyun dat de rainfall for de last y'ar am far below the averidge."

"Brudder Penstock," said the President, "you am a valuable member of dis club, an' de club would be mighty lonesome to lose you, but still what you doan' know about de rainfall would lay de foundashun fur a heap o' dry weather. My old woman keeps a bar'l under de spout to ketch rain-water, an' I is confident dat de quantity of rain-water in dat bar'l fur de last y'ar has been moah dan for eny y'ar in ten y'ars. De secretary will reply accordingly."

THE HONEST MAN.

"If I should find a perfeckly honest man—honest in his expressions, honest in his dealings, sincere in his statements—I shouldn't like him!" said Brother Gardner, as the meeting was called to order. "He would be a lonesome object in dis aige. He would seek in vain fur companionship. While I believe dat honesty am de bes' policy, I doan' look to see it practised beyond a certain limit. When I trade mules wid a man, I kinder like to doubt his word. I want to feel dat he am keeping still 'bout de ring-bones an' spavins, an' dat de beast he says am jist turnin' fo'teen y'ars, will nebber see his twenty-first birthday no moar. It am monotonous to deal wid a man who am perfeckly honest. If I lend a man money I want him to be honest 'nuff to return it, but if he kin trade me a watch worth three dollars for a gun worth seben, I shall think none the less of him.

"If men were so sincere dat we felt obleeged to believe whateber dey asserted, we should hab no use fur theories an' argyments. When I gib my note I expect to pay it. When I ax a man how he would like to trade his wheelbarrow fur my dog, I'm not gwine to inform him dat Cæsar am all bark an' no bite, an' he am not gwine to tell me dat he borrowed dat wheelbarrow in de night, an forgot to return it. If a grocer leaves me in charge of his sto' Ize gwine to sot fur half an hour beside a box of herrings an' keep my hands in my pockets all de time. Yet, if dat same man sells me a pound of tea he expects me to try an' pass off on him a half-dollar wid a hole in it.

"Continer, my frens, to believe dat honesty am de bes' policy, but doan' expect too much of so-called honest men. You kin trust men wid your wallet who would borrow a pitchfork an' nebber return it. You kin lend your hoss to a man who would cheat you blind in tradin' obercoats. You kin send home a pa'r o' dead ducks at noon-day by a man who would steal your live chickens at midnight.

"When I lend my naybur Mocha coffee I like to wonder if he won't pay it back in Rio. When de ole woman buys kaliker on a guarantee she rather hopes it will fade in de washin'.

"I solemnly believe dat de world am honest 'nuff, jist as it am. When you gin your word stick to it if it busts de bank. When you do a job of work do it well; when you make a debt pay it. Any man who am mo' honest dan dat will want you to cut a penny in two to make out his shilling; he will ring you up at midnight to return your mouse-trap; he will take one shingle from your bunch an' offer you de one-hundredth part of what de bunch cost; he will borrow your boot-jack an' insist dat you borrow his wash-board to offset it. We will now proceed to bizness."

PLEASE ARREST HIM.

The secretary announced a letter from the Hon. Occupation Buckworthy, of Portsmouth, Va., stating that a colored man calling himself Judge John Waterman, and claiming to be an active local member of the Lime-Kiln Club, was in that city disposing of photographs supposed to represent Brother Gardner. He sold the photographs at twenty cents each, and claimed that the funds were to be sent to Liberia, to establish a mouth-organ factory. The photographs represented a colored person with a broken nose, a squint eye, front teeth gone, and ears large enough to throw a shadow over a wall eighteen feet high. Was it all right, or was the man an impostor?

Brother Gardner was jumping two feet high before the secretary had finished, and it took him only four minutes to write and send out a telegram asking the Portsmouth man to arrest the impostor if it cost two hundred dollars.

In this connection it may be well to state:

1. The Lime-Kiln Club employs no travelling agent.
2. It offers no chromos.

3. None of its members are allowed to attach their names to medical inventions.

4. It favors no scheme to build observatories in Liberia, or orphan asylums in the Sandwich Islands.

5. It publishes no dime novels, sends out no hair dyes and has no Presidential candidate for 1884.

UNPLEDGED AND UNCERTAIN.

The secretary announced a letter from the State Department of New Jersey, inquiring if Brother Gardner favored the annexation of Canada to the United States, and the old man carefully felt of his left ear and replied :

"Dat's a subjeck which has troubled me a great deal, an' up to de present time I am onsartin and unpledged. De same toof-brush which am sold for twenty cents on dis side kin be bought fur fifteen ober dar. If we annex Canada we kin hab cheap toof-brushes. On de odder han', de same rat-trap dat we sell fur twenty-five cents on dis side can't be had ober dar fur less dan thirty. If Canada annexes us she am suah of cheap rat-traps. Dar it am, you see, an' whether we should annex Canada or Canada annex us am a queshun which I cannot decide to my own satisfaxun."

KILLED IN THE BUD.

Trustee Pullback offered the following resolution :

"*Resolved*, Dat usurpashun am de death blow of liberty."

"Brudder Pullback," said the President, as he looked at the member over the top of his spectacles, "do you know what usurpashun means ?"

"I—I—'spect I does, sah."

"What is it ?"

Brother Pullback hesitated, scratched his ear, rubbed his elbow, and was evidently fast-aground on a sand bar.

"You had better take dat resolushun an' place it softly on top de stove," resumed the President. "Dar am too much chin-music in dis kentry 'bout usurpashun, monopoly, centralizashun, loss o' liberty, an' so on. If anybody wants to usurp let him go ahead. As fur loss o' liberty, we has got such dead loads of it dat we kin afford to lose a sheer. Sot down, Brudder Pullback—sot down, an' remember dat shootin' off big words doan' pay fur meat an' 'taters."

A STATESMAN'S DESCENT.

"In case Brudder Cinnamon Carter am in de Hall to-night, I should like to have him step dis way," said the President, as Pickles Smith got through blowing his nose and Elder Toots secured an easy rest for his back.

The member inquired for rose up at the back end of the Hall and came forward with a look of surprise cantering across his countenance.

"Brudder Carter, when did you jine dis Club?" asked the President.

"'Bout six months ago, sah."

"What was your object in becomin' a member?"

"I wanted to improve my mind."

"Do you fink it has helped your mind any?"

"I do, sah."

"Well, I doan'! In de fust place, you has borrowed money from ebery member who would lend you eben a nickel. In de nex' place, I can't learn dat you has put in one honest day's work since you became one of us. You war' sayin' to Samuel Shin las' night dat de world owed you a livin'."

"Yes, sah."

"I want to undeceive you. De world owes no man only what he airns. You may reason dat you am not to blame for bein' heah. Werry good; de world kin reason dat you am to blame for stayin' in it when it costs nuffin' to jump inter de ribber. Brudder Carter, what has you done for de world dat it owes you a livin'?"

"I—Ize—Ize——"

"Just so!" observed the President. "You has walked up an' down, an' wore cloze, an' consumed food an' drink, an' made one mo' in de crowd aroun' a new buildin'. An' for dis you claim de world owes you a livin'? You has made no diskiveries, brought out no inventions, written no song an' held no offis. Not five hundred people in de world know of you by name. You can't name one single man who am under obligashuns to you. You eat what odders produce. You w'ar out de cloze odder people make. An' yit you have the impudence to sot down on a bar'l of dried apples, cross yer legs an' fold yer hands, an' say dat the world owes yer a livin', an' by de great horn spoons mus' gin it to you! Brudder Carter, look at yerself a few minits!"

"Yes, sah—ahem—yes—Ize sorry, sah," stammered the member.

"What fur? Sorry kase you've bin found out? Sorry kase you've entered dis Hall for de las' time? Brudder Carter, we doan' want sich men as you in dis Club. De world doan' owe us a cent. On de contrary, we owe de world mo' dan we kin eber pay. De man who argys dat he am entitled to any mo' dan what his brains or muscle kin airn him am a robber at heart. We shall cross your name from de rolls, show you de way down stairs, an' permit you to go your own road frew life. If you kin make de world clothe, feed an' shelter you fur de privilege of seein' you hold down a dry-goods box in front of a sto' which doan' advertise, dat will be your good luck."

Brother Carter thought the matter over and decided that the world owed him a place in Paradise Hall, but he was mistaken again. The Committee on Internal Revenue stepped forward at a nod from Brother Gardner, and the expelled member only struck the stairs twice in going from top to bottom.

ELDER TOOTS AT THE FRONT.

During the last two or three meetings Elder Toots had managed to keep awake most of the time by keeping a bit of ice on his head and permitting the melting stream to trickle down the back of his neck, but on this occasion he had slept sweetly for twenty minutes, when he suddenly rose and offered the following resolution:

> "*Resolved,* Dat dis Club do hereby express its sympathy fur de cause of liberty in Cuba."

During the deep silence which followed the reading of the above, Prof. High-Strung Smith was plainly heard chewing slippery elm, and a sudden sneeze from Gen. Overworked Johnson rattled along the ceiling and brought down hundreds of small pieces of plaster.

"Brudder Toots, what do you know 'bout Cuba?" asked the President.

"Nuffin, sah."

"What do you know 'bout de cause of liberty?"

"Nuffin."

"Who axed you to present dat resolushun?"

"Judge Gallipolee Thompson, sah."

"Brudder Toots, you go out an' soak de back of yer neck in cold tea! You has bin made a fool of! You are a purty middlin' aiverage ole nigger, but de mo' you sleep while present at our meeting de mo' benefit you will derive from de purceedins. As fur you, Brudder Thompson, you am hereby fined nine hundred dollars an' costs fur disruptin' de reg'lar purceedins. I may add at dis time dat de costs am about fo' hundred dollars."

The Judge fell to the floor in a dead faint, but was immediately drawn out of the Hall by the left leg, and business went right on.

Frederick Henry Pilch.

Born in Newark, N. J., 1842. Died at Bloomfield, N. J., 1889.

DE 'SPERIENCE OB DE REB'REND QUAWKO STRONG.

[*Homespun Verses.* 1882.]

SWING dat gate wide, 'Postle Peter,
Ring de big bell, beat de gong,
Saints an' martyrs den will meet dair
Brudder, Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Sound dat bugle, Angel Gabriel!
Tell de elders, loud an' long,
"Cl'ar out dem high seats of Hebben,
Here comes Reb'rend Quawko Strong."

Turn de guard out, Gineral Michael,
Arms present de line along;
Let de band play "Conkerin' Hero,"
For de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Den let Moses bring de crown an'
Palms an' weddin' gown along,
Wid percession to de landin';
Here's de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Tune your harpstrings tight, King David,
Sing your good Ole Hunderd song,
Let de seraphs dance wid cymbals
'Roun' de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Joseph, march down wid yer bredderen,
Tribes an' banners musterin' strong—
Speech ob welcome from ole Abram;
Answer, Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Angels, hear me yell Hosanner!
  Hear my dulcem sperritool song;
Halleluyer! I'm a-comin'!
  I'm de Reb'rend Quawko Strong!

Make dat white robe rudder spacious,
  An' de waist-belt 'stronery long,
'Cause 'twill take some room in glory
  For de Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

What! No one to de landin'?
  'Pears like suffin'-nudder's wrong;
Guess I'll gib dat sleepy Peter
  Fits—from Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

How am dis? De gates all fastened;
  Out ob all de shinin' frong
Not a mulatter cherub eben
  Greets the Reb'rend Quawko Strong!

What a narrer little gateway!
  My! dat gate am hard to move.
"Who am dat?" says 'Postle Peter
  From de parapet above.

Uncle Peter, don't you know me—
  Me, a shinin' light so long?
Why, de berry niggers call me
  Good ole Reb'rend Quawko Strong.

Dunno me, de shoutin' preacher?
  Reg'lar hull-hog Wesleyan, too;
Whar in de woods you been a-loafin'?
  Some ole rooster's boddered you,

I reckon. Wy! I convarted
  Hunderds o' darkies in a frong!
Dunno me, nor yit my Masser!
  Deny Deacon Quawko Strong!

Hark to dat ar cur'us roarin'
  Far away, but a-rollin' nigher;
See de drefful dragon flyin',
  Head like night, an' mouf ob fire!

'Tis de berry King of Debbils,
  An' he'm rushin' right along.
O, dear Peter, please to open
  To Classleader Quawko Strong.

Ole Nick's comin'. I can feel it
  Gettin' warmer all about.
O, my good, kind Kurnal Peter,
  Let me in, I'm all too stout

To go 'long wid Major Satan
  Into dat warm climate, 'mong
Fire an' brimstone. Hear me knockin',
  Ole Churchmember Quawko Strong.

Dat loud noise am a-comin nearer—
  Drefful smell, like powder smoke;
Nudder screech! Good Hebben help me!
  Lor' forgib dis pore ole moke.

Allers wuz so berry holy,
  Singin' an' prayin' extry long;
Now de Debbil's gwine to cotch me,
  Pore ole nigger, Quawko Strong.

Hi! dat gate swing back a little,
  Mighty squeezin' to git froo!
Ole Apollyon howlin' louder,
  Eberyting aroun' am blue.

Bang de gate goes! an' Belzebub,
  Bunch ob wool upon his prong,
Goes 'long home widout de soul ob
  Mis'abul sinner, name ob Strong.

Edwin Lassetter Bynner.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1842.

ALL SAINTS' DAY AT LISBON.

[*Agnes Surriage.* 1886.]

THERE was an awful pause of thirty seconds,—to the appalled city it might have been thirty years. Then the solid earth rose beneath their feet,—rose and fell like the waves of the sea. Dizziness seized the brain.

The sky whirled about like a teetotum. The universe seemed turned topsy-turvy, and the bonds of universal matter unloosed.

With ashen face and glaring eyes Frankland saw in his delirium the tall spire of the Cathedral rock to its base and fall in a mass of ruins upon the serried thousands within its doors. Everywhere towers, spires, and turrets sank crumbling to the ground, and the air was filled with an infernal roar of falling walls.

A sudden cry of "Kaya! Kaya!" arose in the street. It awoke Frankland to life and energy. Seizing the reins from the paralyzed driver, he turned the horse to the river, where the great quay, clear of surrounding buildings, offered a haven of safety. Hundreds besides themselves had heard the cry and were hurrying thither. It was already crowded when they came in sight. They might yet be in time—there was still space for more—a few yards only intervened—they were rushing on at frantic speed, when—they were stopped by a fearful sight.

Before their eyes the massive pier, loaded with its myriad shrieking, praying victims, turned slowly over and sank to unfathomable depths below the quicksands.

Prone and dumb before the dread cataclysm, the hapless human creatures, like half-drowned flies, crawled in the dust awaiting their fate. Mother Earth had turned to a devouring fiend. There seemed but one refuge left; they turned with faint hope to the sea. Even as they looked, that hope changed to despair within them. The deep current of the Tagus was sucked up in a moment, leaving the broad bed of the river dry. Great ships were swept out to sea; others, whirling round and round like spinning-tops, dived out of sight in the swirl of waters. Another moment, and a despairing cry arose from the crowd:

"The sea! the sea!"

The great Atlantic seemed indeed to have risen. Far off a mighty wall of water was seen moving slowly inland.

The last vestige of hope and courage died in Frankland's heart. He sat limp and nerveless, watching the oncoming flood quite unconscious, as it seemed, of the wretched creature who still clung to him, the foam of madness upon her painted lip, babbling of God and mercy.

The horse alone, with the instinct of preservation not yet extinct in him, whirled about with a wild snort and dashed back into the thick of the town.

Amid the ruins of fallen buildings, over the dead and dying, through the blinding dust which blotted out the sun and made darkness of noonday, he plunged on, unguided in his frantic course.

Suddenly the earth became still. As if with intelligent and devilish malice she yielded for a moment to the normal sway of gravitation. It was but for the briefest space. Before the poor people could shake off their dizziness, could look around and study chances of escape,—before they could do anything but hug to their heart a false, deluding hope, she broke loose again from the control of law and brought back chaos and anarchy.

The horse stopped. A great heap of ruins barred his way. There was a movement in the air. Frankland looked up. A dark mass tottered above them.

"Almighty God have mercy!"

The cry was wrung from him. He saw that the end had come. Lady Betty, in the last, futile, aimless struggle against her impending doom, caught his arm in her mouth and sank her teeth through into the living flesh. The next moment, with a roar of thunder, the mass descended and overwhelmed them in its ruins.

Startled by the first shock of the earthquake, Agnes rushed forth into the street. The house sank into a shapeless ruin behind her. A creature and an animal, she obeyed an animal instinct and cowered before the awful convulsion. Stock-still she stood, and gazed upon the wide desolation: saw the day change, in a moment, to night; saw death overtake every living thing about her, yet, held fast as in the horrid paralysis of nightmare, dumbly awaited her turn.

Well is it for humanity that such a strain cannot last—that hope will skirmish in the very face of danger, and custom stale even extremest terror. With returning self-possession the first impulse was still animal and purely selfish—the impulse of escape.

This was not for long; directly another impulse came—came as visibly as lightning athwart a thunder-cloud. Straightway she was transfigured. The new thought possessed her wholly, driving out every vestige of fear and any meaner motive.

Everything is equally miraculous to the deep-going student. To the vulgar there are miracles and miracles, with the difference that some do not stir the blood. Here is one that should—this spectacle of a commonplace mortal sweeping in a trice from the lowest note to the highest in the gamut of being. No old-fashioned stock heroine of history ever struck more surely or rang forth more clearly her alt limit of range.

Now, for all their influence upon her, the accumulated horrors were as so many stage effects in the cosmic melodrama. They were as they were not. She was beyond their reach—unconscious. To whomsoever can realize it, such sublimity in an earthworm may well confirm a wavering faith in immortality.

Insensible henceforth to every danger—the falling walls, the rush of the frantic crowd, the wild tramp of runaway horses—she made her slow way to the Cathedral. The once stately pile lay before her a monstrous and unsightly heap of rubbish. She stood staring in bewilderment, doubting the evidence of her own senses, when a sudden cry arose from the crowd:

"Fogo! Fogo!"

Too true it proved. The last fell element had been let loose upon the doomed city. For once the fires, kindled upon the altars, were glutted with sacrifice, as with hungry flaming tongues they revelled amid the ruins, and drank the blood of the shrieking victims beneath. Agnes turned shuddering from the sickening holocaust, and, clinging to a forlorn hope, set out to find Lady Betty's lodgings.

The darkness, the destruction of all landmarks, the wild confusion of the streets, brought her to a standstill. Realizing presently the impossibility of making her way through streets where at best she was but little acquainted, she stopped and looked helplessly about. At this moment there was a movement in the crowd. As by a common impulse, they all began rushing in one direction. The whispered word "Kaya"—whispered with a selfish but futile attempt at concealment—came to her ears. She tried to escape, but was borne along in the press.

Directly came the second shock of earthquake,—came, not in short, quick tremblings, as before, but with a long sideway roll, like a ground-swell at sea. With one accord the crowd flung themselves upon the ground and poured forth frenzied prayers to the Virgin.

"Misericordia! Misericordia!" The air resounded with the hoarse and impotent cry.

Reeling with vertigo, Agnes saw somewhere before her dizzied senses the vision of a flying chaise, a falling building. She stretched out her hands and made a drunken movement to go toward it, but was pulled down by the maddened crowd.

"See the heretic! she will not pray!"

"'Tis the heretics are the cause of it."

"The city is overrun with them, and God is cursing us!"

"Misericordia! Misericordia!"

"Down with her!"

"To your knees, she-devil!"

"Let her not escape!"

"Misericordia! Misericordia!"

"She shall pray!"

"Make her kiss the cross!"

"Misericordia! Misericordia!"

Foreseeing a movement of violence, Agnes made a vain effort to escape. She was caught and dragged back.

"Kneel! kneel, foul witch!"

"Thrust her down!"

"Kneel, unbelieving devil!"

"'Tis you are the cause of it!"

"Toss her in the fire!"

"Nay; give her the cross to kiss!—if she refuse, then the flames!"

Frantic with eagerness to pursue her search, and thinking only of escape, Agnes fervently kissed the cross, muttered an incoherent prayer, and was at length suffered to go.

Again the earth became still. With recovered equilibrium she started forth. That buried chaise! where had she seen it,—to the north, south, east, or west? Under which of all these heaps of ruins did it lie? But why search? Among the hundreds of buried vehicles, why waste time—precious time, whose loss might be fatal—upon that special chaise?

In this doubt and anxiety she groped her way distractedly amid the darkness and choking dust from ruin to ruin. In vain; in the universal waste there was no guide, no trace. Despairing, she called aloud the name of Frankland. Up and down among the masses of rubbish she went, repeating the cry, her clear strong voice resounding above the nearer tumult.

Stopping, with strained ears, to listen, she heard a feeble moaning near at hand. What then! There was moaning and groaning on every side. She bent over the nearest pile of rubbish, and waited with bated heart and breath. Again it came, plainly from beneath. To this side and that with frantic haste she flung the heavy bricks and stones. The perspiration fell from her face like rain; the dust blinded and choked her; the nails and splinters tore her arms till they streamed with blood. Unheeding all she plied her task. She dug as a hunted animal digs for life. The moans became more distinct. Presently she made an opening.

"Frankland! Frankland!"

"Agnes!"

"'Tis you—God be praised! Courage! courage! Keep up your heart; I will save you!"

"Air! air!"

"Yes—yes—one minute! You shall have it!"

Again she flew upon the rubbish as upon a mortal enemy, flinging out mortar, splinters, nails, and broken glass with infuriated zeal.

"Now—there! Can you breathe? Harry! darling! do you hear me?"

"Yes—ye-es!"

"Courage—wait then!—a few minutes—I will save you!"

Working at her task with might and main, pausing now and then to speak a comforting word to the prisoner, she came at length upon the heavy timbers of the roof interlaced and wedged together in such a ponderous mass above him that all her efforts to move them were in vain.

"Harry—these timbers—I cannot move them. I must go for help!"

"No, no; do not leave me!"

"Only for a minute!"

"Do not—do not go! I cannot live; it is of no use. My time is come!"

"You shall—you must live! I will save you!—Wait! wait! and be patient!"

"Stay! stay, Agnes! Agnes, darling, do not go—you'll never come back. The earth will swallow you—will swallow us both. The sea is rolling in! The Judgment-Day has come—speak, darling!"

"I am here!"

"Say—say while I can hear you—say before it is too late"—

"What shall I say?"

"That you forgive me"—

"Yes, yes!"

"All my wrong,—my cruel wrong against you!"

"I do; I do—all, everything— But oh—oh, darling!—'tis not for a sinful creature like me to forgive. Pray to God! pray to Him while I am gone!"

"Agnes!—Agnes!"—

The piteous cry rang in her ears as she darted away.

Flinging herself in the thick of the throng, she cried aloud for help. She might as well have called upon the winds. Men and women,—they were a herd of animals under the sway of one craven instinct. By such as were calm enough to listen, her absurd request was laughed to scorn.

"For pity—for mercy's sake, if ye be men! See! 'tis here; 'tis but a moment, to lift a beam—he will die! Help! help!"

A foreign woman, babbling idiocy, she was thrust aside and trampled upon by the fighting, struggling crowd.

"Gold! gold! I have money; I will make you rich! A thousand moidores—ten thousand—ten thousand gold moidores to him will aid me!"

Throwing herself again into the press, she darted from man to man as their faces held out promise of success. But greed, for the moment, was stifled. A fiercer and overmastering passion held sway. Her magnificent offers were spurned by the beggars of the streets.

Finding her efforts vain, back she rushed for one more trial of her unaided strength. Useless, as before; she could not budge the heavy beams an inch. Again she flew away for help.

Some sailors were passing in a crowd; she plucked one of them by the sleeve:

"Help! help! Ten thousand moidores—broad gold moidores—for a moment's help!"

The man flung her off with a brutal oath; she staggered, and fell against his companion. The latter put out his arm to catch her.

"Job!"

"Ag!"

"God ha' sent ye. Quick, quick, mon! Lend a hond!"

"Wher-r?"

"Her-r's one buried. An he be not dead, oi ha' hopes to save him!"

He turned and followed her several paces, then stopped; a dark look of suspicion and hatred settled down upon his face. She saw his thought in a flash. It was no time for equivocation. She told the truth at a fatal risk.

"Ay, ay,—'tis he; oi'll not deceive ye. He ha' wr-ronged ye, 'n' oi ha' wr-ronged ye, 'n' ha' paid a heavy pr-rice for 't, too. Oh, Job, Job! 'Tis no toime to harbor-r gr-rudges i' this awfu' moment!"

She held him clutched by the arm and gazed breathlessly into his face.

"Job! Job, mon! we stond wher' th' earth may open 'n' swallow us the next minute. Job, oi say, speak! Say ye forgi' me! say ye forgi' him!"

"'Tis God's business!" he muttered, with an awed and humbled look.

"Haste, haste, then! This way, mon! Ye wor a giant i' th' old days; an yer strength ha' not failed, we'll save him yet!"

Powerful as Job was, the task before him strained every nerve in his stalwart frame. The heavy timbers were still half mortised together. He worked with a fierce will and determination, aided and urged on by the impatient woman at his side. Lifting a massive beam, he at length made an opening through which Agnes reached down and clutched the suffering man.

About to drag him forth, she was stayed by a ghastly sight. Lady Betty's lifeless figure, crushed almost beyond recognition, lay in the way. Nerving herself to the task, Agnes gently moved aside the body of the hapless woman, and at last, with the strength of hope and love, dragged forth the bruised and wounded man to the outer air. His wig gone, his face bruised, his rich dress covered with lime and dust, there was nothing but his voice to identify him. Half leading, half carrying him between them, Agnes and Job followed in the wake of the crowd, intent like them upon quitting the ruined city by the nearest way.

An hour's hard tramp brought them to the open country. They were amazed to find it still day. The sun was blazing in mid-heaven. Ages seemed to have passed since that sun had risen. The pure air, the green trees and herbage, the singing birds, made their recent experience seem like an escape from Pandemonium. Placing Frankland upon the soft grass, Agnes tenderly brushed the dust from his face, and gazing a moment to assure herself that he was indeed living, burst into a hysterical fit of weeping.

May Riley Smith.

Born in Brighton, Monroe Co., N. Y., 1842.

SOMETIME.

[*A Gift of Gentians, and Other Verses.* 1882.]

SOMETIME, when all life's lessons have been learned,
  And sun and stars forevermore have set,
The things which our weak judgments here have spurned,
  The things o'er which we grieved with lashes wet,
Will flash before us, out of life's dark night,
  As stars shine most in deeper tints of blue;
And we shall see how all God's plans are right,
  And how what seemed reproof was love most true.

And we shall see how, while we frown and sigh,
  God's plan goes on as best for you and me;
How, when we called, He heeded not our cry,
  Because his wisdom to the end could see.
And even as wise parents disallow
  Too much of sweet to craving babyhood,
So God, perhaps, is keeping from us now
  Life's sweetest things, because it seemeth good.

And if, sometimes, commingled with life's wine,
  We find the wormwood, and rebel and shrink,
Be sure a wiser hand than yours or mine
  Pours out this potion for our lips to drink.
And if some friend we love is lying low,
  Where human kisses cannot reach his face,
O, do not blame the loving Father so,
  But wear your sorrow with obedient grace!

And you shall shortly know that lengthened breath
  Is not the sweetest gift God sends his friend.
And that, sometimes, the sable pall of death
  Conceals the fairest boon his love can send.
If we could push ajar the gates of life,
  And stand within and all God's workings see,
We could interpret all this doubt and strife,
  And for each mystery could find a key!

But not to-day. Then be content, poor heart!
  God's plans like lilies pure and white unfold.
We must not tear the close-shut leaves apart,
  Time will reveal the calyxes of gold.
And if, through patient toil, we reach the land
  Where tired feet, with sandals loose, may rest,
When we shall clearly see and understand,
  I think that we will say "God knew the best!"

William Henry McElroy.

Born in Albany, N. Y.

AN OLD WAR-HORSE TO A YOUNG POLITICIAN.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1880.]

MY DEAR NEPHEW: I was seventy years old yesterday, and although I feel as young as I ever did, I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that in spite of my feelings I really am an old man. So, since I must soon pass off the stage on which—if I say it who shouldn't—I have long been a prominent figure, it is only natural that I should desire, in the absence of a son of my own, that my mantle should fall to a son of one of my blood. I believe you have good stuff in you. Your valedictory when you graduated, last summer, although containing too little that was practical to suit my taste, would have done credit to the average Cong— I was going to write Congressman; but I can justly go further than that. It would have done credit to the Washington journalists, who sometimes compose—that is to say, revise—speeches for some of us Congressmen. This, however, like the rest of my communication, is strictly between ourselves.

When I left you on Commencement Day I urged you to lose no time in getting into politics, promising that I would help you push your fortunes as occasion offered. Since then I have received a letter from you, in which you write that you have read Story on the Constitution, Benton's Thirty Years in the United States Senate, Greeley's American Conflict, two or three works on Political Economy, and De Tocqueville on America. I suppose there can be no objection to such reading. Likely enough it has its value. But what I particularly desire, my dear nephew, is that you should become a practical politician—a thoroughly practical politician. I never remember reading any of the works you have mentioned, or any like them, unless, indeed, you call Barnum's How to Make Money a treatise on finance. And yet, cast your eyes over the salient points of my career. I have been alderman, supervisor, mayor, State representative, State senator, and Congressman. For many years I have been chairman of our State and county committees. I can hardly remember the time when I didn't carry the vote of my own ward in my vest pocket and of my own city in my trousers pocket, and I've got them there yet. For going on half a century I have had things pretty much my own way in caucuses and primaries, and the like. What has been the secret of my unusual success? I will try—in strict confidence, as you will understand—to give you some plain, blunt, non-partisan hints for your guidance in politics which may serve to answer the question.

I. Never allow yourself to lose sight of the fact that politics, and not poker, is our great American game. If this could be beaten into the heads of some presumably well-meaning but glaringly unpractical people, we should hear less idiotic talk about reform in connection with politics. Nobody ever dreams of organizing a reform movement in poker. How droll it would sound to read that "Hon. John Oakhurst, Hon. William Nye, and Hon. Ah Sin, in connection with other well-known citizens of California, are engaged in endeavoring to reform poker from the inside!" And yet political reform clubs, designed to reform politics from the inside or the outside, are springing up on all sides. Of course, it is just as well not to attempt to argue the masses out of their deeply rooted notion that politics is what Noah Webster defines it to be, "that part of *ethics* which has to do with the regulation and government of a nation or state." Ethics is very good in connection with politics. But then Webster, it must be remembered, was simply a learned lexicographer, and not a practical politician. No, no. Don't try to reason with the masses in this matter. The public has no head for such things. It will not understand.

II. Mr. Lincoln, a very estimable and justly popular, but in some respects an impracticable man, formulated another widely diffused error in regard to politics. He held that ours is a government of the people, by the people, for the people. I maintain, on the contrary, that it is a government of politicians, by politicians, for politicians. If your political career is to be a success, you must understand and respect this distinction with a difference.

III. Not a few capable but unpractical people, when they fall to discussing our governmental system, argue that the existence of parties is necessary to the welfare of our country. But long experience has taught me that the more sensible way for a practical politician to look at it is that the existence of the country is necessary to the welfare of parties. Thank Heaven, my dear nephew, that we have a country!

IV. You have received your commission as postmaster of your village. A post-office is a capital political opening for a young man who has sense enough to discover how to make the right use of it. You will of course leave all matters touching the postal service to your deputy. Never forget that your pivotal duty as postmaster will be to nurse the party in your section. As a practical man, you must see, if you reflect a moment, that postmaster and local partymaster must be convertible terms with you if you expect to be approved by the great party leaders, and to become a great leader yourself, some day. To be sure, if you find leisure, there can be nothing indelicate in your appearing at the post-office now and then and doing a few strokes of purely postal work. But take care that such service does not encroach upon the hours when you ought to be fostering the party boom. In your selection of clerks you will be guided primarily by a determination to have only such men around you as will register your will every time at caucuses and conventions. Should it turn out in any instance that you have been deceived in your man, be nice about the phrase with which you discharge him. I submit a formula which has been repeatedly tried, and generally found to work well. We will suppose the clerk who won't answer is named John Doe. You will call him into your private office and address him substantially as follows: "Mr. Doe, I am compelled with all reluctance, at the call of duty, to dissever our relations, and must request you to file your resignation forthwith. During your connection with this office as letter-carrier you have displayed an ability and a fidelity, a grace of manner and a strength of character, that have endeared you to all your associates and done not a little to elevate the tone of the entire American postal service. If I have brought myself to part with you, it is solely to the end that there may be greater homogeneousness of view, so to speak, in the office." One of your predecessors used this formula with great satisfaction to himself, and apparently to those whom he decapitated. He always found, he told me, that the first part of it put the clerk to whom it was addressed in capital humor, while the "homogeneousness" dazed him to that extent that he walked out of the office minus his head, not appreciating what had been the matter, but having a nebulous impression that he had been killed by kindness.

V. I sincerely hope it is not necessary that I should counsel you always to vote the regular ticket, the whole regular ticket, and nothing but the regular ticket. Hold fast, I beseech of you, to the doctrine of the infallibility of your party in convention assembled. Delegates, like kings, "can do no wrong." The voters who scratch ballots or bolt nominations are to be regarded as the bane of politics, just as certain other reformers have been the bane of religion. They all belong in the same category, and all are equally deserving of the execration of every practical man, as exponents of the pestiferous doctrine of the right of private judgment. And just here a word in reply to the familiar question, Would you vote for the Devil if he received the party's regular nomination? I have no hesitation in affirming that I certainly would. Let's look at it. If the day ever comes when the Devil is nominated, the other side will be pretty sure to run Gabriel against him. Of the two, my choice would be the Devil. To be sure, it would not be an ideal nomination,—but then, neither is ours an ideal world. I am aware that the Devil has split hoofs, pronounced horns, and a bifurcated tail. But do we choose candidates for their good looks? As to his moral character, I frankly admit it is not all I could desire; but after criticism has exhausted itself, the fact remains, conceded by both parties, that he is not as black as he is painted. On the other hand, he has many qualities that ought to commend him to practical men. He is self-made, he is thoroughly in earnest in all he undertakes, he is an untiring worker, he is one of the shrewdest of wire-pullers, he possesses vast and versatile accomplishments, he is unsurpassed in ability to find and manipulate the springs that move men, he has a positive genius for making friends. Gifted, popular, magnetic, at home in all circles, from the highest to the lowest, he would be certain to make a splendid run. As for Gabriel, I have only to say that, while his intellectual and moral endowments are undoubtedly of the highest order, there is great reason to fear that he would not succeed in the realm of practical politics. If elected to office, it is more than likely that he would prove more of a botheration than a boon to his party. He would be living up to the promises made during the canvass; he would resolutely decline to let well enough alone. Let me not be misunderstood. I yield to no one in my regard for Gabriel. But, as a practical man, I would feel called upon to vote against him, and do all I could for his opponent. In my own ward, where my influence is most potent and my political theories most approved of, I feel convinced that the Devil would have a very large majority. This hypothetical case is of course an extreme one, and is never likely to occur. I have dealt with it simply for the sake of showing you that the position of those who insist upon the invariable support of regular nominations is sound in the last analysis.

VI. How are scratchers and bolters to be dealt with? It is an exceedingly difficult question. I myself am at a loss to determine whether it is better to be extremely tender or awfully rough with them. Each policy is good at times, and in making a choice you must be guided by circumstances. In a sterner age than ours, an age that had less stomach for nonsense, gentlemen who were convicted of the crime of private judgment were burned at the stake. It is not permitted us in these latter, laxer days to make it as warm for scratchers and bolters as it was once made for John Huss; still we can show that we possess the sturdy practical views of those who flung Huss to the fagots, by pelting the scratchers and bolters with jeers, sneers, and innuendoes, by crediting them with the meanest of motives, and insisting that they are either traitorous, inconsequential knaves, or silly inconsequential fools. As for those upon whom such treatment is lost (and I confess that I suspect it fails with the majority of scratchers and bolters), try what is known to practical politicians as the postponement treatment. By the skilful use of this treatment I kept Vandyke Podgers from scratching or bolting for thirty-six consecutive years, and then just before the state election he died, and there was an end of that embarrassment. When I began to reason with him there was a presidential canvass on. "Podgers," said I, "as you love your country, do not scratch this year. Consider the far-reaching and vital importance of the issues involved." Podgers concluded to postpone. The following year I accomplished my purpose by reminding him that "this is the first and therefore the most critical year of an administration which upon the whole you indorse, Podgers, and which it is incumbent upon you to make some sacrifices heartily to sustain." He concluded to postpone.

The next year my argument took the shape of, "My dear Podgers, let me beg of you to vote a straight ticket this year. Do you realize what year it is, Podgers? Of course you do. I need not remind a gentleman of your exceptional intelligence that this election is but the prelude to the presidential election of next year, with its issues of far-reaching and vital importance." Podgers concluded to postpone. The next year was the presidential year, when I repeated the argument first mentioned. The others in turn again did service, and so on for thirty-six years. And that's the way I kept persuading Podgers to postpone. He never was, but always to be, a scratcher or a bolter. At the elections at which no national or state ticket was run, and only minor local offices were to be filled, I pointed out to Podgers the necessity of keeping the party organization intact; and when all other arguments failed I insisted that of two evils he should always choose the least and that, admitting that our ticket was evil, it was the least of the two. Even this brief and inadequate account of its application will make sufficiently clear to you, I think, the true inwardness of the postponement treatment. Just one word more about it. Those who employ it with the most gratifying results allow the impression to be produced in the patient's mind at the outset that, although they have never happened to find an election at which scratching or bolting could be indulged in without perfectly harrowing injury to public interests of colossal moment, yet, nevertheless, they heartily and unreservedly approve of scratching and bolting in the abstract. Such an attitude on my part toward poor Podgers won his confidence at our first political conference on this subject, and produced in him a mood hospitable to all my subsequent arguments and admonitions.

This communication has already exceeded reasonable limits, and yet I have only touched upon a few points. But perhaps I have written enough to start you right, to make you understand the nature of our great American game, and to put you in possession of the clew to the secret of playing it successfully. Be it yours to consult the expedient, leaving it to the purists of the party to consult the highly proper. Beware of those who take sentimental views of unsentimental matters. A man who would "rather be right than be president" by all means ought to decline a presidential nomination, and run for a position in a theological seminary, a Sunday-school, or Vassar College; while he who holds that "one with God is a majority" antagonizes the system of reckoning which has come down to us from the fathers, and which has the approval of every practical inspector of American elections. Be practical in your politics, be practical, evermore be practical.

With fervent hopes and high anticipations of your future, I subscribe myself your affectionate uncle,

—— ——.

To —— ——, Esq.

Charles Goodrich Whiting.

BORN in St. Albans, Vt., 1842.

THE EAGLE'S FALL.

[*The Saunterer.* 1886.]

THE eagle, did ye see him fall?
Aflight beyond mid-air
Erewhile his mighty pinions bore him,
His eyry left, the sun before him;
And not a bird could dare
To match with that tremendous motion,
Through fire and flood, 'twixt sky and ocean,—
But did ye see the eagle fall?

And so ye saw the eagle fall!
Struck in his flight of pride
He hung in air one lightning moment,
As wondering what the deadly blow meant,
And what his blood's ebb-tide.
Whirling off sailed a loosened feather;
Then headlong, pride and flight together,—
'Twas thus ye saw the eagle fall!

Thus did ye see the eagle fall!
But on the sedgy plain,
Where closed the monarch's eye in dying,
Marked ye the screaming and the vying
Wherewith the feathered train,
Sparrow and jackdaw, hawk and vulture,
Gathered exulting to insult your
Great eagle in his fall?

SEA-SHORE.

AND still it does not always satisfy. In those weary heats wherein the grasshopper and everything else becomes a burden, this mountain wind, with all its careering freedom and bounteous perfume of field and forest, is but a makeshift. The true elixir in midsummer faintness is the salt tonic of ocean, the essence of the world-embracing seas. Some cannot feel its full power unless free of the land, dandled by the waves and uncertain as to their horizons; but perhaps they get little on a voyage that is more valuable than what they might have on shore—besides sea-sickness. It is a matter of temperament, however, and to some it is delight to battle with the clashing elements, to "revel in their stormy faculties," to sport with ocean and

"on her breast to be
Borne like a bubble onward."

The sea needs longer knowing than the hills, which to one who has the password of Nature offer at once their unstaled intimacy. The sea gives nothing to the stranger at the first, unless he find it in one of its grand moods, and it is not in such moods that friendship is formed. Summers and winters for a life are not too much to gain and satisfy that deep charm which the waves enfold. It is a mightier spell than that of the hills, for among them there abides no challenging personality, but the encompassing spirit of Nature; while the sea is itself personal, and the spirit that rides upon its waters is the spirit of God.

The sea at calm of receding tide, beneath a burning sky and a still air, presents a curious aspect of sleeping power,—but only to one who has looked upon that power's manifestation. To see it thus at first is not to cry, with Xenophon's Greeks, "Thalatta! Thalatta!" but to echo the disappointed exclamation of Gebir,—

"Is this the mighty ocean? Is this all?"

Yet after knowing the ways of the waves, the sea is never more impressive than in this feline beauty of quiet, when the ripples make their purring murmur on the beach, and the sun lines the horizon with a band of blinding white.

A better first meeting is as the surf rolls in strong at flood-tide, either on sand or shingle, or against the cliffs of some stern coast. Except when on shipboard in mid-ocean, the ship itself an inconsequent speck on a limitless expanse, man can hardly feel more insignificant than in facing a surf, urged by tide and beaten by winds up the beach. Each wave that curls and crests itself seems dashing down upon his head; and it is hard to realize the illusion, and that the rolling water will in a few moments fling its highest foam beneath his feet. Often the illusion extends farther, so that the whole ocean from the sky-line seems majestic rapids, irresistibly pouring to the land.

The rocks reveal new phases. High on some cliff one looks upon broken masses of its constituent rock hurled in shapeless confusion around its base, and curiously observes where at some future instant the part on which one sits shall yield to the endless onset and join these age-old fragments. At each side the pounding waves have worn long galleries through softer strata, or beneath have carved "the coastwise mountain into caves." They dash and sprinkle spray far up the crag, then drop and wash around its base, among the stones they have for ages been rounding and polishing, and retreat and gather for new assaults. With untiring interest and question one watches these blows,—so ponderous, so gracefully foam-fringed,—so notably alike, so continually varied,—so individual and irregular, so harmonious and rhythmic. These aspects of the sea, in which the white sails gleam on its wide fields, and it seems the welcoming or subject friend of man, are but its superficial character. Into its darker depths we who seek midsummer rest will not now pry; it may chance a word shall utter thence unsought. For it is on the shore that the ocean wreaks its power in expression; there, not on its bosom, that its voice is clearly heard; thence that its magic sends, and thither that it draws them "that go down unto the great deep." . . . .

The sea-shore is full of wonder, yet full of rest. Nowhere can man be more potently awake, nowhere more happily asleep. The lull of the waves on the beach is better than any other croon of babyhood or echo of life. And when the storm rises, and the rush of the waters up the sands or their dash upon the rocks is heard, and the foamy spray tops the crag and booms and dashes far a-land, the whole sense wakes, and the pulse quickens to delight in elemental strife. The god of the storms knows well how the life of his creatures stirs under the assault of his minions of wind and rain and lightning. In the dawn that follows a night of storm, when everything smiles as if no force of Nature had been wrenched to its limit, what a surprise the day is! Has there ever before been a dawn like this?

FOR RONALD IN HIS GRAVE.

OH are the heavens clear, ye say?
Oh is the air still sweet?
Oh is there joy yet in the day,
And life yet in the street?

I thought the sky in tears would break,
I thought the winds would rave,
I thought that every heart would ache
For Ronald in his grave.

Oh Nature has a cruel heart
To smile when mine's so sore!
Oh deeper stings the cruel smart
Than e'en it did before!

How can the merry earth go dance,
And all the banners wave,
The children shout, the horses prance,—
And Ronald in his grave?

Henry James, Jr.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1843.

BEAUTIFUL ENGLAND.

[*A Passionate Pilgrim, and Other Tales.* 1875.]

BETWEEN the fair boundaries of the counties of Hereford and Worcester rise in a long undulation the sloping pastures of the Malvern Hills. Consulting a big red book on the castles and manors of England, we found Lockley Park to be seated near the base of this grassy range, though in which county I forget. In the pages of this genial volume, Lockley Park and its appurtenances made a very handsome figure. We took up our abode at a certain little way-side inn, at which in the days of leisure the coach must have stopped for lunch, and burnished pewters of rustic ale been tenderly exalted to "outsides" athirst with breezy progression. Here we stopped, for sheer admiration of its steep thatched roof, its latticed windows, and its homely porch. We allowed a couple of days to elapse in vague undirected strolls and sweet sentimental observance of the land, before we prepared to execute the especial purpose of our journey. This admirable region is a compendium of the general physiognomy of England. The noble friendliness of the scenery, its subtle old-friendliness, the magical familiarity of multitudinous details, appealed to us at every step and at every glance. Deep in our souls a natural affection answered. The whole land, in the full, warm rains of the last of April, had burst into sudden perfect spring. The dark walls of the hedge-rows had turned into blooming screens; the sodden verdure of lawn and meadow was streaked with a ranker freshness. We went forth without loss of time for a long walk on the hills. Reaching their summits, you find half England unrolled at your feet. A dozen broad counties, within the vast range of your vision, commingle their green exhalations. Closely beneath us lay the dark, rich flats of hedgy Worcestershire and the copse-checkered slopes of rolling Hereford, white with the blossom of apples. At widely opposite points of the large expanse two great cathedral towers rise sharply, taking the light, from the settled shadow of the circling towns,—the light, the ineffable English light! "Out of England," cried Searle, "it's but a garish world!"

The whole vast sweep of our surrounding prospect lay answering in a myriad fleeting shades the cloudy process of the tremendous sky. The English heaven is a fit antithesis to the complex English earth. We possess in America the infinite beauty of the blue; England possesses the splendor of combined and animated clouds. Over against us, from our station on the hills, we saw them piled and dissolved, compacted and shifted, blotting the azure with sullen rain-spots, stretching, breeze-fretted, into dappled fields of gray, bursting into a storm of light or melting into a drizzle of silver. We made our way along the rounded summits of these well-grazed heights,—mild, breezy inland downs,—and descended through long-drawn slopes of fields, green to cottage doors, to where a rural village beckoned us from its seat among the meadows. Close beside it, I admit, the railway shoots fiercely from its tunnel in the hills; and yet there broods upon this charming hamlet an old-time quietude and privacy, which seems to make it a violation of confidence to tell its name so far away. We struck through a narrow lane, a green lane, dim with its height of hedges; it led us to a superb old farm-house, now jostled by the multiplied lanes and roads which have curtailed its ancient appanage. It stands in stubborn picturesqueness, at the receipt of sad-eyed contemplation and the sufferance of "sketches." I doubt whether out of Nuremberg—or Pompeii!—you may find so forcible an image of the domiciliary genius of the past. It is cruelly complete; its bended beams and joists, beneath the burden of its gables, seem to ache and groan with memories and regrets. The short, low windows, where lead and glass combine in equal proportions to hint to the wondering stranger of the mediæval gloom within, still prefer their darksome office to the grace of modern day. Such an old house fills an American with an indefinable feeling of respect. So propped and patched and tinkered with clumsy tenderness, clustered so richly about its central English sturdiness, its oaken vertebrations, so humanized with ages of use and touches of beneficent affection, it seemed to offer to our grateful eyes a small, rude synthesis of the great English social order. Passing out upon the high-road, we came to the common browsing-patch, the "village green" of the tales of our youth. Nothing was wanting; the shaggy, mouse-colored donkey, nosing the turf with his mild and huge proboscis, the geese, the old woman,—*the* old woman, in person, with her red cloak and her black bonnet, frilled about the face and double-frilled beside her decent, placid cheeks,—the towering ploughman with his white smock-frock, puckered on chest and back, his short corduroys, his mighty calves, his big, red, rural face. We greeted these things as children greet the loved pictures in a story-book, lost and mourned and found again. It was marvellous how well we knew them. Beside the road we saw a plough-boy straddle, whistling, on a stile. Gainsborough might have painted him. Beyond the stile, across the level velvet of a meadow, a footpath lay, like a thread of darker woof. We followed it from field to field and from stile to stile. It was the way to church. At the church we finally arrived, lost in its rook-haunted churchyard, hidden from the work-day world by the broad stillness of pastures,—a gray, gray tower, a huge black yew, a cluster of village graves, with crooked headstones, in grassy, low relief. The whole scene was deeply ecclesiastical. My companion was overcome.

"You must bury me here," he cried. "It's the first church I have seen in my life. How it makes a Sunday where it stands!"

The next day we saw a church of statelier proportions. We walked over to Worcester, through such a mist of local color, that I felt like one of Smollett's pedestrian heroes, faring tavernward for a night of adventures. As we neared the provincial city we saw the steepled mass of the cathedral, long and high, rise far into the cloud-freckled blue. And as we came nearer still, we stopped on the bridge and viewed the solid minster reflected in the yellow Severn. And going farther yet we entered the town,—where surely Miss Austen's heroines, in chariots and curricles, must often have come a shopping for swan's-down boas and high lace mittens;—we lounged about the gentle close and gazed insatiably at that most soul-soothing sight, the waning, wasting afternoon light, the visible ether which feels the voices of the chimes, far aloft on the broad perpendicular field of the cathedral tower; saw it linger and nestle and abide, as it loves to do on all bold architectural spaces, converting them graciously into registers and witnesses of nature; tasted, too, as deeply of the peculiar stillness of this clerical precinct; saw a rosy English lad come forth and lock the door of the old foundation school, which marries its hoary basement to the soaring Gothic of the church, and carry his big responsible key into one of the quiet canonical houses; and then stood musing together on the effect on one's mind of having in one's boyhood haunted such cathedral shades as a King's scholar, and yet kept ruddy with much cricket in misty meadows by the Severn. On the third morning we betook ourselves to Lockley Park, having learned that the greater part of it was open to visitors, and that, indeed, on application, the house was occasionally shown.

Within its broad enclosure many a declining spur of the great hills melted into parklike slopes and dells. A long avenue wound and circled from the outermost gate through an untrimmed woodland, whence you glanced at further slopes and glades and copses and bosky recesses,—at everything except the limits of the place. It was as free and wild and untended as the villa of an Italian prince; and I have never seen the stern English fact of property put on such an air of innocence. The weather had just become perfect; it was one of the dozen exquisite days of the English year—days stamped with a refinement of purity unknown in more liberal climes. It was as if the mellow brightness, as tender as that of the primroses which starred the dark waysides like petals wind-scattered over beds of moss, had been meted out to us by the cubic foot—tempered, refined, recorded!

TWO MODERN TYPES.

[*The American.* 1877.]

AS the two men sat with their heels on Newman's glowing hearth, they heard the small hours of the morning striking larger from a far-off belfry. Valentin de Bellegarde was, by his own confession, at all times a great chatterer, and on this occasion he was evidently in a particularly loquacious mood. It was a tradition of his race that people of its blood always conferred a favor by their smiles, and as his enthusiasms were as rare as his civility was constant, he had a double reason for not suspecting that his friendship could ever be importunate. Moreover, the flower of an ancient stem as he was, tradition (since I have used the word) had in his temperament nothing of disagreeable rigidity. It was muffled in sociability and urbanity, as an old dowager in her laces and strings of pearls. Valentin was what is called in France a *gentilhomme*, of the purest source, and his rule of life, so far as it was definite, was to play the part of a gentilhomme. This, it seemed to him, was enough to occupy comfortably a young man of ordinary good parts. But all that he was he was by instinct and not by theory, and the amiability of his character was so great that certain of the aristocratic virtues, which in some aspects seem rather brittle and trenchant, acquired in his application of them an extreme geniality. In his younger years he had been suspected of low tastes, and his mother had greatly feared he would make a slip in the mud of the highway and bespatter the family shield. He had been treated, therefore, to more than his share of schooling and drilling, but his instructors had not succeeded in mounting him upon stilts. They could not spoil his safe spontaneity, and he remained the least cautious and the most lucky of young nobles. He had been tied with so short a rope in his youth that he had now a mortal grudge against family discipline. He had been known to say, within the limits of the family, that, light-headed as he was, the honor of the name was safer in his hands than in those of some of its other members, and that if a day ever came to try it, they should see. His talk was an odd mixture of almost boyish garrulity and of the reserve and discretion of the man of the world, and he seemed to Newman, as afterwards young members of the Latin races often seemed to him, now amusingly juvenile and now appallingly mature. In America, Newman reflected, lads of twenty-five and thirty have old heads and young hearts, or at least young morals; here they have young heads and very aged hearts, morals the most grizzled and wrinkled.

"What I envy you is your liberty," observed M. de Bellegarde, "your wide range, your freedom to come and go, your not having a lot of people, who take themselves awfully seriously, expecting something of you. I live," he added with a sigh, "beneath the eyes of my admirable mother."

"It is your own fault; what is to hinder your ranging?" said Newman.

"There is a delightful simplicity in that remark! Everything is to hinder me. To begin with, I have not a penny."

"I had not a penny when I began to range."

"Ah, but your poverty was your capital. Being an American, it was impossible you should remain what you were born, and being born poor—do I understand it?—it was therefore inevitable that you should become rich. You were in a position that makes one's mouth water; you looked round you and saw a world full of things you had only to step up to and take hold of. When I was twenty, I looked around me and saw a world with everything ticketed 'Hands off!' and the deuce of it was that the ticket seemed meant only for me. I couldn't go into business, I couldn't make money, because I was a Bellegarde. I couldn't go into politics, because I was a Bellegarde—the Bellegardes don't recognize the Bonapartes. I couldn't go into literature, because I was a dunce. I couldn't marry a rich girl, because no Bellegarde had ever married a *roturière,* and it was not proper that I should begin. We shall have to come to it, yet. Marriageable heiresses, *de notre bord,* are not to be had for nothing; it must be name for name, and fortune for fortune. The only thing I could do was to go and fight for the Pope. That I did, punctiliously, and received an apostolic flesh-wound at Castelfidardo. It did neither the Holy Father nor me any good, that I could see. Rome was doubtless a very amusing place in the days of Caligula, but it has sadly fallen off since. I passed three years in the Castle of St. Angelo, and then came back to secular life."

"So you have no profession—you do nothing," said Newman.

"I do nothing! I am supposed to amuse myself, and, to tell the truth, I have amused myself. One can, if one knows how. But you can't keep it up forever. I am good for another five years, perhaps, but I foresee that after that I shall lose my appetite. Then what shall I do? I think I shall turn monk. Seriously, I think I shall tie a rope round my waist and go into a monastery. It was an old custom, and the old customs were very good. People understood life quite as well as we do. They kept the pot boiling till it cracked, and then they put it on the shelf altogether."

"Are you very religious?" asked Newman, in a tone which gave the inquiry a grotesque effect.

M. de Bellegarde evidently appreciated the comical element in the question, but he looked at Newman a moment with extreme soberness. "I am a very good Catholic. I respect the Church. I adore the blessed Virgin. I fear the Devil."

"Well, then," said Newman, "you are very well fixed. You have got pleasure in the present and religion in the future; what do you complain of?"

"It's a part of one's pleasure to complain. There is something in your own circumstances that irritates me. You are the first man I have ever envied. It's singular, but so it is. I have known many men who, besides any factitious advantages that I may possess, had money and brains into the bargain; but somehow they have never disturbed my good-humor. But you have got something that I should have liked to have. It is not money, it is not even brains—though no doubt yours are excellent. It is not your six feet of height, though I should have rather liked to be a couple of inches taller. It's a sort of air you have of being thoroughly at home in the world. When I was a boy, my father told me that it was by such an air as that that people recognized a Bellegarde. He called my attention to it. He didn't advise me to cultivate it; he said that as we grew up it always came of itself. I supposed it had come to me, because I think I have always had the feeling. My place in life was made for me, and it seemed easy to occupy it. But you who, as I understand it, have made your own place, you who, as you told us the other day, have manufactured wash-tubs—you strike me, somehow, as a man who stands at his ease, who looks at things from a height. I fancy you going about the world like a man travelling on a railroad in which he owns a large amount of stock. You make me feel as if I had missed something. What is it?"

"It is the proud consciousness of honest toil—of having manufactured a few wash-tubs," said Newman, at once jocose and serious.

"Oh no; I have seen men who had done even more, men who had made not only wash-tubs, but soap—strong-smelling yellow soap, in great bars; and they never made me the least uncomfortable."

"Then it's the privilege of being an American citizen," said Newman. "That sets a man up."

"Possibly," rejoined M. de Bellegarde. "But I am forced to say that I have seen a great many American citizens who didn't seem at all set up or in the least like large stockholders. I never envied them. I rather think the thing is an accomplishment of your own."

"Oh, come," said Newman, "you will make me proud!"

"No, I shall not. You have nothing to do with pride, or with humility—that is a part of this easy manner of yours. People are proud only when they have something to lose, and humble when they have something to gain."

"I don't know what I have to lose," said Newman, "but I certainly have something to gain."

"What is it?" asked his visitor.

Newman hesitated a while. "I will tell you when I know you better."

"I hope that will be soon! Then, if I can help you to gain it, I shall be happy."

"Perhaps you may," said Newman.

"Don't forget, then, that I am your servant," M. de Bellegarde answered; and shortly afterwards he took his departure.

During the next three weeks Newman saw Bellegarde several times, and without formally swearing an eternal friendship the two men established a sort of comradeship. To Newman, Bellegarde was the ideal Frenchman, the Frenchman of tradition and romance, so far as our hero was acquainted with these mystical influences. Gallant, expansive, amusing, more pleased himself with the effect he produced than those (even when they were well pleased) for whom he produced it; a master of all the distinctively social virtues and a votary of all agreeable sensations; a devotee of something mysterious and sacred to which he occasionally alluded in terms more ecstatic even than those in which he spoke of the last pretty woman, and which was simply the beautiful though somewhat superannuated image of *honor;* he was irresistibly entertaining and enlivening, and he formed a character to which Newman was as capable of doing justice when he had once been placed in contact with it, as he was unlikely, in musing upon the possible mixtures of our human ingredients, mentally to have foreshadowed it. Bellegarde did not in the least cause him to modify his needful premise that all Frenchmen are of a frothy and imponderable substance; he simply reminded him that light materials may be beaten up into a most agreeable compound. No two companions could be more different, but their differences made a capital basis for a friendship of which the distinctive characteristic was that it was extremely amusing to each.

THE SORROWFUL WORLD OF TURGÉNIEFF.

[*French Poets and Novelists.* 1878.]

WE hold to the good old belief that the presumption, in life, is in favor of the brighter side, and we deem it, in art, an indispensable condition of our interest in a depressed observer that he should have at least tried his best to be cheerful. The truth, we take it, lies for the pathetic in poetry and romance very much where it lies for the "immoral." Morbid pathos is reflective pathos; ingenious pathos, pathos not freshly born of the occasion; noxious immorality is superficial immorality, immorality without natural roots in the subject. We value most the "realists" who have an ideal of delicacy and the elegiasts who have an ideal of joy.

"Picturesque gloom, possibly," a thick and thin admirer of M. Turgénieff's may say to us, "at least you will admit that it *is* picturesque." This we heartily concede, and, recalled to a sense of our author's brilliant diversity and ingenuity, we bring our restrictions to a close. To the broadly generous side of his imagination it is impossible to pay exaggerated homage, or, indeed, for that matter, to its simple intensity and fecundity. No romancer has created a greater number of the figures that breathe and move and speak, in their habits as they might have lived; none, on the whole, seems to us to have had such a masterly touch in portraiture, none has mingled so much ideal beauty with so much unsparing reality. His sadness has its element of error, but it has also its larger element of wisdom. Life *is*, in fact, a battle. On this point optimists and pessimists agree. Evil is insolent and strong;

beauty enchanting but rare; goodness very apt to be weak; folly very apt to be defiant; wickedness to carry the day; imbeciles to be in great places, people of sense in small, and mankind generally, unhappy. But the world as it stands is no illusion, no phantasm, no evil dream of a night; we wake up to it again for ever and ever; we can neither forget it nor deny it nor dispense with it. We can welcome experience as it comes, and give it what it demands, in exchange for something which it is idle to pause to call much or little so long as it contributes to swell the volume of consciousness. In this there is mingled pain and delight, but over the mysterious mixture there hovers a visible rule, that bids us learn to will and seek to understand. So much as this we seem to decipher between the lines of M. Turgénieff's minutely written chronicle. He himself has sought to understand as zealously as his most eminent competitors. He gives, at least, no meagre account of life, and he has done liberal justice to its infinite variety. This is his great merit; his great defect, roughly stated, is a tendency to the abuse of irony. He remains, nevertheless, to our sense, a very welcome mediator between the world and our curiosity. If we had space, we should like to set forth that he is by no means our ideal story-teller—this honorable genius possessing, attributively, a rarer skill than the finest required for producing an artful *réchauffé* of the actual. But even for better romancers we must wait for a better world. Whether the world in its higher state of perfection will occasionally offer color to scandal, we hesitate to pronounce; but we are prone to conceive of the ultimate novelist as a personage altogether purged of sarcasm. The imaginative force now expended in this direction he will devote to describing cities of gold and heavens of sapphire. But, for the present, we gratefully accept M. Turgénieff, and reflect that his manner suits the most frequent mood of the greater number of readers. If he were a dogmatic optimist we suspect that, as things go, we should long ago have ceased to miss him from our library. The personal optimism of most of us no romancer can confirm or dissipate, and our personal troubles, generally, place fictions of all kinds in an impertinent light. To our usual working mood the world is apt to seem M. Turgénieff's hard world, and when, at moments, the strain and the pressure deepen, the ironical element figures not a little in our form of address to those short-sighted friends who have whispered that it is an easy one.

MISS DAISY MILLER OF SCHENECTADY, U. S.

[*Daisy Miller: A Study.* 1878.]

WINTERBOURNE, who had returned to Geneva the day after his excursion to Chillon, went to Rome toward the end of January. His aunt had been established there for several weeks, and he had received a couple of letters from her. "Those people you were so devoted to last summer at Vevay have turned up here, courier and all," she wrote. "They seem to have made several acquaintances, but the courier continues to be the most *intime.* The young lady, however, is also very intimate with some third-rate Italians, with whom she rackets about in a way that makes much talk. Bring me that pretty novel of Cherbuliez's—'Paule Méré'—and don't come later than the 23d."

In the natural course of events, Winterbourne, on arriving in Rome, would presently have ascertained Mrs. Miller's address at the American banker's, and have gone to pay his compliments to Miss Daisy. "After what happened at Vevay, I think I may certainly call upon them," he said to Mrs. Costello.

"If, after what happens—at Vevay and everywhere—you desire to keep up the acquaintance, you are very welcome. Of course a man may know every one. Men are welcome to the privilege!"

"Pray what is it that happens—here, for instance?" Winterbourne demanded.

"The girl goes about alone with her foreigners. As to what happens further, you must apply elsewhere for information. She has picked up half a dozen of the regular Roman fortune-hunters, and she takes them about to people's houses. When she comes to a party she brings with her a gentleman with a good deal of manner and a wonderful mustache."

"And where is the mother?"

"I haven't the least idea. They are very dreadful people."

Winterbourne meditated a moment. "They are very ignorant—very innocent only. Depend upon it they are not bad."

"They are hopelessly vulgar," said Mrs. Costello. "Whether or no being hopelessly vulgar is being 'bad' is a question for the metaphysicians. They are bad enough to dislike, at any rate; and for this short life that is quite enough."

The news that Daisy Miller was surrounded by half a dozen wonderful mustaches checked Winterbourne's impulse to go straightway to see her. He had, perhaps, not definitely flattered himself that he had made an ineffaceable impression upon her heart, but he was annoyed at hearing of a state of affairs so little in harmony with an image that had lately flitted in and out of his own meditations; the image of a very pretty girl looking out of an old Roman window and asking herself urgently when Mr. Winterbourne would arrive. If, however, he determined to wait a little before reminding Miss Miller of his claims to her consideration, he went very soon to call upon two or three other friends. One of these friends was an American lady who had spent several winters at Geneva, where she had placed her children at school. She was a very accomplished woman, and she lived in the Via Gregoriana. Winterbourne found her in a little crimson drawing-room on a third floor; the room was filled with southern sunshine. He had not been there ten minutes when the servant came in, announcing "Madame Mila!" This announcement was presently followed by the entrance of little Randolph Miller, who stopped in the middle of the room and stood staring at Winterbourne. An instant later his pretty sister crossed the threshold; and then, after a considerable interval, Mrs. Miller slowly advanced.

"I know you!" said Randolph.

"I'm sure you know a great many things," exclaimed Winterbourne, taking him by the hand. "How is your education coming on?"

Daisy was exchanging greetings very prettily with her hostess; but when she heard Winterbourne's voice she quickly turned her head. "Well, I declare!" she said.

"I told you I should come, you know," Winterbourne rejoined, smiling.

"Well, I didn't believe it," said Miss Daisy.

"I am much obliged to you," laughed the young man.

"You might have come to see me!" said Daisy.

"I arrived only yesterday."

"I don't believe that!" the young girl declared.

Winterbourne turned with a protesting smile to her mother; but this lady evaded his glance, and, seating herself, fixed her eyes upon her son. "We've got a bigger place than this," said Randolph. "It's all gold on the walls."

Mrs. Miller turned uneasily in her chair. "I told you if I were to bring you, you would say something!" she murmured.

"I told *you!*" Randolph exclaimed. "I tell *you*, sir!" he added, jocosely, giving Winterbourne a thump on the knee. "It *is* bigger, too!"

Daisy had entered upon a lively conversation with her hostess; Winterbourne judged it becoming to address a few words to her mother. "I hope you have been well since we parted at Vevay," he said.

Mrs. Miller now certainly looked at him—at his chin. "Not very well, sir," she answered.

"She's got the dyspepsia," said Randolph. "I've got it too. Father's got it. I've got it most!"

This announcement, instead of embarrassing Mrs. Miller, seemed to relieve her. "I suffer from the liver," she said. "I think it's this climate; it's less bracing than Schenectady, especially in the winter season. I don't know whether you know we reside at Schenectady. I was saying to Daisy that I certainly hadn't found any one like Dr. Davis, and I didn't believe I should. Oh, at Schenectady he stands first; they think everything of him. He has so much to do, and yet there was nothing he wouldn't do for me. He said he never saw anything like my dyspepsia, but he was bound to cure it. I'm sure there was nothing he wouldn't try. He was just going to try something new when we came off. Mr. Miller wanted Daisy to see Europe for herself. But I wrote to Mr. Miller that it seems as if I couldn't get on without Dr. Davis. At Schenectady he stands at the very top; and there's a great deal of sickness there, too. It affects my sleep."

Winterbourne had a good deal of pathological gossip with Dr. Davis's patient, during which Daisy chatted unremittingly to her own companion. The young man asked Mrs. Miller how she was pleased with Rome. "Well, I must say I am disappointed," she answered. "We had heard so much about it; I suppose we had heard too much. But we couldn't help that. We had been led to expect something different."

"Ah, wait a little, and you will become very fond of it," said Winterbourne.

"I hate it worse and worse every day!" cried Randolph.

"You are like the infant Hannibal," said Winterbourne.

"No, I ain't!" Randolph declared, at a venture.

"You are not much like an infant," said his mother. "But we have seen places," she resumed, "that I should put a long way before Rome." And in reply to Winterbourne's interrogation, "There's Zürich," she concluded, "I think Zürich is lovely; and we hadn't heard half so much about it."

"The best place we've seen is the City of Richmond!" said Randolph.

"He means the ship," his mother explained. "We crossed in that ship. Randolph had a good time on the *City of Richmond*."

"It's the best place I've seen," the child repeated. "Only it was turned the wrong way."

"Well, we've got to turn the right way some time," said Mrs. Miller, with a little laugh. Winterbourne expressed the hope that her daughter at least found some gratification in Rome, and she declared that Daisy was quite carried away. "It's on account of the society—the society's splendid. She goes round everywhere; she has made a great number of acquaintances. Of course she goes round more than I do. I must say they have been very sociable; they have taken her right in. And then she knows a great many gentlemen. Oh, she thinks there's nothing like Rome. Of course, it's a great deal pleasanter for a young lady if she knows plenty of gentlemen."

By this time Daisy had turned her attention again to Winterbourne. "I've been telling Mrs. Walker how mean you were!" the young girl announced.

"And what is the evidence you have offered?" asked Winterbourne, rather annoyed at Miss Miller's want of appreciation of the zeal of an admirer who on his way down to Rome had stopped neither at Bologna nor at Florence, simply because of a certain sentimental impatience. He remembered that a cynical compatriot had once told him that American women—the pretty ones, and this gave a largeness to the axiom—were at once the most exacting in the world and the least endowed with a sense of indebtedness.

"Why, you were awfully mean at Vevay," said Daisy. "You wouldn't do anything. You wouldn't stay there when I asked you."

"My dearest young lady," cried Winterbourne, with eloquence, "have I come all the way to Rome to encounter your reproaches?"

"Just hear him say that!" said Daisy to her hostess, giving a twist to a bow on this lady's dress. "Did you ever hear anything so quaint?"

"So quaint, my dear?" murmured Mrs. Walker, in the tone of a partisan of Winterbourne.

"Well, I don't know," said Daisy, fingering Mrs. Walker's ribbons. "Mrs. Walker, I want to tell you something."

"Mother-r," interposed Randolph, with his rough ends to his words, "I tell you you've got to go. Eugenio 'll raise—something!"

"I'm not afraid of Eugenio," said Daisy, with a toss of her head. "Look here, Mrs. Walker," she went on, "you know I'm coming to your party."

"I am delighted to hear it."

"I've got a lovely dress!"

"I am very sure of that."

"But I want to ask a favor—permission to bring a friend."

"I shall be happy to see any of your friends," said Mrs. Walker, turning with a smile to Mrs. Miller.

"Oh, they are not my friends," answered Daisy's mamma, smiling shyly, in her own fashion. "I never spoke to them."

"It's an intimate friend of mine—Mr. Giovanelli," said Daisy, without a tremor in her clear little voice or a shadow on her brilliant little face.

Mrs. Walker was silent a moment; she gave a rapid glance at Winterbourne. "I shall be glad to see Mr. Giovanelli," she then said.

"He's an Italian," Daisy pursued, with the prettiest serenity. "He's a great friend of mine; he's the handsomest man in the world—except Mr. Winterbourne! He knows plenty of Italians, but he wants to know some Americans. He thinks ever so much of Americans. He's tremendously clever. He's perfectly lovely!"

It was settled that this brilliant personage should be brought to Mrs. Walker's party, and then Mrs. Miller prepared to take her leave. "I guess we'll go back to the hotel," she said.

"You may go back to the hotel, mother, but I'm going to take a walk," said Daisy.

"She's going to walk with Mr. Giovanelli," Randolph proclaimed.

"I am going to the Pincio," said Daisy, smiling.

"Alone, my dear—at this hour?" Mrs. Walker asked. The afternoon was drawing to a close—it was the hour for the throng of carriages and of contemplative pedestrians. "I don't think it's safe, my dear," said Mrs. Walker.

"Neither do I," subjoined Mrs. Miller. "You'll get the fever, as sure as you live. Remember what Dr. Davis told you!"

"Give her some medicine before she goes," said Randolph.

The company had risen to its feet; Daisy, still showing her pretty teeth, bent over and kissed her hostess. "Mrs. Walker, you are too perfect," she said. "I'm not going alone; I am going to meet a friend."

"Your friend won't keep you from getting the fever," Mrs. Miller observed.

"Is it Mr. Giovanelli?" asked the hostess.

Winterbourne was watching the young girl; at this question his attention quickened. She stood there smiling and smoothing her bonnet ribbons; she glanced at Winterbourne. Then, while she glanced and smiled, she answered, without a shade of hesitation: "Mr. Giovanelli—the beautiful Giovanelli."

"My dear young friend," said Mrs. Walker, taking her hand, pleadingly, "don't walk off to the Pincio at this hour to meet a beautiful Italian."

"Well, he speaks English," said Mrs. Miller.

"Gracious me!" Daisy exclaimed, "I don't want to do anything improper. There's an easy way to settle it." She continued to glance at Winterbourne. "The Pincio is only a hundred yards distant; and if Mr. Winterbourne were as polite as he pretends, he would offer to walk with me!"

Winterbourne's politeness hastened to affirm itself, and the young girl

Henry James, Jr.

gave him gracious leave to accompany her. They passed down-stairs before her mother, and at the door Winterbourne perceived Mrs. Miller's carriage drawn up, with the ornamental courier whose acquaintance he had made at Vevay seated within. "Good-bye, Eugenio!" cried Daisy; "I'm going to take a walk."

THE LIFTING OF A VEIL.

[*The Portrait of a Lady.* 1881.]

IT was not till the evening that she was able to see Ralph. He had been dozing all day; at least he had been lying unconscious. The doctor was there, but after a while he went away—the local doctor, who had attended his father, and whom Ralph liked. He came three or four times a day; he was deeply interested in his patient. Ralph had had Sir Matthew Hope, but he had got tired of this celebrated man, to whom he had asked his mother to send word that he was now dead, and was therefore without further need of medical advice. Mrs. Touchett had simply written to Sir Matthew that her son disliked him. On the day of Isabel's arrival Ralph gave no sign, as I have related, for many hours; but toward evening he raised himself and said he knew that she had come. How he knew it was not apparent, inasmuch as, for fear of exciting him, no one had offered the information. Isabel came in and sat by his bed in the dim light; there was only a shaded candle in a corner of the room. She told the nurse that she might go—that she herself would sit with him for the rest of the evening. He had opened his eyes and recognized her, and had moved his hand, which lay very helpless beside him, so that she might take it. But he was unable to speak; he closed his eyes again and remained perfectly still, only keeping her hand in his own. She sat with him a long time—till the nurse came back; but he gave no further sign. He might have passed away while she looked at him; he was already the figure and pattern of death. She had thought him far gone in Rome, but this was worse; there was only one change possible now. There was a strange tranquillity in his face; it was as still as the lid of a box. With this he was a mere lattice of bones; when he opened his eyes to greet her, it was as if she were looking into immeasurable space. It was not till midnight that the nurse came back; but the hours, to Isabel, had not seemed long; it was exactly what she had come for. If she had come simply to wait, she found ample occasion, for he lay for three days in a kind of grateful silence. He recognized her, and at moments he seemed to wish to speak; but he found no voice. Then he closed his eyes again, as if he too were waiting for something—for something that certainly would come. He was so absolutely quiet that it seemed to her what was coming had already arrived; and yet she never lost the sense that they were still together. But they were not always together; there were other hours that she passed in wandering through the empty house and listening for a voice that was not poor Ralph's. She had a constant fear; she thought it possible her husband would write to her.

But he remained silent, and she only got a letter from Florence from the Countess Gemini. Ralph, however, spoke at last, on the evening of the third day.

"I feel better to-night," he murmured, abruptly, in the soundless dimness of her vigil; "I think I can say something."

She sank upon her knees beside his pillow; took his thin hand in her own; begged him not to make an effort—not to tire himself.

His face was of necessity serious—it was incapable of the muscular play of a smile; but its owner apparently had not lost a perception of incongruities. "What does it matter if I am tired, when I have all eternity to rest?" he asked. "There is no harm in making an effort when it is the very last. Don't people always feel better just before the end? I have often heard of that; it's what I was waiting for. Ever since you have been here, I thought it would come. I tried two or three times; I was afraid you would get tired of sitting there." He spoke slowly, with painful breaks and long pauses; his voice seemed to come from a distance. When he ceased, he lay with his face turned to Isabel, and his large unwinking eyes open into her own. "It was very good of you to come," he went on. "I thought you would; but I wasn't sure."

"I was not sure either, till I came," said Isabel.

"You have been like an angel beside my bed. You know they talk about the angel of death. It's the most beautiful of all. You have been like that; as if you were waiting for me."

"I was not waiting for your death; I was waiting for—for this. This is not death, dear Ralph."

"Not for you—no. There is nothing makes us feel so much alive as to see others die. That's the sensation of life—the sense that we remain. I have had it—even I. But now I am of no use but to give it to others. With me it's all over." And then he paused. Isabel bowed her head further, till it rested on the two hands that were clasped upon his own. She could not see him now; but his far-away voice was close to her ear. "Isabel," he went on, suddenly, "I wish it were over for you." She answered nothing; she had burst into sobs; she remained so, with her buried face. He lay silent, listening to her sobs; at last he gave a long groan. "Ah, what is it you have done for me?"

"What is it you did for me?" she cried, her now extreme agitation half smothered by her attitude. She had lost all her shame, all wish to hide things. Now he might know; she wished him to know, for it brought them supremely together, and he was beyond the reach of pain. "You did something once—you know it. Oh, Ralph, you have been everything! What have I done for you—what can I do to-day? I would die if you could live. But I don't wish you to live; I would die myself, not to lose you." Her voice was as broken as his own, and full of tears and anguish.

"You won't lose me—you will keep me. Keep me in your heart; I shall be nearer to you than I have ever been. Dear Isabel, life is better; for in life there is love. Death is good—but there is no love."

"I never thanked you—I never spoke—I never was what I should be!"

Isabel went on. She felt a passionate need to cry out and accuse herself, to let her sorrow possess her. All her troubles, for the moment, became single and melted together into this present pain. "What must you have thought of me? Yet how could I know? I never knew, and I only know to-day because there are people less stupid than I."

"Don't mind people," said Ralph. "I think I am glad to leave people."

She raised her head and her clasped hands; she seemed for a moment to pray to him.

"Is it true—is it true?" she asked.

"True that you have been stupid? Oh, no," said Ralph, with a sensible intention of wit.

"That you made me rich—that all I have is yours?"

He turned away his head, and for some time said nothing. Then at last—

"Ah, don't speak of that—that was not happy." Slowly he moved his face toward her again, and they once more saw each other. "But for that—but for that—" And he paused. "I believe I ruined you," he added softly.

She was full of the sense that he was beyond the reach of pain; he seemed already so little of this world. But even if she had not had it she would still have spoken, for nothing mattered now but the only knowledge that was not pure anguish—the knowledge that they were looking at the truth together.

"He married me for my money," she said.

She wished to say everything; she was afraid he might die before she had done so.

He gazed at her a little, and for the first time his fixed eyes lowered their lids. But he raised them in a moment, and then—

"He was greatly in love with you," he answered.

"Yes, he was in love with me. But he would not have married me if I had been poor. I don't hurt you in saying that. How can I? I only want you to understand. I always tried to keep you from understanding; but that's all over."

"I always understood," said Ralph.

"I thought you did, and I didn't like it. But now I like it."

"You don't hurt me—you make me very happy." And as Ralph said this there was an extraordinary gladness in his voice. She bent her head again, and pressed her lips to the back of his hand. "I always understood," he continued, "though it was so strange—so pitiful. You wanted to look at life for yourself—but you were not allowed; you were punished for your wish. You were ground in the very mill of the conventional!"

"Oh yes, I have been punished," Isabel sobbed.

He listened to her a little, and then continued:

"Was he very bad about your coming?"

"He made it very hard for me. But I don't care."

"It is all over, then, between you?"

"Oh, no; I don't think anything is over."

"Are you going back to him?" Ralph stammered.

"I don't know—I can't tell. I shall stay here as long as I may. I don't want to think—I needn't think. I don't care for anything but you, and that is enough for the present. It will last a little yet. Here on my knees, with you dying in my arms, I am happier than I have been for a long time. And I want you to be happy—not to think of anything sad; only to feel that I am near you and I love you. Why should there be pain? In such hours as this what have we to do with pain? That is not the deepest thing; there is something deeper."

Ralph evidently found, from moment to moment, greater difficulty in speaking; he had to wait longer to collect himself. At first he appeared to make no response to these last words; he let a long time elapse. Then he murmured simply:

"You must stay here."

"I should like to stay, as long as seems right."

"As seems right—as seems right?" He repeated her words. "Yes, you think a great deal about that."

"Of course one must. You are very tired," said Isabel.

"I am very tired. You said just now that pain is not the deepest thing. No—no. But it is very deep. If I could stay"——

"For me you will always be here," she softly interrupted. It was easy to interrupt him.

But he went on, after a moment:

"It passes, after all; it's passing now. But love remains. I don't know why we should suffer so much. Perhaps I shall find out. There are many things in life; you are very young."

"I feel very old," said Isabel.

"You will grow young again. That's how I see you. I don't believe—I don't believe"—— And he stopped again; his strength failed him.

She begged him to be quiet now. "We needn't speak to understand each other," she said.

"I don't believe that such a generous mistake as yours—can hurt you for more than a little."

"Oh, Ralph, I am very happy now," she cried, through her tears.

"And remember this," he continued, "that if you have been hated, you have also been loved."

"Ah, my brother!" she cried, with a movement of still deeper prostration.

He had told her, the first evening she ever spent at Gardencourt, that if she should live to suffer enough she might some day see the ghost with which the old house was duly provided. She apparently had fulfilled the necessary condition; for the next morning, in the cold, faint dawn, she knew that a spirit was standing by her bed. She had lain down without undressing, for it was her belief that Ralph would not outlast the night. She had no inclination to sleep; she was waiting, and such waiting was wakeful. But she closed her eyes; she believed that as the night wore on she should hear a knock at her door. She heard no knock, but at the time the darkness began vaguely to grow gray, she started up from her pillow as abruptly as if she had received a summons. It seemed to her for an instant that Ralph was standing there—a dim, hovering figure in the dimness of the room. She stared a moment; she saw his white face—his kind eyes; then she saw there was nothing. She was not afraid; she was only sure. She went out of her room, and in her certainty passed through dark corridors and down a flight of oaken steps that shone in the vague light of a hall-window. Outside of Ralph's door she stopped a moment, listening; but she seemed to hear only the hush that filled it. She opened the door with a hand as gentle as if she were lifting a veil from the face of the dead, and saw Mrs. Touchett sitting motionless and upright beside the couch of her son, with one of his hands in her own. The doctor was on the other side, with poor Ralph's further wrist resting in his professional fingers. The nurse was at the foot, between them. Mrs. Touchett took no notice of Isabel, but the doctor looked at her very hard; then he gently placed Ralph's hand in a proper position, close beside him. The nurse looked at her very hard too, and no one said a word; but Isabel only looked at what she had come to see. It was fairer than Ralph had ever been in life, and there was a strange resemblance to the face of his father, which, six years before, she had seen lying on the same pillow.

THE GLORY OF NIAGARA.

[*Portraits of Places.* 1884.]

THOUGH hereabouts so much is great, distances are small, and a ramble of two or three hours enables you to gaze hither and thither from a dozen standpoints. The one you are likely to choose first is that on the Canada cliff, a little way above the suspension bridge. The great fall faces you, enshrined in its own surging incense. The common feeling just here, I believe, is one of disappointment at its want of height; the whole thing appears to many people somewhat smaller than its fame. My own sense, I confess, was absolutely gratified from the first; and, indeed, I was not struck with anything being tall or short, but with everything being perfect. You are, moreover, at some distance, and you feel that with the lessening interval you will not be cheated of your chance to be dizzied with mere dimensions. Already you see the world-famous green, baffling painters, baffling poets, shining on the lip of the precipice; the more so, of course, for the clouds of silver and snow into which it speedily resolves itself. The whole picture before you is admirably simple. The Horseshoe glares and boils and smokes from the centre to the right, drumming itself into powder and thunder; in the centre the dark pedestal of Goat Island divides the double flood; to the left booms in vaporous dimness the minor battery of the American Fall; while on a level with the eye, above the still crest of either cataract, appear the white faces of the hithermost rapids. The circle of weltering froth at the base of the Horseshoe, emerging from the dead-white vapors—absolute white, as moonless midnight is absolute black—which muffle impenetrably the crash of the river upon the lower bed, melts slowly into the darker shades of green. It seems in itself a drama of thrilling interest, this blanched survival and recovery of the stream. It stretches away like a tired swimmer, struggling from the snowy scum and the silver drift, and passing slowly from an eddying foam-sheet, touched with green lights, to a cold, verd-antique, streaked and marbled with trails and wild arabesques of foam. This is the beginning of that air of recent distress which marks the river as you meet it at the lake. It shifts along, tremendously conscious, relieved, disengaged, knowing the worst is over, with its dignity injured but its volume undiminished, the most stately, the least turbid of torrents. Its movement, its sweep and stride, are as admirable as its color, but as little as its color to be made a matter of words. These things are but part of a spectacle in which nothing is imperfect. As you draw nearer and nearer, on the Canada cliff, to the right arm of the Horseshoe, the mass begins in all conscience to be large enough. You are able at last to stand on the very verge of the shelf from which the leap is taken, bathing your boot-toes, if you like, in the side-ooze of the glassy curve. I may say, in parenthesis, that the importunities one suffers here, amid the central din of the cataract, from hackmen and photographers and vendors of gimcracks, are simply hideous and infamous. The road is lined with little drinking-shops and warehouses, and from these retreats their occupants dart forth upon the hapless traveller with their competitive attractions. You purchase release at last by the fury of your indifference, and stand there gazing your fill at the most beautiful object in the world.

The perfect taste of it is the great characteristic. It is not in the least monstrous; it is thoroughly artistic and, as the phrase is, thought out. In the matter of line it beats Michael Angelo. One may seem at first to say the least, but the careful observer will admit that one says the most, in saying that it *pleases*—pleases even a spectator who was not ashamed to write the other day that he didn't care for cataracts. There are, however, so many more things to say about it—its multitudinous features crowd so upon the vision as one looks—that it seems absurd to begin to analyze. The main feature, perhaps, is the incomparable loveliness of the immense line of the shelf and its lateral abutments. It neither falters, nor breaks, nor stiffens, but maintains from wing to wing the lightness of its semicircle. This perfect curve melts into the sheet that seems at once to drop from it and sustain it. The famous green loses nothing, as you may imagine, on a nearer view. A green more vividly cool and pure it is impossible to conceive. It is to the vulgar greens of earth what the blue of a summer sky is to artificial dyes, and is, in fact, as sacred, as remote, as impalpable as that. You can fancy it the parent-green, the head-spring of color to all the verdant water-caves and all the clear, sub-fluvial haunts and bowers of naiads and mermen in all the streams of the earth. The lower half of the watery wall is shrouded in the steam of the boiling gulf—a veil never rent nor lifted. At its heart this eternal cloud seems fixed and still with excess of motion—still and intensely white; but, as it rolls and climbs against its lucent cliff, it tosses little whiffs and fumes and pants of snowy smoke, which betray the convulsions we never behold. In the middle of the curve, the depth of the recess, the converging walls are ground into a dust of foam, which rises in a tall column, and fills the upper air with its hovering drift. Its summit far overtops the crest of the cataract, and, as you look down along the rapids above, you see it hanging over the averted gulf like some far-flowing signal of danger. Of these things some vulgar verbal hint may be attempted; but what words can render the rarest charm of all—the clear-cut brow of the Fall, the very act and figure of the leap, the rounded passage of the horizontal to the perpendicular! To say it is simple is to make a phrase about it. Nothing was ever more successfully executed. It is carved as sharp as an emerald, as one must say and say again. It arrives, it pauses, it plunges; it comes and goes forever; it melts and shifts and changes, all with the sound as of millions of bass voices; and yet its outline never varies, never moves with a different pulse. It is as gentle as the pouring of wine from a flagon—of melody from the lip of a singer. From the little grove beside the American Fall you catch this extraordinary profile better than you are able to do at the Horseshoe. If the line of beauty had vanished from the earth elsewhere, it would survive on the brow of Niagara. It is impossible to insist too strongly on the grace of the thing, as seen from the Canada cliff. The genius who invented it was certainly the first author of the idea that order, proportion, and symmetry are the conditions of perfect beauty. He applied his faith among the watching and listening forests, long before the Greeks proclaimed theirs in the measurements of the Parthenon. Even the roll of the white batteries at the base seems fixed and poised and ordered, and in the vague middle zone of difference between the flood as it falls and the mist as it rises you imagine a mystical meaning—the passage of body to soul, of matter to spirit, of human to divine.

Clarence King.

Born in Newport, R. I., 1843.

THE HELMET OF MAMBRINO.

[*The Century Magazine.* 1886.]

"How can I be mistaken, thou eternal misbeliever?" cried Don Quixote; "dost thou not see that knight that comes riding up directly toward us upon a dapple-gray steed, with a helmet of gold on his head?"

"I see what I see," replied Sancho, "and the devil of anything can I spy but a fellow on such another gray ass as mine is, with something that glitters o'top of his head."

"I tell thee that is Mambrino's helmet," replied Don Quixote.—*Cervantes.*

DEAR DON HORACIO: You cannot have forgotten the morning we turned our backs upon San Francisco, and slowly rambled seaward through winding hollows of park, nor how the mist drooped low as if to hear the tones of fondness in our talk of Cervantes and the Don, nor how the approving sun seemed to send a benediction through the riven cloud-rack overhead.

It was after we had passed the westward edge of that thin veneer of polite vegetation which a coquettish art has affixed to the great wind-made waves of sand, and entered the waste of naked drift beyond, that we heard afar a whispered sea-plaint, and beheld the great Pacific coming in under cover of a low-lying fog, and grinding its white teeth on the beach.

Still discoursing of La Mancha, we left behind us the last gateway of the hills, came to the walk's end and the world's end and the end of the Aryan migrations.

We were not disturbed by the restless Aryan who dashed past us at the rate of 2:20 with an insolent flinging of sand, a whirling cobweb of hickory wheel, and all the mad hurry of the nineteenth century at his heels.

For what (we asked one another as we paced the Cliff-House verandah) did this insatiable wanderer leave his comfortable land of Central Asia and urge ever westward through forty centuries of toilsome march? He started in the world's youth a simple, pastoral pilgrim, and we saw him pull up his breathless trotters at the very *Ultima Thule*, rush into the bar-room, and demand a cocktail.

Having quenched this ethnic thirst and apparently satisfied the yearning of ages, we watched him gather up his reins and start eastward again, as if for the sources of the sacred Ganges, and disappear in the cloud of his own swift-rushing dirt.

By the fire in our private breakfast-room we soon forgot him, and you led me again into the company of the good knight.

Even Alphonso must have felt the chivalric presence, for all unbidden he discreetly hispanized our omelet.

Years have gone since that Cervantean morning of ours, and to-day, my friend, I am come from our dear Spain.

As I journeyed in the consecrated realm of Don Quixote, it happened to me to pass a night "down in a village of La Mancha, the name of which I have no desire to recollect."

Late in the evening, after a long day in the saddle, we had stopped at an humble posada on the outskirts of an old pueblo, too tired to press on in search of better accommodations, which we believed the town would probably afford. We were glad enough to tie our weary animals to their iron rings within the posada, and fling ourselves down to sleep in the doorway, lulled by the comfortable munching sound of the beasts, and fanned by a soft wind which came fitfully from the south.

The mild, dry night, wherein thin veils of cloud had tempered the moonlight and overspread the vacant plains with spectral shadows, was at length yielding to the more cheerful advance of dawn.

From an oaken bench on which I had slept, in the arched entrance of the posada, I could look back across those wan swells of plain over which my companion and I had plodded the day before, and watch the landscape brighten cheerfully as the sun rose.

Just in front, overhanging the edge of a dry, shallow ravine, stood the ruin of a lone wind-mill, a breach in its walls rendering visible the gnarled trunk of an old olive-tree, which hugged the shade of the ancient mill, as if safe under the protection of a veritable giant.

Oaken frames of the mill-arms, slowly consuming with dry-rot, etched their broken lines against the soft gray horizon. A rag or two of stained canvas, all that was left of the sails, hung yellow, threadbare, and mouldering in the windless air.

The walls of our doorway seemed visibly to crumble. Here and there lingering portions of stucco still clung to a skeleton of bricks; and overhead, by the friendly aid of imagination, one could see that time out of mind the arch had been whitewashed.

Signs of life one by one appeared. From a fold somewhere behind the posada a small flock of gaunt, lately sheared sheep slowly marched across my narrow field of view.

Single file, with heads down, they noiselessly followed a path faintly traced across the plain, the level sun touching their thin backs, and casting a procession of moving shadows on the gray ground. One or two stopped to rub against the foundation-stones of the mill; and presently all had moved on into a hollow of the empty land and disappeared.

Later, at the same slow pace, and without a sound of footfall, followed a brown and spare old shepherd, with white, neglected hair falling over a tattered cloak of coarse homespun. His face wore a strange expression of imbecile content. It was a face from which not only hope but even despair had faded out under the burning strength of eternal monotony.

A few short, jerky, tottering steps, and he too was gone, with his crust of bread and cow's horn of water, his oleander-wood staff, and his vacant smile of senile tranquillity.

Then an old, shrivelled parrot of a woman, the only other inhabitant of the posada, came from I never knew where, creeping in through the open portal, heavily burdened with an earthen jar of water for our beasts. "*Buenos dias!*" fell in a half-whisper from her lips, which held a burning cigarette. She too disappeared.

On the other side of the arched entry, against the opposite wall, on an oaken bench like mine, his head to the outer air, asleep on his back, lay my guide and companion, Salazar—a poor gentleman, humbled by fate, yet rich in the qualities of sentiment which make good men and good friends.

His arms were crossed on his breast, after the manner of those pious personages who lie in their long bronze or marble slumber in church and chapel. His delicate constitution, yielding at last to the wear of time, and now plainly declining, had decreed for him only a narrow margin of life. In a little while, in a few short years, he will lie as he lay that morning in La Mancha, and his countenance will wear the same expression of mingled pain and peace.

I had chosen him as companion for this episode of travel because of his fine, appreciative knowledge of Cervantes, and from his personal resemblance to the type of Don Quixote. He had listened affectionately to my talk of the Bachelor of San Francisco, and joined with zest in my search for a "Helmet of Mambrino," which I hoped to send as a gift to the gentleman by the western sea.

I scanned his sleeping features long and thought him a perfect Spanish picture. How sternly simple the accessories! Only a wall of time-mellowed brick, barred by lines of yellow mortar, and patched by a few hand-breadths of whitened plaster! Only a solid, antique bench of oak, weather-worn into gray harmony with an earthen floor! Nothing more!

His ample cloak of dark, olive-colored cloth, reaching from foot to chin, covered him, save for one exposed hand, completely, and hung in folds to the ground. There was nothing to distract from his face, now thrown into full profile against the rough wall.

Far back over the bald cranial arch, a thin coat of mixed gray and brown wiry hair covered the back of his head, just where it rested on the blue handkerchief he had carefully composed over an improvised pillow. The heavy eyebrow formed a particularly long, high bow, and ended abruptly against a slightly sunken bony temple. The orbital hollow, an unusually large and cavernous bowl, showed beneath the brow a tracery of feeble blue veins; but the closed eye domed boldly up, its yellow lids strongly fringed with long brown lashes. The hooked beak of a well-modelled but large aquiline nose curved down from the brow. Over his always compressed mouth grew a delicate, grizzled mustache, the ends of which turned up in the old Spanish way. His jaw was refined rather than strong, and bore on his long chin a thin tuft of hair, which grew to a point and completed a singularly chaste and knightly profile. The shallow thinness of his figure, the sunken yellow cheek, and emaciated throat, were all eloquent of decline.

Age, too, recorded itself in the exposed hand—not so much in its pallor or slenderness of finger, as in the prominence of bony framework, which seemed thrust into the wrinkled muscular covering as into a glove which is too large and much outworn.

These are but material details, and only interesting as the seat and foundation of a fixed air of gentlemanliness, which, waking or sleeping, never left his countenance.

He was, as he slept, the figure of the dead Quixote—a gaunt face softened by a patient spirit, an iron frame weakened and refined by lifelong frugality, and now touched by the wintry frosts of age; but, above all, the sleeping mask, with its slightly curled lip, wore an aspect of chivalric scorn of all things mean and low. I watched the early light creep over his bald forehead, and tinge the sallow cheek with its copper warmth, and I marked how the sharp shadow of his nose lay like a finger of silence across his lips.

There lay one of those chance friends whom to meet is to welcome from the heart, and from whom I for one never part without perplexing wonder whether chance or fate or Providence will so throw the shuttle through the strange pattern of life's fabric that our two feeble threads will ever again touch and cross and interweave.

Chocolate is the straw at which the drowning traveller catches in the wide ocean of Spanish starvation. Its spicy aroma, with that of a cigarette, announced the coming of the old posadera.

I reluctantly awakened Salazar, and we began the day by each pouring water from an earthen jar for the other's ablutions. From a leathern wallet my companion produced a few dry, crumbled little cakes, and my ulster pocket yielded up a bottle of olives I had brought from Seville. The woman squatted by us and smoked.

While waiting for his boiling beverage to cool, Salazar addressed our hostess. "This American gentleman has in his own country a friend of whom he is exceedingly fond, a certain Don Horacio, who, it seems, is in the habit of reading the adventures of Don Quixote, which you very well know, Señora, happened here in La Mancha. This Don Horacio has never seen one of our Spanish barbers' basins, such as the good Don Quixote wore for a helmet.

"It is to find him an ancient basin that we have come to La Mancha. There were plenty of new ones in Seville and Cordova, but they will not serve. We must have an ancient one, and one from this very land. Do you by chance remember where there is such an one?"

The good woman reflected, while we sipped the chocolate and ate the cakes and the olives. She threw away the end of the cigarette, and began rolling another. This little piece of manipulation, well known as provocative of thought, was hardly accomplished when she exclaimed:

"*Mira!* I do know the very piece. Come to the door! Do you see that church in ruins? *Bueno!* Just beyond is an old posada. The widow Barrilera, with her boy Crisanto, lives there. Poor people put up their beasts there. It used to be a great fonda many years ago, and ever since I was a child an old basin has hung in the patio. It ought to be there now." At this we were much gladdened; for our search all the day before among the villages and hamlets had been fruitless. The posadera was so dumb at the silver we gave her that she forgot to bid us "Go with God!" till we were mounted and moving away from her door toward the pueblo.

A Spanish town, especially in wide, half-waste regions between great cities, sometimes sinks into a slow decline, and little by little gives up the ghost of life; dying, not of sudden failure in the heart or central plaza, but wasting away by degrees around its outskirts, and shrinking by the slow ruin of block after block inward toward the centre of vitality. This form of decay comes at last to girdle the whole town with mounds of fallen wall, vacant squares of roofless masonry, fragments of paved patio, secluded no more by enclosing corridors, but open and much frequented of drowsy goats, who come from their feeding-grounds to sleep on the sun-heated stones.

Here and there a more firmly founded edifice, like a church or a posada, resists the unrelenting progress of destruction, and stands for a few years in lonely despair among the levelled dust of the neighbor buildings.

If a church, it is bereft of its immemorial chimes, which are made to jangle forth the Angelus from some better-preserved tower on the plaza. Owls sail through the open door, and brush with their downy wings the sacred dust from wooden image of Virgin or Saviour; till at last the old towers and walls, yielding to rain and wind, melt down into the level of humbler ruin.

The old posadas, while they last, are tenanted by the poorest of the poor. Childless widows too old to work end here in solitary penury their declining days, sister tenants with wandering bats and homeless kids.

Past such an old and dying church Salazar and I rode, following the directions of our hostess, and soon drew rein before an old oaken gate in a high wall of ancient masonry. Upon the lintel was rudely cut, as with a pocketknife, the sign *"Forraje."* Half the double gate, fallen from its rusty hinges, lay broken and disused on the ground, its place taken by a ragged curtain of woollen cloth, which might once have been a woman's cloak. This, with the half gate still standing, served to suggest that the ruinous enclosure was to be respected as private ground.

My grave companion alighted from his horse, folded his cloak, which till now he had worn against the morning cold, laid it carefully across his saddle, and knocked very gently; then after a pause, as if to give misery a time to compose its rags, he drew aside the curtain an inch or so, and after peering around the enclosed yard, turned to me with a mysterious smile, laid his finger on his lips, and beckoned to me to look where he pointed.

I saw a large, square, walled enclosure bounded on the right by a one-story house, with a waving, sagging, collapsing roof of red tiles. The left or eastern wall, which rose to a height of twenty feet or so, was pierced by several second-story window-openings and two doorways. Through these we looked out upon the open plain, for the apartments into which the doorways had once led were ruined and gone.

Over the eastern door was traced the half-faded word *"Comedor,"* and over the other *"Barberia."* Still above this latter sign there projected from the solid masonry an ornamental arm of wrought iron, from which hung a barber's basin of battered and time-stained brass, the morning light just touching its disk of green.

Salazar knocked a little louder, when a cheery, welcoming woman's voice called out, *"Pasen, señores!"* We held aside the woollen curtain, crossed the enclosure, and entered a little door directly opposite the old barberia, scenting as we entered a rich, vigorous odor of onion and garlic.

There are nerves so degenerate, there are natures so enfeebled, as to fall short of appreciating, as even to recoil from, the perfume of these sturdy esculents; but such are not worthy to follow the footsteps of Don Quixote in La Mancha, where still, as of old, the breath of the cavalier is the savor of onions, and the very kiss of passion burns with the mingled fire of love and garlic.

From a dilapidated brick floor rose the widow Barrilera, a handsome, bronzed woman of fifty, with a low, broad brow, genial, round face, and stout figure; who advanced to meet us, and rolled out in her soft Andalusian dialect a hearty welcome, smiling ardently out of sheer good-nature, and showing her faultless teeth.

It did not seem to have occurred to her to ask, or even consider, why we had come. Our entrance at this early hour created no surprise, no questioning, not even a glance of curiosity. It was enough for her sociable, affluent good-nature that we had come at all. She received us as a godsend, and plainly proposed to enjoy us, without bothering her amiable old brains about such remote, intricate conceptions as a cause for our coming.

To one of us she offered a stool, to the other a square of sheepskin, and urged us to huddle down with her in the very focus of the garlic pot, which purred and simmered and steamed over a little fire. She remarked in the gayest way that it was still cool of a morning, and laughed merrily when we assented to this meteorological truth, adding that a little fire made it all right, and then beaming on in silence, while she stirred the savory contents of the pot, never varying the open breadth of her smile, till she pursed up her lips as if about to whistle, and blew on a ladle full of the soup till it was cool, when she swallowed it slowly, her soft eyes rolling with delight at the flavorous compound.

"Señora," said my hollow-eyed and hollow-voiced comrade, "the gentleman is a lover of good Don Quixote."

The woman flashed on me a look of curiosity, as who should say, "So is every one. What of that?"

"My friend is *Americano,*" continued Salazar.

"*Valgame Dios!*" ejaculated the now thoroughly interested widow. "All the way from Buenos Ayres! No? Then from Cuba, of course! Yes, yes! My father's cousin was a soldier there, and married a woman as black as a pot."

"No, señora, my friend is from another part of America; and he has come here to buy from you the old brass basin above the barberia door."

Curiosity about America suddenly gave way to compassion.

"*Pobrecito!*" she said in benevolent accents. "You take care of him! He is"—making a grimace of interrogation, arching up her brows, and touching her head—"a little wrong here."

Salazar, with unbroken gravity, touched his own head, pointed to me, and replied, "Perfectly clear!"

"What in the name of the Blessed Virgin does he want of that old basin with a hole in it?" shrugging her fat, round shoulders till they touched her earrings, and turning up the plump, cushiony palms of her hands to heaven.

"It seems very droll, my good woman, does it not?" I interrupted, "but I have in my own country a charming friend whom I love very much. He is called the Bachelor of San Francisco, and he has never seen a Spanish barber's basin, so I want to carry this as a gift to him. We have no barbers' basins in America."

"*Caramba!*" she exclaimed, "what a land! Full of women as black as coals, and no barbers! My father's cousin had a beard like an Englishman when he came back, and his wife looked like a black sheep just sheared. As to the basin, señor, it is yours."

Then turning to a hitherto unnoticed roll of rags in a dark corner, she gave an affectionate shove with her foot, which called forth a yawning, smiling lad, who respectfully bowed to us, while yet half asleep.

"Crisanto, get down the old barber's basin from the patio, and bring it here!"

In a moment the boy returned with the old relic, but seemed to hesitate before relinquishing it to his mother, who extended her hand to receive it.

"What are you waiting for, child?" said the woman.

"It is mine. You gave it to me," said the boy bashfully.

"My lad," said Salazar, "we shall give you two silver duros for it."

The boy at once brightened and consented. His mother seized the basin in one hand, a wet rag in the other, with her toe scraped out some ashes from the fire, and was about to fall upon it with housewifely fury, and in a trice, had I not stopped her, would have scraped away the mellow green film, the very writing and sign-manual of the artist Time.

A few silver duros in the smiling lad's palm, a bit of gold to the mother, a shudder of long unknown joy in the widow's heart, a tear, a quiver of the lip, then a smile—and the bargain was made.

I was grasping her hand and saying "*adios!*" she was asking the Virgin to give me "a thousand years," when Salazar said:

"No, no! it is not yet *adios*. This basin and bargain must be certified to by the *Ayuntamiento* in a document stamped with the seal of the pueblo, and setting forth that here in La Mancha itself was bought this barber's basin."

"*Seguro!*" replied the woman, who flung over her head a tattered black shawl, tossing the end over her left shoulder. We all walked, Salazar and I leading our beasts, to the door of the *Alcalderia*.

The group of loungers who sat around the whitewashed wall of the chamber of the *Ayuntamiento* showed no interest in our arrival. To our story the secretary himself listened with official indifference, sipped his morning coffee, only occasionally asking a question of idle curiosity, or offering objection to the execution of so trivial a document.

"Ridiculous!" he exclaimed; "the authorities of Spain have not provided in the Codex for such jesting. What is all this for?"

"Señor Secretario," I replied, "I have conceived this innocent little caprice of legalizing my purchase of the basin, to gratify a certain Don Horacio, known in America as the Bachelor of San Francisco, a gentleman whose fine literary taste has led him to venerate your great Cervantes, and whose knightly sentiments have made him the intimate friend of Don Quixote."

"But," said the secretary, "no contract of sale with a minor for vendor can be legalized by me. The Codex provides"— He was going on to explain what the Codex did provide, when Salazar, who knew more about the legal practice of provincial Spain than the Codex itself, stepped forward, passed behind the august judicial table, and made some communication in a whisper, which was not quite loud enough to drown a curious metallic clink, as of coins in collision.

Thus softened, the cold eye of the secretary warmed perceptibly, and he resumed: "As I was about to say when my friend here offered me a—a—cigarette, the Codex does not in terms recognize the right of an infant to vend, transfer, give over, or relinquish real or personal property; but on reflection, in a case like this, I shall not hesitate to celebrate the act of sale."

A servant was despatched for some strong paper, and the softened magistrate fell into general conversation.

"You have had a great war in your country."

"Yes," I replied, "very destructive, very exhausting; but, thank God, North and South are now beginning to be friends again."

"Are you of the North or of the South?"

"The North."

"Do you not find it very trying to have those Chilians in your Lima, señor?"

Weeks before this I had given up trying to stretch the Spanish conception of America to include a country north of Mexico, for the land of Cortes is the limit of imagination in that direction; so I helplessly assented. Yes, it was trying.

The boy returned with the paper; ink-horns and pens were successfully searched for, and the document was executed and sealed.

Salazar and I withdrew after saluting the upright official, mounted our beasts, received the soft benediction of the smiling widow, and pricked forward down a narrow way which led to the open plain. We were descending a gentle slope on the outskirts of the pueblo when we were overtaken by the secretary's servant, who charged down upon us, his donkey nearly upsetting mine in the collision.

Like a wizard in a show, he drew from under his jacket an incredibly bright and brand-new barber's basin.

"The secretary," he said, "remembered, just after you had gone, that the old Duchess of Molino had deposited with him, as security for a large loan, this basin, which is proved to have been the authentic and only one from which Cervantes was shaved every day while prisoner at Argamosillo. The secretary knew that you would like to see this valued relic, and to touch it with your own hand. The duchess, señor" (lowering his eyes and face), "is in *gloria*. For ten duros you can have this undoubted memento; and full documents shall follow you to Madrid or Lima by the next mail."

"*Hombre!*" I replied, "do me the favor to present to the secretary my most respectful compliments, and say that the supposed death of the duchess is a curious mistake. The old lady is living in great luxury in Seville, and her steward is already on the way to redeem her favorite relic."

The man, who saw the force of my pleasantry, laughed explosively, and shamelessly offered me the basin at two duros and a half. We shook our heads and rode away. Having gone a hundred yards, we heard a voice, and looking back beheld the servant, who brandished aloft the basin and shouted: "One duro?" I answered "Never," and we rode out upon the brown and sunburnt plain.

Some sheep lay dozing, huddled in the shadow of a few stunted cork-trees. Brown and dim as if clad in dusty leather, the Sierra Morena lay sleeping in the warm light. Away up among the hazy summits were pencillings of soft, cool color; but we were too far away to discern the rocks and groves where Don Quixote did his amorous penance.

After riding long and silently, Salazar addressed me:

"Señor, this friend of yours, this Don Horacio, will he ever come to La Mancha?"

"*Quien sabe?*" I replied; "but if he comes you will certainly know him and love him as he is known and loved by his friend."

To the Bachelor of San Francisco. *K.*

Francis Fisher Browne.

BORN in South Halifax, Vt., 1843.

UNDER THE BLUE.

THE skies are low, the winds are slow, the woods are filled with Autumn glory;
The mists are still, on field and hill; the brooklet sings its dreamy story.

I careless rove through glen and grove; I dream by hill, and copse, and river;
Or in the shade by aspen made I watch the restless shadows quiver.

I lift my eyes to azure skies that shed their tinted glory o'er me;
While memories sweet around me fleet, as radiant as the scene before me.

For while I muse upon the hues of Autumn skies in splendor given,
Sweet thoughts arise of rare deep eyes whose blue is like the blue of heaven.

Bend low, fair skies! Smile sweet, fair eyes! from radiant skies rich hues are streaming;
But in the blue of pure eyes true the radiance of my life is beaming.

O skies of blue! ye fade from view; faint grow the hues that o'er me quiver;
But the sure light of sweet eyes bright shines on forever and forever.

VANQUISHED.

I.

NOT by the ball or brand
Sped by a mortal hand,
Not by the lightning stroke
When fiery tempests broke,—
Not mid the ranks of war
Fell the great Conqueror.

II.

Unmoved, undismayed,
In the crash and carnage of the cannonade,—
Eye that dimmed not, hand that failed not,
Brain that swerved not, heart that quailed not,
Steel nerve, iron form,—
The dauntless spirit that o'erruled the storm.

III.

While the Hero peaceful slept
A foeman to his chamber crept,
Lightly to the slumberer came,
Touched his brow and breathed his name:
O'er the stricken form there passed
Suddenly an icy blast.

IV.

The Hero woke: rose undismayed:
Saluted Death, and sheathed his blade.

V.

The Conqueror of a hundred fields
To a mightier Conqueror yields;
No mortal foeman's blow
Laid the great Soldier low:
Victor in his latest breath—
Vanquished but by Death.

Helen Kendrick Johnson.

BORN in Hamilton, Madison Co., N. Y., 1843.

"WHEN SHALL WE THREE MEET AGAIN?"

[*The Meaning of Song. The North American Review.* 1884.]

THERE is a thrice familiar and yet half-forgotten song which illustrates in an odd way the power of association against that of language, if not of melody. It is "When Shall We Three Meet Again?" It is known that Samuel Webbe, a celebrated composer, born in London in 1740, wrote the music; but the words have been claimed for our country through two college traditions. One attributes them to a member of the first company of young men who devoted themselves to foreign missions, and so links them with the famous hay-stack of Williams College. Another speaks of them confidently as the work of an Indian, an early graduate of Dartmouth. In proof of the latter theory the following stanza is quoted:

"When around this youthful pine
Moss shall creep and ivy twine;
When these burnished locks are gray,
Thinned by many a toil-spent day;
May this long-loved bower remain,
Here may we three meet again."

The apparent allusion to the old pine at Dartmouth, and the word "burnished," so descriptive of an Indian's hair, constitute an argument. An old resident of New Hampshire told me that his sister and he learned the song from hearing it sung in his mother's house by an Indian graduate of the class of 1840. In an old English collection the lyric appears without the quoted stanza. It is there attributed to "a lady." I judge it to be English, perhaps written by the wife of a missionary. It was so appropriately sung by the first foreign missionaries in this country that it might easily be attributed to one of them. That was about 1810, when Dartmouth College was still known as Moor's Indian School. An Indian graduate, I conjecture, wrote for the graduating exercises, perhaps the tree-planting of his class, the stanza given above, which, although good for an Indian, is as much out of place in the lyric as a bit of wampum would be in a pearl necklace. I like to recall the beautiful original verses without the poor stanza:

"When shall we three meet again?
When shall we three meet again?
Oft shall glowing hope expire,
Oft shall wearied love retire,
Oft shall death and sorrow reign,
Ere we three shall meet again.

"Though in distant lands we sigh,
Parched beneath the burning sky;
Though the deep between us rolls,
Friendship shall unite our souls.
Still in fancy's rich domain
Oft shall we three meet again.

"When the dreams of life are fled,
When its wasted lamp is dead;
When in cold oblivion's shade
Beauty, wealth, and power are laid;
Where immortal spirits reign,
There shall we three meet again."

If words could keep a song upon the lip, would not this one be often heard? If association were not as powerful as melody, would not the Indian stanza have been rejected?

Samuel Willoughby Duffield.

BORN in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1843. DIED at Bloomfield, N. J., 1887.

THE GREAT HYMN OF ABÉLARD.

[*Letter to The New-York Tribune.* 1883.]

THAT hymn—"*O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata*"—has a romantic history. For its true text and its proper order of stanzas it is necessary to consult the immense compilation which passes under the name of J. P. Migne—volume 178 of the "Patrilogiæ Cursus Completus." It is the "XXVIII. Ad Vesperas" of the ninety-three hymns written by the unfortunate Abélard for the Abbey of the Paraclete, to be sung there by the sweet voices of Héloïse and her nuns. For many years these hymns were utterly lost, except as they were to be detected floating around anonymously, and ascribed to an earlier or later date. We now know that they must have been written about the year 1150, and that this present splendid lyric was therefore not "of the thirteenth century" at all. . . . .

And now for the romance of the hymn itself. When the French occupied Belgium these ninety-three hymns were tucked safely away in the Royal Library at Brussels "*in codice quincunciali*"—probably a box about five inches high. Other manuscripts were with them and they were transported to Paris untouched and unopened, and so remained during the days of Napoleon Bonaparte. When his empire fell the box went back to Belgium. Upon it were the seals of the French Republic and the French Empire and the stamp of the Royal Library at Brussels. One day a rummaging German student named Oehler chanced to investigate the "codex" and found in it a "libellus"—which libellus, a little book, contained the lost hymns of Abélard. These are in three series and are arranged for all the religious hours and principal festivals of the church, and their authorship is undoubted. Oehler published eight of them at once, and, having described the rest, Mons. Cousins, hearing of it, bought a full transcript "at a fair price" from the discoverer.

But this was not all. A certain Emile Gachet, a Belgian, also happened to hit on the "codex," and unearthed the companion to the "libellus" in an epistle of Abélard to Héloïse. In this he tells her that he sends these hymns of his own composition, and gives her the sketch, which she had requested, of the origin of Latin hymnology—dating it back to Hilary of Poictiers and Ambrose of Milan. This of course sets the authorship of the "*O quanta qualia*" beyond the shadow of a question. So that this hymn has the pathetic interest of having been composed by the most brilliant and unhappy man of his age, at a time when he had been persecuted to the edge of despair and had learned his hope of heaven from the horrors of earth. And whoever wills may read this touching story in Morison's "Life and Times of St. Bernard." I venture, then, to offer another translation of this fine hymn, following the true order of the stanzas and keeping as closely as possible to the original text and metre.

AT VESPERS.

O WHAT shall be, O when shall be, that holy Sabbath day,
Which heavenly care shall ever keep and celebrate alway,
When rest is found for weary limbs, when labor hath reward,
When everything, forevermore, is joyful in the Lord?

The true Jerusalem above, the holy town, is there,
Whose duties are so full of joy, whose joy so free from care;
Where disappointment cometh not to check the longing heart,
And where the heart, in ecstasy, hath gained her better part.

O glorious King, O happy state, O palace of the blest!
O sacred place and holy joy, and perfect, heavenly rest!
To thee aspire thy citizens in glory's bright array,
And what they feel and what they know they strive in vain to say.

For while we wait and long for home, it shall be ours to raise
Our songs and chants and vows and prayers in that dear country's praise;
And from these Babylonian streams to lift our weary eyes,
And view the city that we love descending from the skies.

There, there, secure from every ill, in freedom we shall sing
The songs of Zion, hindered here by days of suffering,
And unto Thee, our gracious Lord, our praises shall confess
That all our sorrow hath been good, and Thou by pain canst bless.

There Sabbath day to Sabbath day sheds on a ceaseless light,
Eternal pleasure of the saints who keep that Sabbath bright;
Nor shall the chant ineffable decline, nor ever cease,
Which we with all the angels sing in that sweet realm of peace.

Ehrman Syme Nadal.

BORN in Lewisburg, W. Va., 1843.

THACKERAY'S RELATION TO ENGLISH SOCIETY.

[*Essays at Home and Elsewhere.* 1882.]

IT is apparent to the readers of Thackeray that the mind of that great writer was, in some respects, a turbid and a confused one. This confusion was due to his sensitiveness and to his having certain qualities which I shall refer to further on; but it was especially due to his having, in a high degree, two traits which are inconsistent and difficult to reconcile—a love of the world and a love of that simple and original life of man cared for by the poet. A worldly man is a simple character. A poet or philosopher is comparatively a simple character. Each of these may pursue a contented and simple existence. But confusion and discontent begin when the interest is divided between the world and those things which poets care for. If irresolution and the inability to decide what one wants are added to this character, the mind is taken up with a dialogue of thoughts, which, like the combat of principles in the Manichean theology, may go on forever. This was Thackeray's state of mind. He discovered daily the vanity of mundane matters, but the discovery had nevertheless to be made the day after. He was born a poet and a humorist. His eyes were fixed on the original human nature so strongly that it would have been impossible for him to withdraw them. He could not cease to be a poet; but he could not forget the world. He believed in the world, and bestowed a reluctant but inevitable worship upon it. He had also a desire for position in it which he was unable to put aside. But I doubt if anybody with a mind like his, and living as he did, could have put it aside. People do not usually overcome a deep-seated disposition by an effort of the will, but by putting themselves in circumstances amidst which they may forget it. The thing is then out of sight, and is, therefore, out of mind. But Thackeray lived amidst just those circumstances in which it was most difficult to avert his mind from social ambition and pride of position. In Switzerland he might have forgotten it; but he could not forget it in Pall Mall; and Pall Mall was his proper place. His character was strongly social. Society and human beings had educated him, and he lived upon them. There was nothing for him, therefore, but to get on as best he could with the people among whom his lot fell.

The nature of that society is, perhaps, the most egotistical in the world. No other society so compels its constituents to be egotists, to be thinking continually upon the subject of their own consequence. Thackeray's lot was, therefore, cast in a society the tendency of which was to educate rather than to allay his egotism, to excite to the highest degree his social pride. Doubtless, in some societies the mere fact of having written great works would give a man a social position sufficiently high to satisfy any ambition. Such is the case in America, and such is said to be the case in France; but such is not the case in England. Thackeray was aware that no matter what works he wrote he could never be the equal of many people whom he was in the habit of seeing. He knew that though he spoke with the tongue of men and of angels, though he had the gift of prophecy and understood all mysteries and all knowledge, though he could remove mountains, and though he gave his body to be burned, he could never be as good as the eldest son of a great peer. He might indeed have gone apart and lived among artists and other people of his own sort, whose society he said, and no doubt truly, that he preferred to any other. He might have given himself up to admiring the virtues and graces of people who make no figure in the world. But then he would have had to write himself down as one of the excluded, and this he would not have been able to do. As he could not obtain social position by writing great works, he was compelled to supplement his literary success by the pursuit of society.

It is easy to see that such a man as Thackeray, in making an object of getting on in society, would be at a disadvantage, as compared with others in the same line. See the way in which your entirely and simply worldly man goes to work. Such pride as he has he is able to put in his pocket. He never falls in love with any but the right people. He is betrayed into no sudden movements of the heart or fancy—supposing him to be capable of such—with obscure or doubtful persons. He wastes no words on people who cannot help him on the way. "This one thing I do," he says, and, like most people who have one object, usually reaches it. Thackeray, on the contrary, saw and could not help caring for the souls of people. He liked the good, the simple, the honest, the affectionate. It is evident, therefore, in this business, Thackeray had too much to carry. The result was confusion and unrest. Yet he was never able to let it alone. Not only did he follow it in the common way, but we find him ready at any time to give himself up to some office or appointment, the possession of which will, in his own notion, make him more respectable. Thus, he wanted to be Secretary of Legation at Washington. He would have been of no use in such a place. Why did he want it? Perhaps he remembered that Addison and Prior were diplomatists, and was ready to choose a profession with the instincts of a fancier of old china. But the real reason was this : there, no doubt, seemed to him a particular decency in the occupation of a diplomate which he wished to transfer to and unite with himself. Every man, of course, may choose what objects he shall pursue, and Thackeray had, perhaps, at this time done enough to earn the right to be idle. But then he had what so few have—a real task to perform. He had an unmistakable employment cut out for him by his own genius, and prepared for him by the age; his head was full of great works which he wished to write; he wanted money, and he could make more money by writing these works than by doing anything else. At the time of which we are speaking, he had only ten more years of life, though, of course, he did not know this. Yet he was willing to stop his own proper business, his "Work with a big W," as he would have called it, to go to playing with sealing-wax; for the consciousness of belonging to a profession, which in his eyes appears to have worn an air of peculiar respectability, he was ready to step down from one of the highest literary thrones of the day that he might accept a position in which he should copy the words of masters at home who were scarcely conscious of him, and take lessons of juniors, who regarded him as an interloper and a good-for-nothing.

It was because Thackeray so desired the respect of others, was so anxious for the social consideration of the people he was meeting, that he thought so much about snobs and snobbishness. Shakspeare says that the courtier has a "melancholy, which is proud." By this we understand that the courtier's mind is apt to be busy with the question of the favor in which he is held by the great personages with whom he lives, and of the consideration which he enjoys in that society which constitutes their *entourage*. This melancholy is not by any means confined to courts or courtiers. It was the "courtier's melancholy" which Thackeray had. He was a sensitive man. It was, in general, his habit to take the world hard, and it was especially natural to him to suffer strongly from the unfriendly sentiments of others toward himself. He looked at the snobbish mind so closely and with such interest, because that mind had been directed upon himself. He examined it as a private soldier examines the cat-o'-nine-tails. It was the quickness of his sensibility to disrespect or unkindness—it was his keenly sympathetic consciousness of the hostile feelings of people toward himself—which awakened him to such energetic perception of the snobbish moods. It was this which caused him to look with such power upon a snob. During his fifty years of life he had conned a vast number of snobbish thoughts, and must have accumulated a great quantity of snob-lore. No doubt, he thought too much about snobs. The late Mr. Bagehot said that Thackeray judged snobbishness too harshly. Mr. Bagehot went on to say that it is only to be expected that people should wish to rise in society; that it is no such great sin to admire and court the successful, and to neglect the unsuccessful. It was Mr. Bagehot's mistake to suppose the thoughts of one society to be those of the world, to take as universal a sentiment which, in the degree in which he knew it, was merely British. Certainly no other people in the world think so much about consequence as the English. Egotism in that country is made into a science. The subtlety which the subject is capable of in the hands of clever or even of stupid persons is surprising; for a large part of the community it would seem to constitute a liberal education.

I may here add that Thackeray was very much alive to the feelings toward himself of those who looked at him as a man rather than as a member of society. Much as Thackeray wished to be considered, he wished even more to be liked. He did not care very much to be admired; he had little vanity, and he liked kindness better than anything else in the world. He suffered keenly from the unfriendly thoughts of others concerning himself, and, one might fancy, half believed them. We might hazard the guess that he was one upon whom opinions, especially if they concerned himself or his affairs, had a great effect. His doubting temper disposed him to disbelieve his own opinions, no matter with what pains and care he might have formed them. The opinion of another, on the contrary, was a fact; it was, at any rate, a fact that the opinion had been expressed. Thus, he gave to the lightest breath of another the superstitious attention which an enlightened and sceptical heathen might have yielded to an oracle in which he was still half ready to believe. He had no large share of that just and right self-esteem which Milton teaches.

LANDSCAPE, WITH FIGURES.

[*Notes of a Professional Exile.—The Century Magazine.* 1885-87.]

SHE was the daughter of a Quaker family whose farm-house overlooks Long Island Sound. They see at noon the cheerful blue of its glittering wave and the white rim of the distant shore. She was extremely pretty. She talked incessantly. But it did not seem like talking; conversation, or rather monologue, was her normal state of existence. It was only another sort of silence. I say that she was a Quaker. As a matter of fact I believe that her family had separated from the Quaker faith, but she was sufficiently near the Quaker character and mode of life. Her eloquence must have been derived from generations of preachers of that denomination. Her language, although truthful, was full and fluent. She read you with introvertive eye from the tablets of her mind numbers of thoughts, which seemed to my bewitched ears beautiful and original, upon poetry, art, books, people, etc. She repeated these in a voice the most charming I have ever listened to; poetical quotations sounded so very fine when she uttered them, as she did now and then, in her simple way. She even imparted a certain natural magic to the flinty metres of that pedant W——. She admired widely, and you yourself came in for a share of the lively interest with which she regarded creation. The air of wonder with which she listened to what you said excited your self-love to the highest pitch. I visited their farm-house twice. I remember an orchard near at hand which stretched along the crest of a broken hill. I saw this once when the spring had sent a quick wave of bright verdure over the sod cropped short by the cows. The orchard was cut into three or four small patches, but there was a break in each of the separating fences, so that from room to room you could walk the orchard floors. I went again later, one hot midsummer morning, when our path led to a wood through a blazing wheat-field, in which I stopped to pull a branch of wild roses. We came soon to a deep break on an abrupt hill-side, where, shut in by masses of dense and brilliantly painted greenery, moving incessantly with the forest zephyrs, and not far from a white dog-wood tree, we rested from the heat. I began to cut away the thorns from the branch of wild roses, an action which I was half conscious was mistaken. I had better have let her prick her fingers, for she said: "You can't care for wild roses if you cut away the thorns."

Another recollection I have—of walking along a country road-side in that twilight which is almost dark. The daughter of the Quakers wore a blue silk cape with long fringes. She was talking her "thees" and "thous" to a half-grown lad, her cousin, as if she were no better than other women. The tall white daisies, thickly sown by the road-side, wheeled and swam in ghostly silence. It seemed that the slight figure that stepped briskly before me had a cosmic might and force residing among and descended from those stars and planets which had begun to strew the black heavens.

The family to which this girl belonged seemed to me to be people who practised a very high order of civilization. She was the most obedient and dutiful of daughters; but for all that she seemed to dominate the whole connection, and the landscape too, I should say. Her liberty was so a part of herself that I could not imagine her without it. . . . .

There are some hills, mountains you might call them, to the west of this German town. Sometimes I walk in their direction about sundown, at which time their sides wear some fine colors. These mountains, a broad and well-cultivated plain, a flock of sheep met on the roadway, a few solitary kine driven by peasants, and here and there a little hamlet with its tinkling belfry, and a sweet and ample light over the whole, make up an agreeable view. I like the scenery about here better than most European scenery, far better than the pampered and petty scenery of England. But I miss everywhere I have been on this continent the sentient energy of nature in America, the dexterous and pliant mind which I saw in that country as a boy, and which I find again as often as I return there, the dazzling sword-play with which that invincible soul rains upon the underlying evening world the pride of its transcendent life. It is one of my regrets that my life has been passed away from that nature.

I say that what I saw in American scenery as a boy I find again whenever I return to it. During a short visit home a few summers ago I went to spend the night with some friends who live near West Point. It was upon a day such as is common in our semi-tropical summers. I had taken a late afternoon train from New York, and on arriving had but ten minutes in which to dress for dinner. My host had given me a room facing to the south. There was an airy and graceful combination of hills in view. I had little leisure to look out, but could see them as they ran upward in purple waves and filled the sky with their irresolute azure pathway; there lived among them a bird-like flight of outline, which soared, but did not depart, which, although infinitely evanescent, did not vanish, but remained. This scene, lying in the benign splendors of the golden South, and fraught with the fairest tropic color, bloomed beyond my open window.

A business errand took me northward along the Housatonic. The train follows for hours the line of the mountains, which run northward in waves, broken at long intervals, as if swept upward by the winds. I found those mountains as I had known them before. I saw them from the car-window, pondering in their lucent bosoms memories pure, vast, sedate, profound, in unison with the dewy stars and the streams that rest for a moment in the midst of the meadows, and seem to say, "We also remember."

Laurence Hutton.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1843.

MASTER BETTY.

[*Actors and Actresses of Great Britain and the United States. Edited by Brander Matthews and Laurence Hutton.* 1886.]

THE exact position of the Infant Phenomena on the stage it is not easy to determine. They occupy, perhaps, the neutral ground between the monstrosity and the amateur, without belonging to either class, or to art. As being professional, though in embryo, they cannot share exemption from the severe tests of criticism with those who only play at being players; and as being human, though undeveloped, they cannot be judged as leniently as are the educated pigs or trained monkeys, from whom some disciples of Darwin might claim them to have been evolved.

In no case is the Phenomenon to be emulated, to be encouraged, or to be admired. How great a nuisance the average prodigy is to his audiences all habitual theatre-goers know; how much of a nuisance he is to his fellow-players Nicholas Nickleby has shown; and what a bitter burden he is likely to become to himself, his own experiences, if he lives to have experiences, will certainly prove. Loved by the gods—of the gallery—the Phenomenon, happily for himself and for his profession, as a rule, dies young. He does not educate the masses, he does not advance art, he does nothing which it is the high aim of the legitimate actor to do; he does not even amuse; he merely displays precocity that is likely to sap his very life; he probably supports a family at an age when he needs all the support and protection that can be given him, and if he does not meet a premature death, he rarely, very rarely, fulfils in any way the promise of his youth.

A decided distinction, however, should be made between the phenomenal young actor or actress who walks upon the stage in leading parts—a child Richard, or an infant Richmond—and the youthful member of the company, born of dramatic people, who, never attempting what is beyond his years or his stature, plays Young York or Young Clarence to support his father in leading roles, says his few lines, gets his little round of applause, is not noticed by the critics, and goes home, like a good boy, to his mother and his bed. It is as natural for the child of an actor to go upon the stage as it is for the son of a sailor to follow the sea. But while the young mariner, put before the mast, is taught the rudiments of his profession by the hardest and roughest of experiences, the Young Roscius is given command of the dramatic ship before he can box the dramatic compass, or tell the difference in the nautical drama between "Black-Eyed Susan" and the "Tempest."

William Henry West Betty, the most remarkable and successful of Phenomena, was also one of the most melancholy and ridiculous figures in the whole history of the stage. He was not so much absurd in himself as the cause of extravagant imbecility in others. He was born at, or near, Shrewsbury, on September 13, 1791. The following year he was carried to the north of Ireland, and in the summer of 1802 was taken to see Mrs. Siddons play "Elvira," at Belfast. With the performance and the performer he became "rapt and inspired," and possessed with that passion for the stage which nothing but cruel failure, or death, has ever been known to extinguish in child or man. On August 16 in the following year he was permitted by his father to appear in public at the Belfast Theatre, choosing the character of Osman in the tragedy of "Zara." He exhibited not the slightest sign of fear or embarrassment, and although only eleven years of age went through his part without confusion or mistake. The applause was tumultuous and long continued; and thus suddenly arose the star which was destined to outshine every other planet in the firmament, until it was as suddenly eclipsed forever, by the shadow of its own mature mediocrity. On November 28 Betty made his first appearance in Dublin, at the Crow Street Theatre, as Young Norval. He was carried triumphantly to Cork, Glasgow, Edinburgh, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester; and on December 1, 1804, in the character of Selim in "Barbarossa," at Drury Lane, and at a salary of £50 a night, he set all London mad.

The excitement he created has only been equalled by the craze over the South Sea Bubble. Hundreds gathered under the piazza as early as ten o'clock in the mornings; when the theatre doors were opened the crush was so great that women, and even men, were killed by the crowd; the silence when he was on the stage was so deep and the interest so intense that his slightest whisper could be heard in every part of the house; the First Gentleman in Europe led the applause; the receipts at the box-office were considered fabulous; his own fortune was made in a single season; lords and ladies and peers of the realm were among his worshippers; royal dukes were proud to call him friend; George the Third and his Queen gave him an audience; Mr. Home, the author of "Douglas," declared him a wonderful being who for the first time had realized the creator's conception of Young Norval; he was considered greater than Garrick in Garrick's own parts; John Kemble, Mrs. Siddons, Mrs. Jordan, Cooke, and Kean played to empty benches when at the rival house; bulletins were issued, when he was ill, stating the condition of his health; the University of Cambridge selected him as the subject of a prize ode; and Parliament itself adjourned, on motion of Mr. Pitt, to see him play Hamlet, at Drury Lane; than which no higher compliment could have been paid by England to mortal man.

Betty played alternately at Covent Garden and Drury Lane, his salary after the first performance being raised to £100 a night. And the gross receipts for twenty-eight nights were £17,210.11 (about $86,000). His parts, during his infancy, were Norval, Hamlet, Romeo, Frederic (in "Lover's Vows"), Octavian (in the "Mountaineers"), Rolla, Tancred, Richard III., Osman (in "Zara"), and Selim; and some idea of the intelligence of the baby who was "Cooke, Kemble, Holman, Garrick, all in one," may be gathered from the fact that he studied and learned and played the part of Hamlet in four days! London recovered from its madness before the beginning of Betty's second season; the provinces, growing saner by degrees, were not cured for two or three years. He retired from the stage at Bath, March 26, 1808, at the age of seventeen; and was entered a Fellow-Commoner at Christ's College, Cambridge, in the summer of the same year. In the month of February, 1812, Betty reappeared upon the boards at Bath, as the Earl of Essex; he played occasionally in London, more frequently in the provinces, but with indifferent success, and August 9, 1824, at Southampton he finally quit the stage. That he was a commonplace actor during the twelve years of his professional life as a man, there seems to be no question. He died in London on August 24, 1874, after having outlived himself for half a century, and his own fame for seventy years.

FROM UNCOLLECTED ESSAYS.

THE AMERICAN PLAY.

THE American play is yet to be written. Such is the unanimous verdict of the guild of dramatic critics of America, the gentlemen whom Mr. Phœbus, in "Lothair," would describe as having failed to write the American play themselves. Unanimity among critics of any kind is remarkable, but in this instance the critics probably are right. In all of its forms, except the dramatic, we have a literature which is American, distinctive, and a credit to us. The histories of Motley and of Prescott are standard works throughout the literary world. Washington Irving and Hawthorne are as well known to all English readers and are as dearly loved as are Thackeray and Charles Lamb. Poems like Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Whittier's "Snow-Bound," Lowell's "The Courtin'," and Bret Harte's "Cicely," belong as decidedly to America as do Gray's "Elegy" to England, "The Cotter's Saturday Night" to Scotland, or the songs of the Minnesingers to the German Fatherland, and they are perhaps to be as enduring as any of these. Mr. Lowell, Mr. Emerson, and Prof. John Fiske are essayists and philosophers who reason as well and as clearly and with as much originality as do any of the sages of other lands. In our negro melodies we have a national music that has charms to soothe the savage and the civilized breast in both hemispheres. American humor and American humorists are so peculiarly American that they are *sui generis,* and belong to a distinct school of their own; while in fiction Cooper's Indian novels, Holmes's "Elsie Venner," Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folk," Howells's "Silas Lapham," and Cable's "Old Creole Days," are purely characteristic of the land in which they were written and of the people and manners and customs of which they treat, and are as charming in their way as are any of the romances of the Old World. Freely acknowledging all this, the dramatic critics still are unable to explain the absence of anything like a standard American drama and the non-existence of a single immortal American play.

THE MOTHER IN FICTION.

The father, the uncle, even the mother-in-law or the step-mother, plays an important part in fiction; but the mother, if she is introduced at all, is always an uncomfortable figure, is always in the way. Can any student of human nature explain this? "No love like mother's love ever was known," —so sings the ballad-monger, though in many keys and in many ways; but in love stories every love but mother's love is sung, and sung and sung again. The practical Scotch lassie said not long after her marriage: "A man's a man, ye ken! but he's no' a body's mither!" Put the practical Scotch lassie into a novel, and see how quickly and how completely she forgets and forsakes her mither, and cleaves to her man. The mothers who ran to catch us when we fell were not common even in the literature of our childhood. "The English Orphans" certainly were motherless. Robinson Crusoe's mother was rarely, if ever, in his thoughts. Friday found his father, but does not seem to have asked for his mother. There were no mothers in "Sandford and Merton," in "The Boy Hunters," or in "The Wide, Wide World"! Mother Goose was a mother only to other people's children; Mother Hubbard's only child seems to have been her dog; and the old lady who lived in the shoe went so far to the other extreme that her children were greater in number than she could properly bring up. . . . From Richardson to Henry James, Jr., the novel has been little more than a half orphan asylum. Who can tell why? Who will give us a Becky Sharp who is not forced to become her own mamma; or a Jenny Wren who is not only her own mother, but her father's mother too? Why have all the Pips been brought up by hand; why have all the Topsys growed?

Charles Warren Stoddard.

BORN in Rochester, N. Y., 1843.

THE SURF-SWIMMER.

[*South-Sea Idyls.* 1873.]

WE found the floor of the valley very solemn and very lovely, when we at last got down into it. Three youngsters, as brown as berries, and without any leaves upon them, broke loose from a banana-orchard and leaped into a low hou-tree as we approached. They were a little shy of my color, pale-faces being rare in that vicinity. Two women who were washing at the ford—and washing the very garments they should have had upon their backs—discovered us, and plunged into the stream with a refreshing splash, and a laugh apiece that was worth hearing, it was so genuine and hearty. Another youngster hurried off from a stone-wall like a startled lizard, and struck on his head, but didn't cry much, for he was too frightened. A large woman lay at full length on a broad mat, spread under a pandanus, and slept like a turtle. I began to think there were nothing but women and children in the solitary valley, but Kahéle had kept an eye on the reef, and, with an air of superior intelligence, he assured me that there were many men living about there, and they, with most of the women and children, were then out in the surf, fishing.

"To the beach, by all means!" cried I; and to the beach we hastened, where, indeed, we found heaps of cast-off raiment, and a hundred footprints in the sand. What would Mr. Robinson Crusoe have said to that, I wonder! Across the level water, heads, hands, and shoulders, and sometimes half-bodies, were floating about, like the amphibia. We were at once greeted with a shout of welcome, which came faintly to us above the roar of the surf, as it broke heavily on the reef, a half-mile out from shore. It was drawing toward the hour when the fishers came to land, and we had not long to wait before, one after another, they came out of the sea like so many mermen and mermaids. They were refreshingly innocent of etiquette—at least, of our translation of it; and, with a freedom that was amusing as well as a little embarrassing, I was deliberately fingered, fondled, and fussed with by nearly every dusky soul in turn. "At last," thought I, "fate has led me beyond the pale of civilization; for this begins to look like the genuine article."

With uncommon slowness, the mermaids donned more or less of their apparel, a few preferring to carry their robes over their arms; for the air was delicious, and ropes of sea-weed are accounted full dress in that delectable latitude. Down on the sand the mermen heaped their scaly spoils—fish of all shapes and sizes, fish of every color; some of them throwing somersaults in the sand, like young athletes; some of them making wry faces, in their last agony; some of them lying still and clammy, with big, round eyes like smoked-pearl vest-buttons set in the middle of their cheeks; all of them smelling fishlike, and none of them looking very tempting. Small boys laid hold on small fry, bit their heads off, and held the silver-coated morsels between their teeth, like animated sticks of candy. There was a Fridayish and Lent-like atmosphere hovering over the spot, and I turned away to watch some youths who were riding surf-boards not far distant—agile, narrow-hipped youths, with tremendous biceps and proud, impudent heads set on broad shoulders, like young gods. These were the flower and chivalry of the Méha blood, and they swam like young porpoises, every one of them.

There was a break in the reef before us; the sea knew it, and seemed to take special delight in rushing upon the shore as though it were about to devour sand, savages, and everything. Kahéle and I watched the surf-swimmers for some time, charmed with the spectacle. Such buoyancy of material matter I had never dreamed of. Kahéle, though much in the flesh, could not long resist the temptation to exhibit his prowess, and having been offered a surf-board that would have made a good lid to his coffin, and was itself as light as cork and as smooth as glass, suddenly threw off his last claim to respectability, seized his sea-sled, and dived with it under the first roller which was then about to break above his head, not three feet from him. Beyond it, a second roller reared its awful front, but he swam under that with ease; at the second of his "open sesame," its emerald gates parted and closed after him. He seemed some triton playing with the elements, and dreadfully "at home" in that very wet place. The third and mightiest of the waves was gathering its strength for a charge upon the shore. Having reached its outer ripple, again Kahéle dived and reappeared on the other side of the watery hill, balanced for a moment in the glassy hollow, turned suddenly, and, mounting the towering monster, he lay at full length on his fragile raft, using his arms as a bird its pinions—in fact, soaring for a moment with the wave under him. As it rose, he climbed to the top of it, and there, in the midst of foam seething like champagne, on the crest of a rushing sea-avalanche about to crumble and dissolve beneath him, his surf-board hidden in spume, on the very top bubble of all, Kahéle danced like a shadow. He leaped to his feet and swam in the air, another Mercury, tiptoeing a heaven-kissing hill, buoyant as vapor, and with a suggestion of invisible wings about him—Kahéle transformed for a moment, and for a moment only; the next second my daring sea-skater leaped ashore, with a howling breaker swashing at his heels. It was something glorious and almost incredible.

ALBATROSS.

TIME cannot age thy sinews, nor the gale
Batter the network of thy feathered mail,
Lone sentry of the deep!
Among the crashing caverns of the storm,
With wing unfettered, lo! thy frigid form
Is whirled in dreamless sleep!

Where shall thy wing find rest for all its might?
Where shall thy lidless eye, that scours the night,
Grow blank in utter death?
When shall thy thousand years have stripped thee bare,
Invulnerable spirit of the air,
And sealed thy giant-breath?

Not till thy bosom hugs the icy wave—
Not till thy palsied limbs sink in that grave,
Caught by the shrieking blast,
And hurled upon the sea with broad wings locked,
On an eternity of waters rocked,
Defiant to the last!

THE COCOA-TREE.

CAST on the water by a careless hand,
Day after day the winds persuaded me:
Onward I drifted till a coral tree
Stayed me among its branches, where the sand
Gathered about me, and I slowly grew,
Fed by the constant sun and the inconstant dew.

The sea-birds build their nests against my root,
And eye my slender body's horny case.
Widowed within this solitary place
Into the thankless sea I cast my fruit;
Joyless I thrive, for no man may partake
Of all the store I bear and harvest for his sake.

No more I heed the kisses of the morn;
The harsh winds rob me of the life they gave;
I watch my tattered shadow in the wave,
And hourly droop and nod my crest forlorn,
While all my fibres stiffen and grow numb
Beckoning the tardy ships, the ships that never come!

Harriet Waters Preston.

BORN in Danvers, Mass.

RUSSIAN NOVELISTS.

[*The Spell of the Russian Writers.—The Atlantic Monthly.* 1887.]

GOGOL.

IT is Dickens who, simultaneously with Gogol, marks the transition from romanticism to realism in the literature of his own country. And not Dickens himself, as it seems to me, begins his work in higher spirits, less hampered by the behests of a "cold moral" or teased by the importunities of any fundamental doubt. The temper of both men altered sadly as the years went on. That of Gogol changed the earlier and more profoundly, by just so much as he was more thorough in his practice of the new method; more sincere and unreserved in his adoption of that principle of blank veracity on which what we call realism must needs rest. No man retains into mature life the spirits of his youth who does not also retain a certain number of illusions. Dickens was the first of the present generation of English realists, but he was never altogether a realist. He was romantic and rhetorical to his dying day. Gogol is rhetorical too, sometimes, especially in those eloquent apostrophes to Russia which abound in the first volume of the "Ames Mortes," but he is never romantic. He published, it is true, in his melancholy last years, after his writings had secured him many enemies, a number of elaborate letters on the subject of the "Ames Mortes," in which he claimed to have been actuated, from the first conception of the book, by a high philanthropic purpose. I cannot quite believe it. He simply, as I think, undertook to tell what he saw, and what he saw began by diverting and ended by overpowering him. He was like those heroes in the old-fashioned fairy-tales who, having dared to fix their eyes upon a magic mirror, saw the smooth surface begin slowly to darken and to swirl, and grim depths open, and fierce forms emerge, until the whole uncanny thing was thick with strife and grewsome with all manner of horror. He had set himself dispassionately to observe the social condition of rural Russia in the last years of serfdom. There is no hint in all the "Ames Mortes" that he ever personally questioned the righteousness of that "peculiar institution" of Russia, or seriously regarded the serf otherwise than as a piece of property. He seems hardly to have troubled himself about the serf at all. It is what he sees of the effect of slavery, and the semi-barbarism it implies, upon the *master*, which ends by taking all the heart out of him.

DOSTOÏEVSKY.

Turguéneff went away to a career of honor and emolument in a foreign land, and yet he went away broken-hearted, and the fixed sentiment which underlies all the wonderfully varied studies of Russian life which he subsequently made from a distance is one of despair. Turguéneff and Gogol are the true Nihilists, though the latter never knew the name of his complaint, and the former was bitterly accused of having trenched on Dostoïevsky's province, in assuming to discuss and illustrate it. With minds congenitally clear of cant, they had plunged fearlessly—the elder even jauntily—into the deep labyrinth of latter-day speculation; but neither went far enough, before he died, to discern the faint spark of light at the extremity of the noisome cavern, or suspect the point of its ultimate issue.

For Nihilism, in its largest acceptation, that is to say the flat negation of all faith and hope, whether in the social, political, or spiritual order, is not a possible permanent attitude of the human mind. Whatever it may mean, whether it be for our consolation or our delusion, the fact is so. The planet must return from its eclipse, the soul from its nadir of universal denial. It seems strange to think of Dostoïevsky, the mouthpiece of the "humiliated and offended," the master of horrors, as the prophet of such a return, and yet I find him to have been so. He, more than any of the rest of these new men and would-be teachers, has been unfortunate in the order in which his productions have been given to the western world. It is hardly possible to comprehend or even tolerate "Crime et Châtiment" without having first read the "Souvenirs de la Maison des Morts"; or fully to appreciate the latter without knowing something of the personal history of the author. I must also confess to having been myself beaten by "Crime et Châtiment," when I first attempted to read it. I began the book, and had not nerve enough to finish it. But I did afterwards read the "Souvenirs" from beginning to end, and this, which was really the earlier work, reconciled me to the later. It is one long, dry chronicle of human misery, of which not a single distressing or even revolting detail is spared the reader; but it is a chronicle of such misery endured unto the end, and, before the end, surmounted by the might of the inviolable human will.

TOLSTOÏ.

The rereading, or readjustment, of Christianity proposed by Count Leo Tolstoï in "Ma Religion" has its fantastic features. It recalls the earliest presentation of that doctrine, at least in this: that it can hardly fail to prove a "stumbling-block" to one half the well-instructed world, and an epitome of "foolishness" to the other. It consists merely in a perfectly literal interpretation of the fundamental precepts, resist not evil, be not angry, commit no adultery, swear not, judge not. Even the qualifications which our Lord himself is supposed to have admitted in the passage, "Whosoever is angry with his brother *without a cause,*" and in the one excepted case to the interdict against divorce, our amateur theologian rejects as the glosses of uncandid commentators, or the concessions of an interested priesthood. He then proceeds to show that the logical results of his own rigid interpretations, if reduced to practice, would be something more than revolutionary. They would involve the abolition of all personal and class distinctions; the effacement of the bounds of empire; the end alike of the farce of formally administered justice and of the violent monstrosity of war; the annihilation of so much even of the sense of individuality as is implied in the expectation of personal rewards and punishments, whether here or hereafter. For all this he professes himself ready. The man of great possessions and transcendent mental endowment, the practised magistrate, the trained soldier, the consummate artist, the whilom statesman, having found peace in the theoretic acceptance of unadulterated Christian doctrine as he conceives it, offers himself as an example of its perfect practicability.

"Ma Religion" was given to the world as the literary testament of the author of "Guerre et Paix" and "Anna Karénine." From the hour of the date inscribed upon its final page—Moscow, February 22, 1884—he disappeared from the scene of his immense achievements and the company of his intellectual and social peers. He went away to his estates in Central Russia, to test in his own person his theories of lowly-mindedness, passivity, and universal equality. He undertook to live henceforth with and like the poorest of his own peasants, by the exercise of a humble handicraft.

Those who know him best say that he will inevitably return some day; that this phase will pass, as so many others have passed with Tolstoï; and that we need by no means bemoan ourselves over the notion that he has said his last word at fifty-seven. Indeed, he seems to have foreshadowed such a return in his treatment of the characters of Bezouchof and Lenine, with both of whom we instinctively understand the author himself to be so closely identified. We are bound, I think, to hope that Turguéneff's last prayer may be granted; those of us, at least, who are still worldly-minded enough to lament the rarity of great talents in this last quarter of our century.

And yet, there is a secret demurrer; there are counter-currents of sympathy. A suspicion will now and then arise of something divinely irrational, something—in all reverence be it said—remotely messianic, in the sacrifice of this extraordinary man. The seigneur would become as a slave, the towering intelligence as folly, if by any means the sufferer may be consoled, the needy assisted. Here, at any rate, is the consistency of the apostolic age. And is it not true that when all is said, when we have uttered our impatient protest against the unconditional surrender of the point of honor, and had our laugh out, it may be, at the flagrant absurdity of *any* doctrine of non-resistance, a quiet inner voice will sometimes make itself heard with inquiries like these:

"Is there anything, after all, on which you yourself look back with less satisfaction than your own self-permitted resentments, your attempted reprisals for distinctly unmerited personal wrong? What is the feeling with which you are wont to find yourself regarding all public military pageants and spectacles of warlike preparation? Is it not one of sickening disgust at the ghastly folly, the impudent anachronism, of the whole thing?" In Europe, at all events, the strain of the counter-preparations for mutual destruction, the heaping of armaments on one side and the other, has been carried to so preposterous and oppressive a pitch that even plain, practical statesmen like Signor Bonghi, in Rome, are beginning seriously to discuss the alternative of general disarmament, the elimination altogether of the appeal to arms from the future international policy of the historic states.

Maurice Thompson.

Born in Fairfield, Ind., 1844.

THE DEATH OF THE WHITE HERON.

[*Songs of Fair Weather.* 1883.]

I PULLED my boat with even sweep
Across light shoals and eddies deep,

Tracking the currents of the lake
From lettuce raft to weedy brake.

Across a pool death-still and dim
I saw a monster reptile swim,

And caught, far off and quickly gone,
The delicate outlines of a fawn.

Above the marshy islands flew
The green teal and the swift curlew;

The rail and dunlin drew the hem
Of lily-bonnets over them;

I saw the tufted wood-duck pass
Between the wisps of water-grass.

All round the gunwales and across
I draped my boat with Spanish moss,

And, lightly drawn from head to knee,
I hung gay air-plants over me;

Then, lurking like a savage thing
Crouching for a treacherous spring,

I stood in motionless suspense
Among the rushes green and dense.

I kept my bow half-drawn, a shaft
Set straight across the velvet haft.

Alert and vigilant, I stood
Scanning the lake, the sky, the wood.

I heard a murmur soft and sad
From water-weed to lily-pad,

And from the frondous pine did ring
The hammer of the golden-wing.

On old drift-logs the bitterns stood
Dreaming above the silent flood;

The water-turkey eyed my boat,
The hideous snake-bird coiled its throat,

And birds whose plumage shone like flame—
Wild things grown suddenly, strangely tame—

Lit near me; but I heeded not:
They could not tempt me to a shot.

Grown tired at length, I bent the oars
By grassy brinks and shady shores,

Through labyrinths and mysteries
Mid dusky cypress stems and knees,

Until I reached a spot I knew,
Over which each day the herons flew.

I heard a whisper sweet and keen
Flow through the fringe of rushes green,

The water saying some light thing,
The rushes gayly answering.

The wind drew faintly from the south,
Like breath blown from a sleeper's mouth,

And down its current sailing low
Came a lone heron white as snow.

He cleft with grandly spreading wing
The hazy sunshine of the spring;

Through graceful curves he swept above
The gloomy moss-hung cypress grove;

Then gliding down a long incline,
He flashed his golden eyes on mine.

Half-turned he poised himself in air;
The prize was great, the mark was fair!

I raised my bow, and steadily drew
The silken string until I knew

My trusty arrow's barbed point
Lay on my left forefinger joint—

Until I felt the feather seek
My ear, swift-drawn across my cheek:

Then from my fingers leapt the string
With sharp recoil and deadly ring,

Closed by a sibilant sound so shrill
It made the very water thrill,—

Like twenty serpents bound together,
Hissed the flying arrow's feather!

A thud, a puff, a feathery ring,
A quick collapse, a quivering—

A whirl, a headlong downward dash,
A heavy fall, a sullen plash,

And like white foam, or giant flake
Of snow, he lay upon the lake!

And of his death the rail was glad,
Strutting upon a lily-pad;

The jaunty wood-duck smiled and bowed;
The belted kingfisher laughed aloud,

Making the solemn bittern stir
Like a half-wakened slumberer;

And rasping notes of joy were heard
From gallinule and crying-bird,

The while with trebled noise did ring
The hammer of the golden-wing!

Cypress Lake, Florida.

THE BLUEBIRD.

When ice is thawed and snow is gone,
And racy sweetness floods the trees;
When snow-birds from the hedge have flown,
And on the hive-porch swarm the bees,
Drifting down the first warm wind
That thrills the earliest days of spring,
The bluebird seeks our maple groves,
And charms them into tasselling.

He sits among the delicate sprays,
With mists of splendor round him drawn,
And through the spring's prophetic veil
Sees summer's rich fulfilment dawn:
He sings, and his is nature's voice—
A gush of melody sincere
From that great fount of harmony
Which thaws and runs when spring is here.

Short is his song, but strangely sweet
To ears aweary of the low,
Dull tramp of Winter's sullen feet,
Sandalled in ice and muffed in snow:
Short is his song, but through it runs
A hint of dithyrambs yet to be—
A sweet suggestiveness that has
The influence of prophecy.

From childhood I have nursed a faith
In bluebirds' songs and winds of spring:
They tell me, after frost and death
There comes a time of blossoming;
And after snow and cutting sleet,
The cold, stern mood of Nature yields
To tender warmth, when bare pink feet
Of children press her greening fields.

Sing strong and clear, O bluebird dear!
While all the land with splendor fills,
While maples gladden in the vales
And plum-trees blossom on the hills:
Float down the wind on shining wings,
And do thy will by grove and stream,
While through my life spring's freshness runs
Like music through a poet's dream.

THE MOTIF OF BIRD-SONG.

[*Sylvan Secrets, in Bird-Songs and Books.* 1887.]

ALL our birds use what we call their voices, just as we use ours, for the purposes of expression generally, and I am convinced that bird-song proper, though oftenest the expression of some phase of the tender passion, is not confined to such expression. In a limited way birds have their lyric and their dramatic moods, their serious and their comic songs, their recitative and their oratorical methods. They are conscious of any especial superiority of voice, just as they are keenly aware of any particular brilliancy of colors on their plumage. It may be noticed, in passing, that here again the birds and reptiles agree (many of the latter giving evidence of a taste for bright colors), while below man no other animals show much more than mere curiosity in this regard. A parrot having gay feathers in its wings and tail will display them to please your eye in return for the favor of a nut or a cracker, without ever having been taught to do it. It is conscious of the fact that brilliant colors are acceptable to the eye, and it instinctively seeks to thank you, so to say, by the delicate strut which uncovers all its hidden wealth of red, yellow, and blue. So the sweetest sounds at its command are instinctively flung out by the song-bird whenever it feels especially happy. The migratory song-birds, upon their spring arrival, are (no doubt) delighted at finding themselves once more in their breeding-haunts, and immediately they begin to give free vent to their feelings through their melodious throats. It would be interesting to know whether or not they do the same at the extreme southern end of their migration. I have noted that along the gulf-coast of Mississippi and Louisiana the non-resident mocking-birds, when they first come in from farther south, are noisily communicative of their ecstatic pleasure. For a few days they make the groves ring with their songs, then pass on farther north, many of them finally reaching Tennessee, some going over the mountains to Kentucky, and a few touching with a light spray of melody the southernmost knobs of Ohio and Indiana. I might easily mass a large sum of facts going to show that no one desire or instinctive emotion is the sole cause of bird-song. That the tender passion engenders lyrical fervor and makes a feathered troubadour of the gay sylvan lover there can be no doubt, but love is not always at the root of the lay. The song-bird is a gourmand of the most pronounced type, and we find him going into a rapture of sweet sounds over a feast of insects or fruit. He enjoys bright colors, too, so that he is always hilarious when he finds himself in the midst of green leaves and beautiful bloom-sprays. A haw-bush or wild apple-tree in full flower often is the inspiration of the brown thrush and the cat-bird. In a certain way, indeed, the birds are true poets, singing forth the influence of their environments—just as Burns sang his, just as Millet painted his. I do not mean to be fanciful in this regard. Call it instinct, as it is, and say that birds do not reason, which is true ; but add, nevertheless, the indisputable fact that instinct is of kin to genius, in that it has its origin (as genius has its) in the simplest and purest elements of nature, and so you will get my meaning.

It is impossible to know, with any degree of certainty, how clear or how dim may be the bird's conception of melody or of beauty; but we can know that its enjoyment of color and sweet sounds is most intense. The woodpecker, beating his unique call on a bit of hard, elastic wood, is making an effort, blind and crude enough, but still an effort, to express a musical mood vaguely floating in his nature. We may not laugh at him, so long as from the interior of Africa explorers bring forth the hideous caricatures of musical instruments that some tribes of our own genus delight themselves withal. Among the Southern negroes it was once common to see a dancer going through an intricate terpsichorean score to the music of a "pat," which was a rhythmical hand-clapping performed by a companion. I mention this in connection with the suggestion that the chief difference between the highest order of bird-music and the lowest order of man-music is expressed by the word rhythm. There is no such an element as the rhythmic beat in any bird-song that I have heard. Modulation and fine shades of "color," as the musical critic has it, together with melodious phrasing, take the place of rhythm. The meadow-lark, in its mellow fluting, comes very near to a measure of two rhythmic beats, and the mourning dove puts a throbbing cadence into its plaint; but the accent which the human ear demands is wholly wanting in each case. On the other hand, the mocking-bird, the cat-bird, and the brown thrush accentuate their songs, but not rhythmically; indeed, the cat-bird's utterance is an impetuous stream of glittering accents, as it were—irregular, tricksy, flippant, and yet as symmetrical, in a certain sense, as the bird itself—and the mocking-bird's song is like a flashing stream of water flowing over stones in the sunlight and flinging ariose bubbles and tinkling spray in every direction. I have watched birds at their singing under many and widely differing circumstances, and I am sure that they express joyous anticipation, present content, and pleasant recollection, each as the mood moves, and all with equal ease. It is not so plain, however, that the avian nature is fitted to formulate hate, or sorrow, or anger in song, for any unpleasant mood seems to take expression in cries altogether unmusical. I have never heard one sweet note by any angry or in any way unhappy bird. The avian life is beset with every danger except, probably, that of epidemic disease, and yet so flexible and elastic is it that the moment any terrible ordeal is past the bird is quite ready for a new and energetic effort in song-singing. . . . .

Among human beings a fine voice is the notable exception; among male mocking-birds in a wild state there is no exception—they all sing, and so nearly equally well that it requires close attention to discover any difference. So one wild bluebird's piping is practically identical, in volume, compass, and timbre, with that of every other wild male bluebird in the world. From this and a hundred kindred facts, it is safe to say that generation and the constant transmission of organic power and equipoise are very nearly perfect with birds of the highest order. Indeed, in song, as in so many other ways, the bird shows the operation of a nearly unerring heredity, and I have been forced to conclude, from all that I have been able to note in the lives and habits of song-birds, that a good part of bird-song is the mechanical response to what may be called hereditary memory. The mocking-bird, reared in captivity, far from the haunts of its ancestors, will repeat the cries of birds it has never seen and whose voices it has never heard. I have heard it do this. Not only the power to mimic is hereditary, but there, lingering in the bird's nature, is the memory, so to call it, of the voices it is born to mimic—the voices its ancestors mimicked ten thousand years ago.

It has been the fashion for men of science to make light of the common legend of the power of birds and other animals to foretell rain and other meteorological phenomena; but I long ago learned to credit it in a large degree. Birds are not always right in their predictions, because weather-threats are not always carried out. The yellow-billed cuckoo is more vociferous when the barometer indicates rain, but often the barometer fails to fetch the shower. The tree-frog, another sort of song-bird, squeals and chirps at the first indication of a rain-atmosphere, but the rain may fail to come. Birds sing with emphasis after a shower, as if they felt as much refreshed as the violets, and the clover, and the maple-leaves, and no doubt they do thus express some sense of delight in their revivified surroundings, just as they have sung or cackled in pleasant anticipation of the same before it came.

I have seen a mocking-bird eat the best part of a luscious pear or apricot, and then leap to the topmost spray of the tree and sing as if it would trill itself into fragments for very joy of the feast. The shrike cannot sing, but after impaling a grasshopper on a thorn he will make a hideous effort to be melodious over the deed. So the bluejay will utter its softest and sweetest "oodle-doo, oodle-doo," as soon as it has wiped its bill clear of the blood-stain received in murdering a nest-full of young sparrows. Even the belted kingfisher cackles gleefully every time he swallows a minnow, as the barnyard hen does when she has laid an egg. . . . . .

Many of our song-birds are consummate actors, within narrow limits, and have a command of gesture that any opera-star might well covet. The comparison between the mocking-bird and any other oscine species must be cut short, however, when it comes to the *dénouement*—the final outcome of the song—for it is here that our American nightingale is incomparable. In speaking of this, Buffon says: "When it gives full freedom to its voice in bursts wherein the sounds are at first full and brilliant, then softening down by degrees, and finally dying out and losing themselves altogether in a silence as charming as the rarest melody, then it is that one sees it hover gently above its perch, slowly slackening the motion of its wings, and resting quiet at last, as if suspended in mid-air." But I have seen it go far beyond even this extraordinary performance, and slowly fall to the ground, panting, and apparently exhausted from the effect of its ecstatic climax of exertion. During many visits to the coast of the Gulf of Mexico in the spring, I have availed myself of ample opportunity to study this Shakespeare of the birds, and I have concluded, from what I think sufficient proof, that the mocking-bird sings, consciously at times, for the purpose of gaining the favor of man. One thing is easily noted: Its song, sung close to human habitations—in the vines and orchards and gardens of man's planting—is not the same song it sings in the wild depths of the Southern woods. I was so struck with this that I put it to the test in every way I could, and I got so familiar with the difference that, while wandering in the lonely forests, I could know when I was nearing a settler's clearing or a negro's cabin by the peculiar notes of the mocking-birds. All along the charming gulf-coast from Mobile to Bay St. Louis, or, in the other direction, to St. Mark's and Tallahassee, there is not a cot, no matter how lonely or lowly, provided it has a fig-tree, that there is not a pair of mocking-birds to do it honor. The Scuppernong vineyards, too, are the concert-halls of this famous singer. Near the home of Mr. Jefferson Davis, and, I believe, upon the estate of the ex-Confederate chieftain, I sat in the shade of a water-oak and heard a mocking-bird sing, over in a thrifty vineyard, the rare dropping-song of which naturalists appear to have taken no notice. It was a balmy day in March; the sky, the gulf, the air all hazy and shimmering, the whole world swimming in a purplish mist of dreams, and I felt that the song was the expression of some such sweet passionate longing as exhales from Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale." Under the low-hanging boughs, and over the level, daisy-sprinkled ground, I gazed upon the sheeny reach of water, half convinced that I was looking through

> "Magic casements, opening on the foam
> Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn,"

and the very tones of the bird's voice accorded with the feeling in which the day was steeped.

Genuine bird-song is simply the highest form of avian vocalization, by which instinctively, if not premeditatedly, the bird finds expression of pleasure. The absence of true rhythm probably is significant of a want of power to appreciate genuine music, the bird's comprehension compassing no more than the value of sweet sounds merely as such.

As to the origin of bird-song, it has come, it seems to me, in response to a growth of the natural desire for a means of expression. Language is the highest mode of expression, and bird-song is a beautiful and witching, but very imperfect, language. In this connection it is a striking fact that all the most gifted avian singers are small. The nightingale and the mocking-bird are insignificant physically, when compared with the ostrich, the condor, and the crane. The entire skull of the mocking-bird is no larger than the end of one's thumb, and its brain will weigh about one-quarter of an ounce. No great scope of intelligence could be expected in such a case; but we must admit that, in a slender way, this brain is amazingly developed and balanced, and that, compared with man's, it is proportionately the more powerful and under far better control. If a quarter-ounce brain can shape a bird-voice so as to captivate the imagination of man throughout the ages, what ought a brain of ninety-two cubic inches do with an equal opportunity? Like the musician of old, it should set the very trees to dancing.

ATALANTA.

WHEN spring grows old, and sleepy winds
Set from the south with odors sweet,
I see my love, in green, cool groves,
Speed down dusk aisles on shining feet.

She throws a kiss and bids me run,
In whispers sweet as roses' breath;
I know I cannot win the race,
And at the end, I know, is death.

But joyfully I bare my limbs,
Anoint me with the tropic breeze,
And feel through every sinew thrill
The vigor of Hippomenes.

O race of love! we all have run
Thy happy course through groves of spring,
And cared not, when at last we lost,
For life or death, or anything!

John Boyle O'Reilly.

Born at Dowth Castle, County Meath, Ireland, 1844.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

[*Songs from the Southern Seas.* 1873.—*Songs, Legends, and Ballads.* 1878.—*The Statue in the Block, etc.* 1881.—*In Bohemia.* 1886.]

O BEAUTEOUS Southland! land of yellow air,
That hangeth o'er thee slumbering, and doth hold
The moveless foliage of thy valleys fair
And wooded hills, like aureole of gold.

O thou, discovered ere the fitting time,
Ere Nature in completion turned thee forth!
Ere aught was finished but thy peerless clime,
Thy virgin breath allured the amorous North.

O land, God made thee wondrous to the eye!
But his sweet singers thou hast never heard;
He left thee, meaning to come by and by,
And give rich voice to every bright-winged bird.

He painted with fresh hues thy myriad flowers,
But left them scentless: ah! their woful dole,
Like sad reproach of their Creator's powers—
To make so sweet fair bodies, void of soul.

He gave thee trees of odorous precious wood;
But, midst them all, bloomed not one tree of fruit.
He looked, but said not that his work was good,
When leaving thee all perfumeless and mute.

He blessed thy flowers with honey: every bell
Looks earthward, sunward, with a yearning wist;
But no bee-lover ever notes the swell
Of hearts, like lips, a-hungering to be kist.

O strange land, thou art virgin! thou art more
  Than fig-tree barren! Would that I could paint
For others' eyes the glory of the shore
  Where last I saw thee; but the senses faint

In soft delicious dreaming when they drain
  Thy wine of color. Virgin fair thou art,
All sweetly fruitful, waiting with soft pain
  The spouse who comes to wake thy sleeping heart.

IN TROPIC RAINS.

FROM "THE KING OF THE VASSE."

THE bush is whispering in her pent-up glee,
  As myriad roots bestir them to be free,
And drink the soaking moisture; while bright heaven
Shows clear, as inland are the spent clouds driven;
And oh! that arch, that sky's intensate hue!
That deep, God-painted, unimagined blue
Through which the golden sun now smiling sails,
And sends his love to fructify the vales
That late he seemed to curse! Earth throbs and heaves
With pregnant prescience of life and leaves;
The shadows darken 'neath the tall trees' screen,
While round their stems the rank and velvet green
Of undergrowth is deeper still; and there,
Within the double shade and steaming air,
The scarlet palm has fixed its noxious root,
And hangs the glorious poison of its fruit;
And there, 'mid shaded green and shaded light,
The steel-blue silent birds take rapid flight
From earth to tree and tree to earth; and there
The crimson-plumaged parrot cleaves the air
Like flying fire, and huge brown owls awake
To watch, far down, the stealing carpet-snake,
Fresh-skinned and glowing in his changing dyes,
With evil wisdom in the cruel eyes
That glint like gems as o'er his head flits by
The blue-black armor of the emperor-fly;
And all the humid earth displays its powers
Of prayer, with incense from the hearts of flowers
That load the air with beauty and with wine
Of mingled color, as with one design
Of making there a carpet to be trod,
In woven splendor, by the feet of God!

And high o'erhead is color: round and round
The towering guns and tuads, closely wound
Like cables, creep the climbers to the sun,
And over all the reaching branches run

And hang, and still send shoots that climb and wind
Till every arm and spray and leaf is twined,
And miles of trees, like brethren joined in love,
Are drawn and laced; while round them and above,
When all is knit, the creeper rests for days
As gathering might, and then one blinding blaze
Of very glory sends, in wealth and strength,
Of scarlet flowers o'er the forest's length!

MY NATIVE LAND.

IT chanced to me upon a time to sail
  Across the Southern Ocean to and fro;
And, landing at fair isles, by stream and vale
  Of sensuous blessing did we ofttimes go.
And months of dreamy joys, like joys in sleep,
  Or like a clear, calm stream o'er mossy stone,
Unnoted passed our hearts with voiceless sweep,
  And left us yearning still for lands unknown.

And when we found one—for 'tis soon to find
  In thousand-isled Cathay another isle—
For one short noon its treasures filled the mind,
  And then again we yearned, and ceased to smile.
And so it was, from isle to isle we passed,
  Like wanton bees or boys on flowers or lips;
And when that all was tasted, then at last
  We thirsted still for draughts instead of sips.

I learned from this there is no southern land
  Can fill with love the hearts of northern men.
Sick minds need change; but, when in health they stand
  'Neath foreign skies, their love flies home again.
And thus with me it was: the yearning turned
  From laden airs of cinnamon away,
And stretched far westward, while the full heart burned
  With love for Ireland, looking on Cathay!

My first dear love, all dearer for thy grief!
  My land, that has no peer in all the sea
For verdure, vale, or river, flower or leaf,—
  If first to no man else, thou'rt first to me.
New loves may come with duties, but the first
  Is deepest yet—the mother's breath and smiles:
Like that kind face and breast where I was nursed
  Is my poor land, the Niobe of isles.

A SAVAGE.

DIXON, a Choctaw, twenty years of age,
Had killed a miner in a Leadville brawl;
Tried and condemned, the rough-beards curb their rage,
And watch him stride in freedom from the hall.

"*Return on Friday, to be shot to death!*"
So ran the sentence—it was Monday night.
The dead man's comrades drew a well-pleased breath;
Then all night long the gambling dens were bright.

The days sped slowly; but the Friday came,
And flocked the miners to the shooting-ground;
They chose six riflemen of deadly aim,
And with low voices sat and lounged around.

"He will not come." "He's not a fool." "The men
Who set the savage free must face the blame."
A Choctaw brave smiled bitterly, and then
Smiled proudly, with raised head, as Dixon came.

Silent and stern—a woman at his heels—
He motions to the brave, who stays her tread.
Next minute—flame the guns: the woman reels
And drops without a moan—Dixon is dead.

A DEAD MAN.

THE Trapper died—our hero—and we grieved;
In every heart in camp the sorrow stirred.
"His soul was red!" the Indian cried, bereaved;
"A white man, he!" the grim old Yankee's word.

So, brief and strong, each mourner gave his best—
How kind he was, how brave, how keen to track;
And as we laid him by the pines to rest,
A negro spoke with tears: "His heart was black!"

A PASSAGE.

THE world was made when a man was born;
He must taste for himself the forbidden springs,
He can never take warning from old-fashioned things;
He must fight as a boy, he must drink as a youth,
He must kiss, he must love, he must swear to the truth
Of the friend of his soul, he must laugh to scorn

The hint of deceit in a woman's eyes
That are clear as the wells of Paradise.
And so he goes on, till the world grows old,
Till his tongue has grown cautious, his heart has grown cold,
Till the smile leaves his mouth, and the ring leaves his laugh,
And he shirks the bright headache you ask him to quaff;
He grows formal with men, and with women polite,
And distrustful of both when they're out of his sight;
Then he eats for his palate, and drinks for his head,
And loves for his pleasure,—and 'tis time he was dead!

THE PILGRIMS.

[*From the Poem read at the Dedication of the Monument to the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, Mass.*, 1 *August*, 1889.]

HERE, where the shore was rugged as the waves,
Where frozen nature dumb and leafless lay,
And no rich meadows bade the Pilgrims stay,
Was spread the symbol of the life that saves:
To conquer first the outer things; to make
Their own advantage, unallied, unbound;
Their blood the mortar, building from the ground;
Their care the statutes, making all anew;
To learn to trust the many, not the few;
To bend the mind to discipline; to break
The bonds of old convention, and forget
The claims and barriers of class; to face
A desert land, a strange and hostile race,
And conquer both to friendship by the debt
That nature pays to justice, love, and toil.

Here, on this rock, and on this sterile soil,
Began the kingdom not of kings, but men;
Began the making of the world again.
Here centuries sank, and from the hither brink
A new world reached and raised an old-world link,
When English hands, by wider vision taught,
Threw down the feudal bars the Normans brought,
And here revived, in spite of sword and stake,
Their ancient freedom of the Wapentake.
Here struck the seed—the Pilgrims' roofless town,
Where equal rights and equal bonds were set.
Where all the people equal-franchised met;
Where doom was writ of privilege and crown;
Where human breath blew all the idols down;
Where crests were naught, where vulture flags were furled,
And common men began to own the world!

Francis Howard Williams.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1844.

IN NO MAN'S LAND.

[*From " Boscosel."—The Septameron.* 1888.]

I WAS aroused from my reverie by a gentle double tap at my door. It was Watkins, my servant. He always knocked in that way—a sort of unassertive deferential appeal of the knuckles, which announced a presence but scarcely asked an audience—altogether a respectful and dutiful and valet-like knock. I bade Watkins enter, and, acting upon the permission, he brought in a crystal pitcher of ice-water on a salver, and deposited two fresh towels on the rack; then he inquired in the lowest of voices whether he could serve me further, and, receiving a negative reply, glided with the silentest of footsteps to the door. He was about to close it behind him, when he suddenly returned.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, "but I noticed this morning that you had neglected to open your mail of one day last week. It was covered by some magazines, and I thought perhaps you might have overlooked it."

"I overlook one of my mails! That's very curious, Watkins. I never did such a thing in my life before."

"No, sir; it was because I knew how systematic you were that I made bold to speak of it. I hope you will excuse the liberty, sir."

"Find it for me, Watkins. I know nothing about it."

Silently Watkins glided to my table; silently he lifted a pile of papers and periodicals, and silently removing a packet of letters, sealed and stamped, he handed them to me with a silent bow.

"Strange, strange," I muttered; "I never saw these before." Then turning, "Thank you, Watkins; you may go."

He bowed again and left the room. I opened the first envelope; it contained a lead-pencil note scribbled in haste by an old friend, and referred to an appointment at luncheon. I knew the handwriting well, but somehow I could not for the life of me recall the appointment or even remember to have seen the writer for a long while. I opened the second envelope; it contained a bill. The third was larger; it was bordered with black, and bore a large seal impressed with a legend and crest. A sense of familiarity assailed my mind as I glanced at this seal. I paused before breaking it. It was very odd. I certainly knew the crest; the Latin motto, crowded in a little scroll beneath, had a singularly familiar sound. I read it aloud with a lilt and swing in my voice, just as I used to scan a line of Horace. It was all so natural; and yet years seemed to have intervened since last I saw it—this highly decorous legend with its ethical statement of an improbable virtue linked to an impossible valor. Why did my hand shake as I opened the envelope? Faugh! it did not shake; it was only that uncomfortable draught of air from somewhere. As I drew forth the note I saw that it was bordered with black to match the envelope. Having gotten myself into a funereal frame of mind, what was my surprise to find, upon unfolding the single heavy sheet, these engraved words of invitation:

DR. AND MRS. MACFARLANE
request the honor of your company
on Thursday evening, January 24th,
at nine o'clock.
R. S. V. P.

I rubbed my eyes and read it again; then I went over it line by line. Dr. and Mrs. MacFarlane! I used to know them well—long ago. But now—they had both been dead for years; at least so I had understood when I came back from the war. Could it be that I had been misinformed? Impossible! And yet here was the invitation—yes, and the crest and legend; it all came back to me now. There was no mistake about *them*. Here was palpable evidence of vitality. But how strange to issue such an invitation on so gloomy a piece of stationery! And then the date. "Heavens!" I ejaculated as I again read the words, "Thursday evening, January 24th! Why that is to-night!"

My vexation at having overlooked this particular mail was mingled with a blank astonishment at the contents of this particular portion of it. Was I dreaming? I looked at my watch; it indicated four minutes past 9. Surely it must be much later. I held it to my ear; yes, it had stopped. What was I to do? I had already been guilty of an unintentional rudeness in not acknowledging the invitation; the only reparation was to go to the ball or reception, or whatever it might be, and explain my oversight. And then, I had an uncontrollable curiosity to solve the mystery which attended the whole matter. Whether owing to the unusual character of this emotion, or to the restoring qualities of the cigarettes, I felt much less weary than when I had flung myself into the easy-chair with the intention of there remaining until I retired for the night. I was actually conscious of a certain exhilaration—a desire to emit superfluous energies in some of those impromptu calisthenic gyrations peculiar to the hopeful seasons of early youth. The work of transforming myself from a meditative bachelor *en déshabille* into a society man in evening dress was, therefore, neither onerous nor protracted, and before I was well aware of the rather abrupt alteration in the current of my thoughts and intentions, I found myself in a hansom rattling down the broad avenue upon which the mansion of Dr. MacFarlane used to front. And there it stood, as of yore, a few patches of snow lying snugly in the corners of the brown stone steps, the doors massively carved and emitting a line of bright light through the crack which was hospitably visible between them. I hastily dismissed my driver and mounted the steps; the doors were opened and I passed into the broad hallway; waves of delicious music came to me through the silken meshes of the portières; there was the sudden, dulcet odor of scores of roses and rare exotic plants, and as I passed with silent footfall up the luxuriously carpeted stairs I caught a glimpse of swaying figures, with oriental voluptuousness of motion marking time to the rise and fall of the music of the dance. The servant stationed at the door of the upper room added a smile of recognition to his respectful bow as he indicated the apartment in which I was to deposit my impedimenta. I remembered him well—an old family-piece with the MacFarlanes. It seemed to me years since I had seen him, but he looked no older. Hastily submitting to the removal of my wraps, I again descended the stairs, and in another moment was making my addresses and excuses to the host and hostess. Mrs. MacFarlane in her sweet gracious way was making me feel quite at home; she had always possessed that delightful *savoir-faire* which is of so much more value in society than any amount of mere courtesy. As for the Doctor, his rubicund face wore the same jovial smile and his voice was rounded out with the same hearty robustness which had so often been pleasing memories to me in hours of homesickness and sadness.

"Ah! Dangerfield, my dear fellow; delighted to see you, I'm sure," he said, as he took my hand in both his own. "It is positively like old times, you know. We were half afraid we shouldn't succeed in getting you here, but Boscosel said he was sure you would arrive to-day, so we took chances in sending you an invitation. Ha! ha! ha! it does me good to see you, upon my soul. How are all the men at the club?

In a somewhat dazed voice I replied that I was delighted to again meet my good friend, Dr. MacFarlane, and that the men at the club were generally in good health so far as my knowledge extended. Then I asked myself the question, Who the deuce is Boscosel? and turned to reply to a pleasant remark from my hostess.

"Ah! madam," I said, "you were always too good. And while speaking of good nature let me apologize for having so far trespassed upon yours. I assure you I was thoroughly mortified when I discovered that I had not replied to your invitation for this evening."

"Oh," she answered with a laugh, "we certainly didn't expect you to reply. Of course we understood the nature of the case fully."

I could not help an inward sentiment of satisfaction that somebody understood the nature of the case. Certainly I did not. What on earth did she mean by saying that they didn't expect a reply? I knew that I was regarded as being a most punctilious person in matters of social etiquette; why, then, should it be assumed as a matter of course that I would be guilty of a flagrant breach of the most usual requirements of society? . . . .

Several couples were promenading up and down, and making desperate attempts at conversation between the enforced pauses for breath which their recent dancing rendered necessary. One exceedingly exquisite young man was sending a tiny spray of cologne-water upon the flushed brow of the fair partner at his side, while another exceedingly exquisite young man languidly fanned surrounding space with the brim of his opera-hat, evidently under the pleasing delusion that his lady was catching a portion of the breeze. On the stairway couples were ranged like rising parterres of flowers, looking down or up or obliquely at each other, according to the exigencies of posture, but never under any circumstances getting on a level; the *regard passionné,* I have observed, invariably demands an angle in order to be effective. Servants were handing light refreshments on parti-colored cut-glass, and the couples on the stairs were sliding from ices to flirtation in a manner at once canonical and variegated.

I paused for a moment watching the scene with the eye of a man partly philosophical by nature and partly *blasé* through experience. Then, as there came a pause in the music, and additional couples began wandering out in search of more air, I entered the drawing-room intending to seek out the hostess of the evening, of whom I much desired to learn certain things which were just now puzzling me sorely. I had hardly passed through the doorway, however, when a familiar voice said:

"Why, Mr. Dangerfield, is it possible you are going to pass your old friends with never a recognition?" And then there was the merry, musical laugh of a lady whom I had known well long ago.

"Oh, Miss Denise!" I cried. "Is it possible, or do my eyes deceive me? I—really—I didn't expect to—pardon me; this is *very* sudden." I have no doubt the last words must have appeared quite too emotional for the occasion, for, beyond a pleasant acquaintanceship, there was no reason why a meeting with Denise Fleury should have especially unnerved me—no reason at all, except—except that she had been dead for a year!

I felt the color mount to my hair, and then I knew that I grew pale. I knew, too, that Denise noticed my embarrassment. She was French in the quickness of her apprehension as well as in her name and ancestry. With excellent tact she covered my confusion by a volume of small-talk, and then, turning to a young lady of apparently her own age who stood by her side, she begged to present me.

"Mamma, Mr. Dangerfield. Mr. Dangerfield, this is my mother."

"I beg pardon," I said, oblivious to everything except blank astonishment; "I have the honor of being presented to Miss ——?"

"To Madame Fleury, my mother," explained Denise.

"Your mother!" Then I became aware of what a horrible mess I was making, and by a desperate effort managed to bow and express the happiness I experienced in meeting Madame Fleury. But my dismay was too evident for concealment, and Madame Fleury, smiling the while with charming graciousness, said softly, in her pretty French accent:

"I quite comprehend that Monsieur finds it difficult to reconcile fact and appearance. Let me explain, Monsieur, that my daughter has only been with me for a year. I left nineteen years ago."

"Left!" I reiterated in the same tone which I had used in repeating the significant word to Miss Postelthwaite earlier in the evening. "Left!"

"Yes, Monsieur." Then, as she observed my continued mystification, she added: "The family had not the honor of your acquaintance, Monsieur, at that time. We had never met."

"True, true," I murmured, inanely. "I did not know—that is, I had not heard . . . " I was rapidly getting myself into another tangle. Denise again came to the rescue.

"No," she said. "It was very sudden. Typhoid-pneumonia, you know."

"Ah, yes; I see," I said, with an attempt at a sympathetic intonation and an inward conviction that I certainly did not see. Gracefully and deftly the two ladies led the conversation into other channels, and I soon found myself chatting in the pleasantest manner possible, imparting little items of gossip interesting to a society woman and of occurrence too recent for the personal knowledge of Denise.

Then the musicians began a delicious "Strauss," and I asked the favor of a waltz, taking out first Madame Fleury as a tribute to her grotesquely matronly distinction; then coming back for her daughter of equal years. It was all very odd and weird; but the music was exceedingly fine, and every surrounding in such perfect taste! Presently another man was brought up to be presented, and I once more found myself seeking the cooler atmosphere of the halls and ante-rooms. Then I wandered towards the conservatory, glimpses of whose arboreal loveliness were visible through an archway at the end of the corridor. My brain seemed on fire; once I touched the heavy panellings to make sure that I was surrounded by something more substantial than the mere ghosts of things. As I passed under the arch, the heavy, sense-compelling air of exotic plants in bloom struck me like a perfume-laden breeze from the tropics. Great palms spread their broad leaves above me in hospitable welcome; rare ferns fluttered in the slight breath of air which came from a single aperture near the crystal roof; many-petalled roses bowed in the gentlest of obeisances and seemed to follow me with their tender eyes. I could see no one in the conservatory, and felt absolute relief at the thought of being for a moment away from the throng. "What does it mean?" I queried, half aloud. "Is Life, then, but a phantom—Love a dream?" The dulcet waves of music came chastened by distance into a mere intimation of the waltz—a suggestion of rhythmic arrangement so rounded and blurred at the angles as to leave only an impression of symmetry dissolving and reforming on the mellifluous chaos of sweet sound. I passed completely across the conservatory to the farther side. I wanted to find some spot where I could be entirely alone for a few moments. I saw no one. A sense of relief mingled with the consciousness of the great mental pressure under which I labored. There was a large tropical plant at the angle of the apartment nearest me, and a low rustic bench seemed to invite rest. I walked towards it, and as I bent my head to escape the broad, drooping luxuriousness of the plant, I suddenly observed the figure of a woman standing with her back towards me at the opposite side of the aisle. Apparently she had not heard my approach, for she continued pulling the petals gently one by one from a tender white flower in her hand. The position which she occupied relatively to the direction whence I came rendered it impossible for either of us to have observed the other until I was within a few feet of her, and I was therefore placed in the rather embarrassing predicament of being unable either to retreat or to advance without the appearance of a rude intrusion. Under these circumstances I stood perfectly still and regarded her in silence. The outlines of her figure indicated that she was quite young, though I could form no idea otherwise, even her profile being hidden. Her hair was very beautiful, and was worn high from the neck and twisted simply after the manner of classic statues. A single silver arrow was shot through the coils and appeared to be the only means of keeping them from falling about her shoulders, and I noticed how the shades lightened and turned to burnished copper where a soft short tress half concealed the delicate upper curve of the ear. I cannot tell what there was in the poise of her figure—in the shadows underlying her hair—which so enthralled me; I only know that I experienced the sense of an absolute realization of an ideal—the answer to an unframed question of my soul. Quietly she pulled away the petals of the flower; they fluttered and dropped at her feet like leaves from a recording angel's book of fate; then she came to the end and dropped the bare stem too; in doing this her left hand was brought to my view, and I noted how soft and white and blue-veined it was; then I felt a mighty throb in my pulses, a sudden suffocation as of dust in my throat; my brain reeled, and the light spans of the conservatory ceiling seemed rocking about and threatening a universal crash. I should have cried out, I think, but that my lips refused their office. Yet, after all, why should I so madly sway before the breath of Destiny? That which I saw upon one of her slender fingers was but a gew-gaw, —a golden serpent wrapped in two folds, and bearing little translucent, malignant garnets in its head for eyes. It seemed to cleave very closely to the soft, perfect texture of her flesh, and, in accordance with a somewhat musty symbolism, held its tail in its mouth to indicate Eternity. There was little in such a trinket to move a man as I was moved. And yet I knew that the great climacteric of my existence had arrived. I stood face to face with a problem so profound and with a possibility so ecstatic that for me the universe seemed trembling on its foundations. For a moment I wavered, and then I had become master of the situation and of myself. With perfect calmness I stepped close to her side and very gently spoke her name:

"Helen."

She started, but it was apparently owing rather to the unexpectedness of any salutation than to the tones of this particular one. She turned almost slowly and looked me deliberately in the eyes. It was a look of recognition from the first—full of a light as tender as the dawn—replete with the passion which makes man divine. I saw her then as I had seen her twenty years before. Time had stood still for her; she was very beautiful, and as she let her eyes rest upon me, there was a gradual heightening of the color at her temples which brought into more pronounced contrast the whiteness of her throat.

She offered me her hand and said quietly:

"I have been waiting for you a long while, Arthur."

"Waiting?"

"Yes."

"And, if there were no bar, could you yet pronounce, as once you did, the three small words which were my talisman of life?"

"There is no bar," she answered. "I love you."

I heard the music stealing brokenly through the broad leaves around us; there was a smell of roses in the heavy air. I did not speak—only spread my arms abroad and took Helen to my breast. I noted the quick, broken lisp of her indrawn breath, after the manner of women when they yield to an instinctive demand of sense; I felt the weight of her head upon my shoulder, the slight pressure of her bosom against mine. I folded the splendor of her womanhood closely within my embrace, conscious that though another had claimed her once, she yet was mine forever.

"No one shall take you from me now," I whispered.

"No one has the power," she said. "My promise was 'Till death do us part,' and my divorcement bears the seal of an eternal judge."

Again I felt the awful sense of an incomprehensible problem stealing over me.

"I do not understand," I said wanderingly. "I cannot comprehend; but I am happy, and I care not to know."

"Why should you?" she murmured.

I drew her to the rustic bench, and there, close to my heart, she told me all the secrets of her own. I cannot say how long we remained, but there came a loud blare of the brasses from the orchestra in the drawing-room, as though a *finale* had been reached. I started. There was the hum of distant talk from many lips—the confused, muffled sound of many steps. Still we lingered. Presently I heard the low, scornful laugh of a man's voice close to us; it fell upon the air with metallic distinctness, repressed to the limits of decorous requirement, yet ironical, bitter, terrible in its suggestion. Helen, too, heard it and looked up. There in the doorway stood a man regarding us intently. His eyes were black and piercing, his hair cropped closely and brushed straight up, his nose slightly aquiline and almost concealing the central portion of his black moustache. He was dressed faultlessly.

I sprang up intending to resent this insolent intrusion, but he was gone. I turned to Helen and saw that she was quite pale. She noticed my astonishment, and quickly said:

"It is nothing. Do not follow him. It was only Boscosel."

"And *who* is *he?*" I eagerly demanded.

In reply she only said softly: "Come; let us go."

We passed out of the conservatory. The hallway was deserted; the anterooms were dark. I drew my companion closely to my side.

"It is very cold," I exclaimed.

"Yes," she answered.

"I wonder what time it is," I said, half inquiringly and with a partly defined expectation that she could afford the desired information.

She looked at me curiously, and there was an evident absence of all comprehension of my meaning as she repeated blankly, "Time?"

"Yes," I said. "It must be very late. The guests have gone. It must be nearly dawn."

"I do not understand," she said, with the simplicity of a little child.

I pressed my hand to my brow. Time had no meaning to her consciousness. It had ceased for her. And yet, and yet—there in the angle stood a massive clock, antique in carving and splendid with ornaments of brass. It was one of those ancient family-pieces whose face exhibits periodically the all-too-rotund visage of the placid moon between impossibly bespangled firmaments, and beneath whose solemn second-hand the month and day appear. Strange that it should be here, where no one seemed conscious of the fact it recorded.

Here—but where? I had an indistinct impression that I ought at least to make my adieus to Dr. and Mrs. MacFarlane, but then it was dark and all was so silent, so *very* silent. I leaned close and felt Helen's breath upon my cheek. Her bosom rose and fell tumultuously. I kissed her on the lips, and then looked at the ancient clock to find the answer to my query. The hour-hand rested upon the characters "IX," the minute-hand had not yet reached the "I." Quickly my glance sought the slender steel pointer which, in its special dial, tells off the seconds as the Genius of Humanity might reckon his sins on the rosary of time. It moved not at all, only trembled upon its axis, like the delicate needle of a compass jarred by the passing of a heavy step. I listened; there was no sound save the quick sibilant vibration of Helen's breath as she leaned nearer and reached her hands towards my face. I looked through the pane near the base of the clock-case. There in full view hung the pendulum, vertical, motionless. Again I glanced at the face. In an oblong opening I saw the abbreviations *Thurs.*, *Jan.*, and immediately beneath appeared the figures 24. Then I understood. Time had ceased for me too. I had died on the evening of Thursday, January 24th, 1884, at four minutes after nine o'clock.

SONG.

[*The Princess Elizabeth. A Lyric Drama.* 1880.]

A BIRD in my bower
Sat calling, a-calling;
A bird answered low from the garden afar.
His note came with power,
While falling, a-falling,
Her note quivered faint as the light of a star.
"I am Life! I am Life!"
From the bower a-ringing,
Thrilled forth a mad melody, soaring above;
"I am Love! I am Love!"
From the garden a-singing,
Came soft as a dream, and the echoes sang "Love."
They joined, and together
Fast flying, a-flying,
Were lost to my gaze in the arch of the sky.
The wind through the heather
Is sighing, a-sighing;
Ah! how should it ever do other than sigh?
Where art thou, where art thou,
Life, flying, a-flying?
Where art thou, O Love, sweetest child of the dawn?
The song in the meadow
Is dying, a-dying;
My heart groweth heavy, and whispereth—"Gone."

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1844.

AN AUTUMN VIOLET.

[*Poetic Studies.* 1875.—*Songs of the Silent World.* 1885.]

I SAW a miracle to-day!
Where the September sunshine lay
Languidly as a lost desire
Upon a sumach's fading fire,
Where calm some pallid asters trod,
Indifferent, past a golden-rod,
Beside a gray-haired thistle set—
A perfect purple violet.

I wonder what it were to miss
The life of spring, and live like this?
To bloom so lone, to bloom so late,
And were it worth the while to wait
So long for such a little day?
And were it not a better way
Never, indeed (worse might befall),
To be a violet at all?

So lonely when the spring was gone,
So calm when autumn splendors shone,
So peaceful midst the blazing flowers,
So blessèd through the golden hours,
So might have bloomed my love for thee.
It is not, and it cannot be,—
It cannot, must not be,—and yet,
I picked for thee the violet.

ALAS, POOR GHOST!

[*The Gates Between.* 1887.]

IT was morning, and Brake's clerk was coming in. It was very early; earlier than he usually came, perhaps; but I could not tell. He did not notice me at first, and, remembering Drayton's hypothesis, I shrank behind the tall desk, and instinctively kept out of sight for a few uncertain minutes, wondering what I had better do. The clerk called the janitor, and scolded a little about the fire, which he ordered lighted in the grate. It was a cold morning. He said the room would chill a corpse. He had the morning papers in his hand. He unfolded the "Herald," and laid it down upon his own desk, as if about to read it.

At that instant the telegraph clicked, and he pushed the damp, fresh paper away from him, and went immediately to the wires. The young man listened to the message with an expression of great intentness, and wrote rapidly. Moved by some unaccountable impulse, I softly rose and glanced over his shoulder.

The despatch was dated at midnight, and was addressed to Henry Brake. It said:

"*Have you seen my husband to-night?*" and it was signed, "*Helen Thorne.*"

Oh, poor Helen! . . .

Now, maniac with haste to get to her, it occurred to me that the moment while the clerk was occupied in recording this message was as good a time as I could ask for in which to escape unobserved, as I greatly wished to do. As quietly as I could—and I succeeded in doing it very quietly—I therefore moved to leave the broker's office. As I did so, my eye caught the heading, in large capitals, of the morning news in the open "Herald" which lay upon the desk behind the clerk. I stopped, and stooped, and read. This is what I read:

SHOCKING ACCIDENT.
TERRIBLE TRAGEDY.
RUNAWAY AT THE WEST END.
The eminent and popular physician,
Dr. Esmerald Thorne,
KILLED INSTANTLY.

At this moment the broker entered the office.

With the "Herald" in my hand, I made haste to meet him.

"Brake!" I cried, "Mr. Brake! Thank Heaven, you have come! I have passed such a night—and look here! Have you seen this abominable canard? This is what has come of my being locked into your"——

The broker regarded me with a strange look; so strange that for very amazement I stood still before it. He did not advance to meet me; neither his hand nor his eyes gave me the human sign of welcome; he looked over me, he looked through me, as a man does at one whose acquaintance he has no desire to recognize.

I thought—

"Drayton has crammed him. He too believes that I was shut in here to sleep it off. The story will get out in two hours. I am doomed in this town henceforth for a drunken doctor. I'd better have been killed instantly, as this infernal paper says."

But I said—

"Mr. Brake? You don't recognize me, I think. It is I, Dr. Thorne. I couldn't get here before two. I went to your house last evening. I got the impression you were here, so I came after you. I was locked in here by your confounded watchman. They have this minute let me free. I am in a great hurry to get home. Nice job this is going to be! Have you seen *that?*"

I put my shaking finger upon the "Herald's" fiery capitals, and held the column folded towards him.

"Jason," he said, after an instant's pause, "pick up the 'Herald,' will you? A gust of wind has blown it from the table. There must be a draught. Please shut the door."

To say that I know of no earthly language which can express the sensation that crawled over me as the broker uttered these words is to say little or nothing about it. I use the expression "crawled" with some faint effort to define the slowness and the repulsiveness with which the suspicion of that to which I dared not and did not give a name made itself manifest to my mind.

"Excuse me, Brake," I said with some agitation, "you did not hear what I said. I was locked in. I am in a hurry to get home. Ask Drayton. Drayton let me in. I must get home at once. I shall sue the 'Herald' for that outrageous piece of work— What do you suppose my wife— Good God! She must have read it by this time! Let me by, Brake!"

"Jason," said the broker, "this is a terrible thing! I feel quite broken up about it."

"Brake!" I cried, "Henry Brake! Let me pass you! Let me home to my wife! You're in my way—don't you see? You're standing directly between me and the door. Let me pass!"

"There's a private despatch come," said the clerk sadly. "It is for you, sir. It is from Mrs. Thorne herself."

"Brake!" I pleaded, "Brake, Brake!—Jason!—Mr. Brake! Don't you hear me?"

"Give me the message, Jason," said Brake, holding out his hand; he seated himself, as he did so, at the office table, where I had sat the night out; he looked troubled and pale; he handled the message reluctantly, as people do in the certainty of bad news.

"In the name of mercy, Henry Brake!" I cried, "what is the meaning of this? Don't you hear a word I say? Don't you feel me?—There!" I gripped the broker by the shoulder, and clinched both hands upon him with all my might. "Don't you *feel* me? God Almighty! don't you *see* me, Brake?"

"When did this despatch come, Jason?" said the broker. He laid Helen's message gently down; he had tears in his eyes.

"Henry Brake," I pleaded brokenly, for my heart failed me with a mighty fear, "answer me, in human pity's name. Are you gone deaf and blind? Or am I struck dumb? Or am I"——

"It came ten minutes ago, sir," replied Jason. "It is dated, I see, at midnight. They delivered it as soon as anybody was likely to be stirring here; a bit before, too; considering the nature of the message, I suppose, sir."

"It is a terrible affair!" repeated the broker nervously. "I have known the doctor a good many years. He had his peculiarities; but he was a good fellow. Say—Jason!"

"Yes, sir?"

"How does it happen that Mrs. Thorne— You say this message was dated at midnight?"

"At midnight, sir. 12.15."

"How is it she didn't *know* by that time? I pity the fellow who had to tell her. She's a very attractive woman. . . . The 'Herald' says— Where is that paper?"

"The 'Herald' says," answered Jason decorously, "that he was scooped into the buggy-top, and dragged, and dashed against— Here it is."

He handed his employer the paper, as I had done, or had thought I did, with his finger on the folded column. The broker took the paper, and slowly put on his glasses, and slowly read aloud:

"'Dr. Thorne was dragged for some little distance, it is thought, before the horse broke free. He must have hit the lamp-post, or the pavement. He was found in the top of the buggy, which was a wreck. The robe was over him, and his face was hidden. His medicine-case lay beneath him; the vials were crushed to splinters. Life was extinct when he was discovered. His watch had stopped at five minutes past seven o'clock. It so happened that he was not immediately identified, though our reporter could not learn the reason of this extraordinary mischance. By some unpardonable blunder, the body of the distinguished and favorite physician was taken to the Morgue'"—

"That accounts for it," said Jason.

—"'Was taken to the Morgue,'" read on Mr. Brake with agitated voice. "'It was not until midnight that the mistake was discovered. A messenger was despatched at twenty minutes after twelve o'clock to the elegant residence of the popular doctor, in Delight Street. The news was broken to the widow as agreeably as possible. Mrs. Thorne is a young and very beautiful woman, on whom this shocking blow falls with uncommon cruelty.

"'The body was carried to Dr. Thorne's house at one o'clock. The time of the funeral is not yet appointed. The "Herald" will be informed as soon as a decision is reached.

"'The death of Dr. Thorne is a loss to this community which it is impossible to,'—hm—m—'his distinguished talents'—hm—m—hm—m."

The broker laid down the paper and sighed.

"I sent for him yesterday, to consult about his affairs," he observed gently. "It is a pity for her to lose that Santa Ma. She will need it now. I'm sorry for her. I don't know how he left her, exactly. He did a tremendous business, but he spent as he went. He was a good fellow—I always liked the doctor! Terrible affair! Terrible affair! Jason! Where is that advertisement of Grope County, Iowa, Mortgage? You have filed it in the wrong place! Be more careful in future."

. . . "*Mr. Brake!*" I tried once more; and my voice was the voice of mortal anguish to my own appalled and ringing ear.

"Do you not hear? Can you not see? Is there *no one* in this place who hears? Or sees me, *either?*"

An early customer had strayed in; Drayton was there; and the watchman had entered. The men (there were five in all) collected by the broker's desk, around the morning papers, and spoke to each other with the familiarity which bad news of any public interest creates. They conversed in low tones. Their faces wore a shocked expression. They spoke of me; they asked for more particulars of the tragedy reported by the morning press; they mentioned my merits and defects, but said more about merits than defects, in the merciful, foolish way of people who discuss the newly dead.

"I've known him ten years," said the broker.

"I've had the pleasure of the doctor's acquaintance myself a good while," said the inspector politely.

"Wasn't he a quick-tempered man?" asked the customer.

"He cured a baby of mine of the croup," said the watchman. "It was given up for dead. And he only charged me a dollar and a half. He was very kind to the little chap."

"He set an ankle for me once, after a foot-ball match," suggested the clerk. "I wouldn't ask to be better treated. He wasn't a bit rough."

. . . "Gentlemen," I entreated, stretching out my hands toward the group, "there is some mistake—I must make it understood. I am here. It is I, Dr. Thorne—Dr. Esmerald Thorne. I am in this office. Gentlemen! Listen to me! Look at me! Look in this direction! For God's sake, *try* to see me—some of you!" . . .

"He drove too fast a horse," said the customer. "He always has."

"I must answer Mrs. Thorne's message," said the broker sadly, rising and pushing back the office chair.

. . . I shrank, and tried no more. I bowed my head, and said no other word. The truth, incredible and terrible though it were, the truth which neither flesh nor spirit can escape, had now forced itself upon my consciousness.

I looked across the broker's office at those five warm human beings as if I had looked across the width of the breathing world. Naught had I now to say to them; naught could they communicate to me. Language was not between us, nor speech, nor any sign. Need of mine could reach them not, nor any of their kind. For I was the dead, and they the living men.

. . . "Here is your dog, sir," said Jason. "He has followed you in. He is trying to speak to you, in his way."

The broker stooped and patted the dumb brute affectionately. "I understand, Lion," he said. "Yes, I understand you."

The dog looked lovingly up into his master's face, and whined for joy.

This incident, trifling as it was, I think, did more than anything which had preceded it to make me aware of the nature of that which had befallen me. The live brute could still communicate with the living man. Skill of scientist and philosopher was as naught to help the human spirit which had fled the body to make itself understood by one which occupied a body still. More blessed in that moment was Lion, the dog, than Esmerald Thorne, the dead man. I said to myself:

"I am a desolate and an outcast creature. I am become a dumb thing in a deaf world."

I thrust my hands before me, and wrung them with a groan. It seemed incredible to me that I *could* die; that was more wonderful, even, than to know that I was already dead.

"It is all over," I moaned. "I have died. I am dead. I am what they call a dead man."

Now, at this instant the dog turned his head. No human tympanum in the room vibrated to my cry. No human retina was recipient of my anguish. What fine, unclassified senses had the highly-organized animal by which he should become aware of me? The dog turned his noble head. He was a St. Bernard, with the moral qualities of the breed well marked upon his physiognomy. He lifted his eyes and solemnly regarded me.

After a moment's pause he gave vent to a long and mournful cry.

"Don't, Lion," I said. "Keep quiet, sir. This is dreadful!"

The dog ceased howling when I spoke to him; after a little hesitation he came slowly to the spot where I was standing, and looked earnestly into my face, as if he saw me. Whether he did, or how he did, or why he did, I knew not, and I know not now. The main business of this narrative will be the recording of facts. Explanations it is not mine to offer; and of speculations I have but few, either to give or to withhold.

A great wistfulness came into my soul as I stood shut apart there from those living men, within reach of their hands, within range of their eyes, within the vibration of their human breath. I looked into the animal's eyes with the yearning of a sudden and an awful sense of desolation.

"Speak to me, Lion," I whispered. "Won't *you* speak to me?"

"What is that dog about?" asked the customer, staring. "He is standing in the middle of the room and wagging his tail as if he had met somebody."

The dog at this instant, with eager signs of pleasure or of pity—I could not, indeed, say which—put his beautiful face against my hand, and kissed, or seemed to kiss it, sympathetically.

"He has queer ways," observed Jason, the clerk, carelessly; "he knows more than most folks I know."

"True," said his master, laughing. "I don't feel that I am Lion's equal more than half the time, myself. He is a noble fellow. He has a very superior nature. My wife declares he is a poet, and that when he goes off by himself, and gazes into vacancy with that sort of look, he is composing verses."

Another customer had strolled in by this time; he laughed at the broker's easy wit; the rest joined in the laugh; some one said something which I did not understand, and Drayton threw back his head and guffawed heartily. I think their laughter made me feel more isolated from them than anything had yet done.

"Why!" exclaimed the broker sharply, "what is this? Jason! What does this mean?"

His face, as he turned it over his shoulder to address the clerk, had changed color; he was indeed really pale. He held his fingers on the great sheet of blue blotting-paper, to which he pointed unsteadily.

"Upon my soul, sir," said Jason, flushing and then paling in his turn. "That *is* a queer thing! May I show it to Mr. Drayton?"

The inspector stepped forward as the broker nodded, and examined the blotting-paper attentively.

"It is written over," he said in a professional tone, "from end to end. I see that. It is written with one name. It is the name of——"

"*Helen!*" interrupted the broker.

"Yes," replied the inspector. "Yes, it is: Helen; distinctly, Helen. Some one must have"——

But I staid to hear no more. What some one must have done, I sprang and left the live men to decide—as live men do decide such things—among themselves. I sprang, and crying "Helen! Helen! Helen!" with one bound I brushed them by, and fled the room, and reached the outer air and sought for her.

As nearly as one can characterize the emotion of such a moment, I should say that it was one of mortal intensity; perhaps of what in living men we should call maniac intensity. Up to this moment I could not be said to have comprehended the effect of what had taken place upon my wife.

The full force of her terrible position now struck me like the edge of a weapon with whose sheath I had been idling.

Hot in the flame of my anger I had gone from her; and cold indeed had I returned. Her I had left dumb before my cruel tongue, but dumb was that which had come back to her in my name.

I was a dead man. But like any living of them all—oh, more than any living—I loved my wife. I loved her more because I had been cruel to her than if I had been kind. I loved her more because we had parted so bitterly than if we had parted lovingly. I loved her more because I had died than if I had lived. I must see my wife! I must find my wife! I must say to her—I must tell her— Why, who in all the world but me could do *anything* for Helen now?

Out into the morning air I rushed, and got the breeze in my face, and up the thronging street, as spirits do, unnoted and unknown of men, I passed—solitary in the throng, silent in the outcry, unsentient in the press.

The sun was strong. The day was cool. The dome of the sky hung over me, too, as over those who raised their breathing faces to its beauty. I, too, saw, as I fled on, that the day was fair. I heard the human voices say:

"What a morning!"

"It puts the soul into you!" said a burly stock-speculator to a railroad-treasurer; they stood upon the steps of the Exchange, laughing, as I brushed by.

"It makes life worth while," said a healthy elderly woman, merrily, making the crossing with the light foot that a light heart gives.

"It makes life possible," replied a pale young girl beside her, coming slowly after.

"Poor fellow!" sighed a stranger whom I hit in hurrying on. "It was an ugly way to die. Nice air this morning!"

"He will be a loss to the community," replied this man's companion.

"There isn't a doctor in town who has his luck with fevers. You can't convince my wife he didn't save her life last winter. Frost last night, wasn't there? Very invigorating morning!"

Now, at the head of the street some ladies were standing, waiting for a car. I was delayed in passing them, and as I stepped back to change my course I saw that one of them was speaking earnestly and that her eyes showed signs of weeping.

"He wouldn't remember me," she said; "it was eleven years ago. But sick women don't forget their doctors. He was as *kind* to me"——

"Oh, *poor* Mrs. Thorne!" a soft voice answered, in the accented tone of an impulsive, tender-hearted woman. "It's bad enough to be a patient. But, oh, his *wife!*"

"Let me pass, ladies!" I cried, or tried to cry, forgetting, in the anguish which their words fanned to its fiercest, that I could not be heard and might not be seen. "There seems to be some obstruction. Let me by, for I am in mortal haste!"

Obstruction there was, alas! but it was not in them whom I would have entreated. Obstruction there was, but of what nature I could not and I cannot testify. While I had the words upon my lips, even as the group of women broke and left a space about me while they scattered on their ways, there on the corner of the thoroughfare, in the heart of the town, by an invisible force, by an inexplicable barrier, I, the dead man fleeing to my living wife, was beaten back.

Whence came that awful order? How came it? And wherefore? I knew no more than the November wind that passed me by and went upon its errand as it listed.

I was thrust back by a blast of Power Incalculable; it was like the current of an unknown natural force of infinite capability. Set the will of soul and body as I would, I could not pass the head of the street.

AT THE PARTY.

HALF a dozen children
  At our house!
Half a dozen children
  Quiet as a mouse,
Quiet as a moonbeam.
  You could hear a pin—
Waiting for the party
    To begin.

Such a flood of flounces!
  (Oh dear me!)
Such a surge of sashes
  Like a silken sea.
Little eyes demurely
  Cast upon the ground,
Little airs and graces
    All around.

High time for that party
  To begin!
To sit so any longer
  Were a sort of sin;
As if you weren't acquainted
  With society.
What a thing to tell of
    That would be!

Up spoke a little lady
Aged five:
"I've tumbled up my over-dress,
Sure as I'm alive!
My dress came from Paris;
We sent to Worth for it;
Mother says she calls it
Such a fit!"

Quick there piped another
Little voice:
"*I* didn't send for dresses,
Though I had my choice;
I have got a doll that
Came from Paris too;
It can walk and talk as
Well as you!"

Still, till now, there sat one
Little girl;
Simple as a snow-drop,
Without flounce or curl.
Modest as a primrose,
Soft, plain hair brushed back,
But the color of her dress was
Black—all black.

Swift she glanced around with
Sweet surprise;
Bright and grave the look that
Widened in her eyes.
To entertain the party
She must do her share.
As if God had sent her
Stood she there;

Stood a minute, thinking,
With crossed hands,
How she best might meet the
Company's demands.
Grave and sweet the purpose
To the child's voice given:
"*I* have a little brother
Gone to Heaven!"

On the little party
Dropped a spell;
All the little flounces
Rustled where they fell;
But the modest maiden
In her mourning gown,
Unconscious as a flower,
Looketh down.

Quick my heart besought her,
Silently:
"Happy little maiden,
Give, O give to me
The highness of your courage,
The sweetness of your grace,
To speak a large word, in a
Little place."

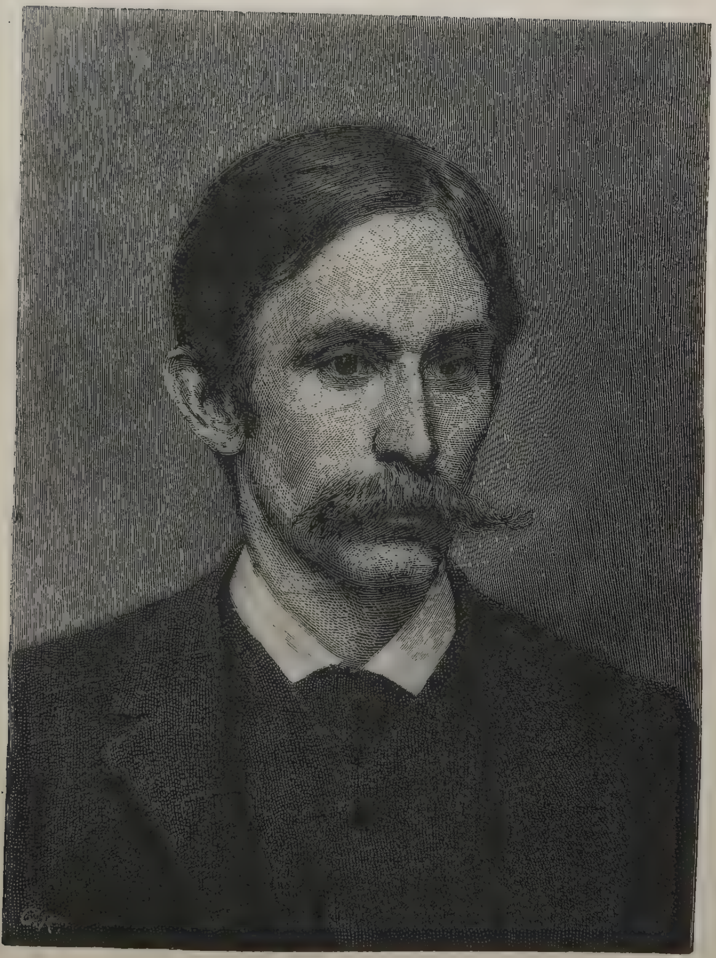
Richard Watson Gilder.

Born in Bordentown, N. J., 1844.

"MY LOVE FOR THEE DOTH MARCH LIKE ARMÈD MEN."

[*The New Day.* 1875. *The Celestial Passion.* 1878–85. *Lyrics.* 1878–85. *Revised Editions of* 1887.]

MY love for thee doth march like armèd men
Against a queenly city they would take.
Along the army's front its banners shake;
Across the mountain and the sun-smit plain
It steadfast sweeps as sweeps the steadfast rain;
And now the trumpet makes the still air quake,
And now the thundering cannon doth awake
Echo on echo, echoing loud again.
But, lo! the conquest higher than bard had sung;



Richard Watson Gilder

Instead of answering cannon comes a small
White flag; the iron gates are open flung,
And flowers along the invaders' pathway fall.
The city's conquerors feast their foes among,
And their brave flags are trophies on her wall.

LISTENING TO MUSIC.

WHEN on that joyful sea
Where billow on billow breaks; where swift waves follow
Waves, and hollow calls to hollow;
Where sea-birds swirl and swing,
And winds through the rigging shrill and sing;
Where night is one vast starless shade;
Where thy soul not afraid,
Though all alone unlonely,
Wanders and wavers, wavers wandering:—
On that accursèd sea
One moment only,
Forget one moment, Love, thy fierce content;
Back let thy soul be bent—
Think back, dear Love, O Love, think back to me!

"I COUNT MY TIME BY TIMES THAT I MEET THEE."

I COUNT my time by times that I meet thee;
These are my yesterdays, my morrows, noons
And nights; these my old moons and my new moons.
Slow fly the hours, or fast the hours do flee,
If thou art far from or art near to me:
If thou art far, the birds' tunes are no tunes;
If thou art near, the wintry days are Junes,—
Darkness is light, and sorrow cannot be.
Thou art my dream come true, and thou my dream,
The air I breathe, the world wherein I dwell;
My journey's end thou art, and thou the way;
Thou art what I would be, yet only seem;
Thou art my heaven and thou art my hell;
Thou art my ever-living judgment day.

MORS TRIUMPHALIS.

IN the hall of the king the loud mocking of many at one;
While lo! with his hand on his harp the old bard is undone!
One false note, then he stammers, he sobs like a child, he is failing,
And the song that so bravely began ends in discord and wailing.

Can it be it is they who make merry, 'tis they taunting him?
Shall the sun, then, be scorned by the planets, the tree by the limb!
These bardlings, these mimics, these echoes, these shadows at play,
While he only is real:—they shine but as motes in his day!

All that in them is best is from him; all they know he has taught;
But one secret he never could teach, and they never have caught,—
The soul of his songs, that goes sighing like wind through the reeds,
And thrills men, and moves them to terror, to prayer, and to deeds.

Has the old poet failed, then,—the singer forgotten his part?
Why, 'twas he who once startled the world with a cry from his heart;
And he held it entranced in a life-song, all music, all love;
If now it grow faint and grow still, they have called him above.

Ah, never again shall we hear such fierce music and sweet,—
Surely never from you, ye who mock,—for his footstool unmeet;
E'en his song left unsung had more power than the note ye prolong,
And one sweep of his harp-strings outpassioned the height of your song.

But a sound like the voice of the pine, like the roar of the sea
Arises. He breathes now; he sings; oh, again he is free.
He has flung from his flesh, from his spirit, their shackles accursed,
And he pours all his heart, all his life, in one passionate burst.

And now as he chants those who listen turn pale—are afraid;
For he sings of a God that made all, and is all that was made;
Who is maker of love, and of hate, and of peace, and of strife;
Smiles a world into life; frowns a hell, that yet thrills with his life.

And he sings of the time that shall be when the earth is grown old,
Of the day when the sun shall be withered, and shrunken, and cold;
When the stars, and the moon, and the sun,—all their glory o'erpast,—
Like apples that shrivel and rot, shall drop into the Vast.

And onward and out soars his song on its journey sublime,
Mid systems that vanish or live in the lilt of his rhyme;
And through making and marring of races, and worlds, still he sings
One theme, that o'er all and through all his wild music outrings;—

This one theme: that whate'er be the fate that has hurt us or joyed,
Whatever the face that is turned to us out of the void;
Be it cursing or blessing; or night, or the light of the sun;
Be it ill, be it good; be it life, be it death, it is ONE;—

One thought, and one law, and one awful and infinite power;
In atom, and world; in the bursting of fruit and of flower;

The laughter of children, and roar of the lion untamed;
And the stars in their courses—one name that can never be named.

But sudden a silence has fallen, the music has fled;
Though he leans with his hand on his harp, now indeed he is dead!
But the swan-song he sang shall for ever and ever abide
In the heart of the world, with the winds and the murmuring tide.

THE CELESTIAL PASSION.

O WHITE and midnight sky, O starry bath,
Wash me in thy pure, heavenly, crystal flood;
Cleanse me, ye stars, from earthly soil and scath—
Let not one taint remain in spirit or blood!
Receive my soul, ye burning, awful deeps;
Touch and baptize me with the mighty power
That in ye thrills, while the dark planet sleeps;
Make me all yours for one blest, secret hour!
O glittering host, O high angelic choir,
Silence each tone that with thy music jars;
Fill me even as an urn with thy white fire
Till all I am is kindred to the stars!
Make me thy child, thou infinite, holy night,—
So shall my days be full of heavenly light!

A CHRISTMAS HYMN.

TELL me what is this innumerable throng
Singing in the heavens a loud angelic song?
These are they who come with swift and shining feet
From round about the throne of God the Lord of Light to greet.

Oh, who are these that hasten beneath the starry sky—
As if with joyful tidings that through the world shall fly?—
The faithful shepherds these, who greatly were afeared
When, as they watched their flocks by night, the heavenly host appeared.

Who are these that follow across the hills of night
A star that westward hurries along the fields of light?
Three wise men from the East who myrrh and treasure bring
To lay them at the feet of him their Lord and Christ and King.

What babe new-born is this that in a manger cries?
Near on her lowly bed his happy mother lies.
Oh, see the air is shaken with white and heavenly wings—
This is the Lord of all the earth, this is the King of Kings.

ON A PORTRAIT OF SERVETUS.

THOU grim and haggard wanderer who dost look
  With haunting eyes forth from the narrow page,—
  I know what fires consumed with inward rage
  Thy broken frame, what tempests chilled and shook!
Ah, could not thy remorseless foeman brook
  Time's sure devourment, but must needs assuage
  His anger in thy blood, and blot the age
  With that dark crime which virtue's semblance took!
Servetus! that which slew thee lives to-day,
  Though in new forms it taints our modern air;
  Still in heaven's name the deeds of hell are done:
Still on the high-road, 'neath the noon-day sun,
  The fires of hate are lit for them who dare
  Follow their Lord along the untrodden way.

ODE.

I.

I AM the spirit of the morning sea;
  I am the awakening and the glad surprise;
I fill the skies
With laughter and with light.
Not tears, but jollity
At birth of day brim the strong man-child's eyes.
Behold the white
Wide three-fold beams that from the hidden sun
Rise swift and far,—
One where Orion keeps
His armèd watch, and one
That to the midmost starry heaven upleaps;
The third blots out the firm-fixed Northern Star.
  I am the wind that shakes the glittering wave,
Hurries the snowy spume along the shore
And dies at last in some far-murmuring cave.
My voice thou hearest in the breaker's roar,—
That sound which never failed since time began,
And first around the world the shining tumult ran.

II.

I light the sea and wake the sleeping land.
My footsteps on the hills make music, and my hand
Plays like a harper's on the wind-swept pines.

  With the wind and the day
I follow round the world—away! away!
Wide over lake and plain my sunlight shines

And every wave and every blade of grass
Doth know me as I pass;
And me the western sloping mountains know, and me
The far-off, golden sea.

O sea, whereon the passing sun doth lie!
O man, who watchest by that golden sea!
Weep not,—O weep not thou, but lift thine eye
And see me glorious in the sunset sky!

III.

I love not the night
Save when the stars are bright,
Or when the moon
Fills the white air with silence like a tune.
Yea, even the night is mine
When the Northern Lights outshine,
And all the wild heavens throb in ecstasy divine;—
Yea, mine deep midnight, though the black sky lowers,
When the sea burns white and breaks on the shore in starry showers.

IV.

I am the laughter of the new-born child
On whose soft-breathing sleep an angel smiled.
And I all sweet first things that are:
First songs of birds, not perfect as at last,—
Broken and incomplete,—
But sweet, oh, sweet!
And I the first faint glimmer of a star
To the wrecked ship that tells the storm is past;
The first keen smells and stirrings of the Spring;
First snow-flakes, and first May-flowers after snow;
The silver glow
Of the new moon's ethereal ring;
The song the morning stars together made,
And the first kiss of lovers under the first June shade.

V.

My sword is quick, my arm is strong to smite
In the dread joy and fury of the fight.
I am with those who win, not those who fly;
With those who live I am, not those who die.
Who die? Nay—nay—that word
Where I am is unheard;
For I am the spirit of youth that cannot change,
Nor cease, nor suffer woe;
And I am the spirit of beauty that doth range
Through natural forms and motions, and each show
Of outward loveliness. With me have birth
All gentleness and joy in all the earth.
Raphael knew me, and showed the world my face;
Me Homer knew, and all the singing race,—
For I am the spirit of light, and life, and mirth.

ON THE LIFE-MASK OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

THIS bronze doth keep the very form and mould
Of our great martyr's face. Yes, this is he:
That brow all wisdom, all benignity;
That human, humorous mouth; those cheeks that hold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold;
That spirit fit for sorrow, as the sea
For storms to beat on; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.
Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day,—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armèd strength: his pure and mighty heart.

THE SONNET.

WHAT is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy;
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played,
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow falls:
A sea this is—beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

DESECRATION.

THE poet died last night;
Outworn his mortal frame.
He hath fought well the fight,
And won a deathless name.

Bring laurel for his bier,
And flowers to deck the hearse.
The tribute of a tear
To his immortal verse.

Hushed is that piercing strain,—
Who heard, for pleasure wept.
His were our joy and pain:
He sang—our sorrow slept.

Yes, weep for him; no more
Shall such high songs have birth:
Gone is the harp he bore
Forever from the earth.

Weep, weep, and scatter flowers
  Above his precious dust:
Child of the heavenly powers,—
  Divine, and pure, and just.

Weep, weep—for when to-night
  Doth hoot the hornèd owl,
Beneath the pale moon's light
  The human ghouls will prowl.

What creatures those will throng
  Within the sacred gloom,
To do our poet wrong—
  To break the sealèd tomb?

Not the great world and gay
  That pities not, nor halts
By thoughtless night or day—
  But, O more sordid-false,

His trusted friend and near,
  To whom his spirit moved;
The brother he held dear;
  The woman that he loved.

George Washington Cable.

Born in New Orleans, La., 1844.

MADAME DÉLICIEUSE.

[*Old Creole Days.* 1883.]

JUST adjoining the old Café de Poésie on the corner, stood the little one-story, yellow-washed tenement of Dr. Mossy, with its two glass doors protected by batten shutters, and its low, weed-grown tile roof sloping out over the sidewalk. You were very likely to find the Doctor in, for he was a great student and rather negligent of his business—as business. He was a small, sedate, Creole gentleman of thirty or more, with a young-old face and manner that provoked instant admiration. He would receive you—be you who you may—in a mild, candid manner, looking into your face with his deep-blue eyes, and reassuring you with a modest, amiable smile, very sweet and rare on a man's mouth.

To be frank, the Doctor's little establishment was dusty and disorderly—very. It was curious to see the jars, and jars, and jars. In them were serpents and hideous fishes and precious specimens of many sorts. There were stuffed birds on broken perches; and dried lizards, and eels, and little alligators, and old skulls with their crowns sawed off, and ten thousand odd scraps of writing-paper strewn with crumbs of lonely lunches, and interspersed with long-lost spatulas and rust-eaten lancets.

All New Orleans, at least all Creole New Orleans, knew, and yet did not know, the dear little Doctor. So gentle, so kind, so skilful, so patient, so lenient; so careless of the rich and so attentive to the poor; a man, all in all, such as, should you once love him, you would love him forever. So very learned, too, but with apparently no idea of how to *show himself* to his social profit,—two features much more smiled at than respected, not to say admired, by a people remote from the seats of learning, and spending most of their esteem upon animal heroisms and exterior display.

"Alas!" said his wealthy acquaintances, "what a pity; when he might as well be rich."

"Yes, his father has plenty."

"Certainly, and gives it freely. But intends his son shall see none of it."

"His son? You dare not so much as mention him."

"Well, well, how strange! But they can never agree—not even upon their name. Is not that droll?—a man named General Villivicencio, and his son, Dr. Mossy!"

"Oh, that is nothing; it is only that the Doctor drops the *de Villivicencio*."

"Drops the *de Villivicencio?* but I think the *de Villivicencio* drops him, ho, ho, ho,—*diable!*"

Next to the residence of good Dr. Mossy towered the narrow, red-brick-front mansion of young Madame Délicieuse, firm friend at once and always of those two antipodes, General Villivicencio and Dr. Mossy. Its dark, covered carriage-way was ever rumbling, and, with nightfall, its drawing-rooms always sent forth a luxurious light from the lace-curtained windows of the second-story balconies.

It was one of the sights of the Rue Royale to see by night its tall, narrow outline reaching high up toward the stars, with all its windows aglow.

The Madame had had some tastes of human experience; had been betrothed at sixteen (to a man she did not love, "being at that time a fool," as she said); one summer day at noon had been a bride, and at sundown—a widow. Accidental discharge of the tipsy bridegroom's own pistol. Pass it by! It left but one lasting effect on her, a special detestation of quarrels and weapons.

The little maidens whom poor parentage has doomed to sit upon street door-sills and nurse their infant brothers have a game of "choosing" the beautiful ladies who sweep by along the pavement; but in Rue Royale there was no choosing; every little damsel must own Madame Délicieuse or nobody, and as that richly adorned and regal favorite of old General Villivicencio came along they would lift their big, bold eyes away up to her face and pour forth their admiration in a universal—"Ah-h-h-h!"

But, mark you, she was good Madame Délicieuse as well as fair Madame Délicieuse: her principles, however, not constructed in the austere Anglo-Saxon style, exactly (what need, with the lattice of the Confessional not a stone's-throw off?). Her kind offices and beneficent schemes were almost as famous as General Villivicencio's splendid alms; if she could at times do what the infantile Washington said he could not, why, no doubt she and her friends generally looked upon it as a mere question of enterprise.

She had charms, too, of intellect—albeit not such a sinner against time and place as to be an "educated woman"—charms that, even in a plainer person, would have brought down the half of New Orleans upon one knee, with both hands on the left side. *She* had the *whole* city at her feet, and, with the fine tact which was the perfection of her character, kept it there contented. Madame was, in short, one of the kind that gracefully wrest from society the prerogative of doing as they please, and had gone even to such extravagant lengths as driving out in the Américain faubourg, learning the English tongue, talking national politics, and similar freaks whereby she provoked the unbounded worship of her less audacious lady friends. In the centre of the cluster of Creole beauties which everywhere gathered about her, and, most of all, in those incomparable companies which assembled in her own splendid drawing-rooms, she was always queen lily. *Her* house, *her* drawing-rooms, etc.; for the little brown aunt who lived with her was a mere piece of curious furniture.

There was this notable charm about Madame Délicieuse, she improved by comparison. She never looked so grand as when, hanging on General Villivicencio's arm at some gorgeous ball, these two bore down on you like a royal barge lashed to a ship-of-the-line. She never looked so like her sweet name as when she seated her prettiest lady adorers close around her and got them all a-laughing.

Of the two balconies which overhung the *banquette* on the front of the Délicieuse house, one was a small affair, and the other a deeper and broader one, from which Madame and her ladies were wont upon gala days to wave handkerchiefs and cast flowers to the friends in the processions. There they gathered one Eighth of January morning to see the military display. It was a bright blue day, and the group that quite filled the balcony had laid wrappings aside, as all flower-buds are apt to do on such Creole January days, and shone resplendent in spring attire.

The sight-seers passing below looked up by hundreds and smiled at the ladies' eager twitter, as, flirting in humming-bird fashion from one subject to another, they laughed away the half-hours waiting for the pageant. By and by they fell a-listening, for Madame Délicieuse had begun a narrative concerning Dr. Mossy. She sat somewhat above her listeners, her elbow on the arm of her chair, and her plump white hand waving now and then in graceful gesture, they silently attending with eyes full of laughter and lips starting apart.

"*Vous savez,*" she said (they conversed in French of course), "you know it is now long that Dr. Mossy and his father have been in disaccord. Indeed, when have they not differed? For, when Mossy was but a little boy, his father thought it hard that he was not a rowdy. He switched him once because he would not play with his toy gun and drum. He was not *so* high when his father wished to send him to Paris to enter the French army; but he would not go. We used to play often together on the *banquette*—for I am not so very many years younger than he, no indeed—and, if I wanted some fun, I had only to pull his hair and run into the house; he would cry, and monsieur papa would come out with his hand spread open and"——

Madame gave her hand a malicious little sweep, and joined heartily in the laugh which followed.

"That was when they lived over the way. But wait! you shall see; I have something. This evening the General"——

The houses of Rue Royale gave a start and rattled their windows. In the long, irregular line of balconies the beauty of the city rose up. Then the houses jumped again and the windows rattled; Madame steps inside the window and gives a message which the housemaid smiles at in receiving. As she turns the houses shake again, and now again; and now there comes a distant strain of trumpets, and by and by the drums and bayonets and clattering hoofs, and plumes and dancing banners; far down the long street stretch out the shining ranks of gallant men, and the fluttering, over-leaning swarms of ladies shower down their sweet favors and wave their countless welcomes.

In the front, towering above his captains, rides General Villivicencio, veteran of 1814–15, and, with the gracious pomp of the old-time gentleman, lifts his cocked hat, and bows, and bows.

Madame Délicieuse's balcony was a perfect maze of waving kerchiefs. The General looked up for the woman of all women: she was not there. But he remembered the other balcony, the smaller one, and cast his glance onward to it. There he saw Madame and one other person only. A small blue-eyed, broad-browed, scholarly-looking man whom the arch lady had lured from his pen by means of a mock professional summons, and who now stood beside her, a smile of pleasure playing on his lips and about his eyes.

"*Vite!*" said Madame, as the father's eyes met the son's. Dr. Mossy lifted his arm and cast a bouquet of roses. A girl in the crowd bounded forward, caught it in the air, and, blushing, handed it to the plumed giant. He bowed low, first to the girl, then to the balcony above; and then, with a responsive smile, tossed up two splendid kisses, one to Madame, and one, it seemed——

"For what was that cheer?"

"Why, did you not see? General Villivicencio cast a kiss to his son."

The staff of General Villivicencio were a faithful few who had not bowed the knee to any abomination of the Américains, nor sworn deceitfully to any species of compromise; their beloved city was presently to pass into the throes of an election, and this band, heroically unconscious of their feebleness, putting their trust in "reactions" and like delusions, resolved to make one more stand for the traditions of their fathers. It was concerning this that Madame Délicieuse was incidentally about to speak when interrupted by the boom of cannon; they had promised to meet at her house that evening.

They met. With very little discussion or delay (for their minds were made up beforehand), it was decided to announce in the French-English newspaper that, at a meeting of leading citizens, it had been thought consonant with the public interest to place before the people the name of General Hercule Mossy de Villivicencio. No explanation was considered necessary. All had been done in strict accordance with time-honored customs, and if any one did not know it, it was his own fault. No eulogium was to follow, no editorial indorsement. The two announcements were destined to stand next morning, one on the English side and one on the French, in severe simplicity, to be greeted with profound gratification by a few old gentlemen in blue cottonade, and by roars of laughter from a rampant majority.

As the junto were departing, sparkling Madame Délicieuse detained the

General at the head of the stairs that descended into the tiled carriage-way, to wish she was a man, that she might vote for him.

"But, General," she said, "had I not a beautiful bouquet of ladies on my balcony this morning?"

The General replied, with majestic gallantry, that "it was as magnificent as could be expected with the central rose wanting." And so Madame was disappointed, for she was trying to force the General to mention his son. "I will bear this no longer; he shall not rest," she had said to her little aunt, "until he has either kissed his son or quarrelled with him." To which the aunt had answered that, "*coûte que coûte,* she need not cry about it"; nor did she. Though the General's compliment had foiled her thrust, she answered gayly to the effect that enough was enough; "but, ah! General," dropping her voice to an undertone, "if you had heard what some of those rosebuds said of you!"

The old General pricked up like a country beau. Madame laughed to herself, "Monsieur Peacock, I have thee"; but aloud she said gravely:

"Come into the drawing-room, if you please, and seat yourself. You must be greatly fatigued."

The friends who waited below overheard the invitation.

"*Au revoir, Général,*" said they.

"*Au revoir, Messieurs,*" he answered, and followed the lady.

"General," said she, as if her heart were overflowing, "you have been spoken against. Please sit down."

"Is that true, Madame?"

"Yes, General."

She sank into a luxurious chair.

"A lady said to-day—but you will be angry with me, General."

"With you, Madame? That is not possible."

"I do not love to make revelations, General; but when a noble friend is evil spoken of"—she leaned her brow upon her thumb and forefinger, and looked pensively at her slipper's toe peeping out at the edge of her skirt on the rich carpet—"one's heart gets very big."

"Madame, you are an angel! But what said she, Madame?"

"Well, General, I have to tell you the whole truth, if you will not be angry. We were all speaking at once of handsome men. She said to me: 'Well, Madame Délicieuse, you may say what you will of General Villivicencio, and I suppose it is true; but everybody knows'—pardon me, General, but just so she said—'all the world knows he treats his son very badly.'"

"It is not true," said the General.

"If I wasn't angry!" said Madame, making a pretty fist. "'How can that be?' I said. 'Well,' she said, 'mamma says he has been angry with his son for fifteen years.' 'But what did his son do?' I said. 'Nothing,' said she. '*Ma foi,*' I said, 'me, I too would be angry if my son had done nothing for fifteen years'—ho, ho, ho!"

"It is not true," said the General.

The old General cleared his throat, and smiled as by compulsion.

"You know, General," said Madame, looking distressed, "it was nothing to joke about, but I had to say so, because I did not know what your son had done, nor did I wish to hear anything against one who has the honor to call you his father."

She paused a moment to let the flattery take effect, and then proceeded:

"But then another lady said to me; she said: 'For shame, Clarisse, to laugh at good Dr. Mossy; nobody—neither General Villivicencio, neither any other, has a right to be angry against that noble, gentle, kind, brave'"——

"Brave!" said the General, with a touch of irony.

"So she said," answered Madame Délicieuse, "and I asked her, 'how brave?' 'Brave?' she said, 'why, braver than *any soldier*, in tending the small-pox, the cholera, the fevers, and all those horrible things. Me, I saw his father once run from a snake; I think *he* wouldn't fight the small-pox—my faith!' she said, 'they say that Dr. Mossy does all that and never wears a scapula!—and does it nine hundred and ninety-nine times in a thousand for nothing! *Is* that brave, Madame Délicieuse, or is it not?'—And, General,—what could I say?"

Madame dropped her palms on either side of her spreading robes and waited pleadingly for an answer. There was no sound but the drumming of the General's fingers on his sword-hilt. Madame resumed:

"I said: 'I do not deny that Mossy is a noble gentleman';—I had to say that, had I not, General?"

"Certainly, Madame," said the General, "my son is a gentleman, yes."

"'But,' I said, 'he should not make Monsieur, his father, angry.'"

"True," said the General, eagerly.

"But that lady said: 'Monsieur, his father, makes himself angry,' she said. 'Do you know, Madame, why his father is angry so long?' Another lady says: 'I know!' 'For what?' said I. 'Because he refused to become a soldier; mamma told me that.' 'It cannot be!' I said."

The General flushed. Madame saw it, but relentlessly continued:

"'*Mais oui,*' said that lady. 'What!' I said, 'think you General Villivicencio will not rather be the very man most certain to respect a son who has the courage to be his own master? Oh, what does he want with a poor fool of a son who will do only as he says? You think he will love him less for healing instead of killing? Mesdemoiselles, you do not know that noble soldier!'"

The noble soldier glowed, and bowed his acknowledgments in a dubious, half remonstrative way, as if Madame might be producing material for her next confession, as, indeed, she diligently was doing; but she went straight on once more, as a surgeon would.

"But that other lady said: 'No, Madame; no, ladies; but I am going to tell you why Monsieur, the General, is angry with his son.' 'Very well, why?'—'Why? It is just—because—he is—a little man!'"

General Villivicencio stood straight up.

"Ah! mon ami," cried the lady, rising excitedly, "I have wounded you and made you angry, with my silly revelations. Pardon me, my friend.

Those were foolish girls, and, anyhow, they admired you. They said you looked glorious—grand—at the head of the procession."

Now, all at once, the General felt the tremendous fatigues of the day; there was a wild, swimming, whirling sensation in his head that forced him to let his eyelids sink down; yet, just there, in the midst of his painful bewilderment, he realized with ecstatic complacency that the most martial-looking man in Louisiana was standing in his spurs with the hand of Louisiana's queenliest woman laid tenderly on his arm.

"I am a wretched tattler!" said she.

"Ah! no, Madame, you are my dearest friend, yes."

"Well, anyhow, I called them fools. 'Ah! innocent creatures,' I said, 'think you a man of his sense and goodness, giving his thousands to the sick and afflicted, will cease to love his only son because he is not big like a horse or quarrelsome like a dog? No, ladies, there is a great reason which none of you know.' 'Well, well,' they cried, 'tell it; he has need of a very good reason; tell it now.' 'My ladies,' I said, 'I must not'—for, General, for all the world I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son; you know, General, you have never told me."

The beauty again laid her hand on his arm and gazed, with round-eyed simplicity, into his sombre countenance. For an instant her witchery had almost conquered.

"Nay, Madame, some day I shall tell you; I have more than one burden *here*. But let me ask you to be seated, for I have a question, also, for you, which I have longed to ask. It lies heavily upon my heart; I must ask it now. A matter of so great importance"——

Madame's little brown aunt gave a faint cough from a dim corner of the room.

"'Tis a beautiful night," she remarked, and stepped out on the balcony.

Then the General asked his question. It was a very long question, or, maybe, repeated twice or thrice; for it was fully ten minutes before he moved out of the room, saying good-evening.

Ah! old General Villivicencio. The most martial-looking man in Louisiana! But what would the people, the people who cheered in the morning, have said, to see the fair Queen Délicieuse at the top of the stair, sweetly bowing you down into the starlight—humbled, crestfallen, rejected!

The campaign opened. The Villivicencio ticket was read in French and English with the very different sentiments already noted. In the Exchange, about the courts, among the "banks," there was lively talking concerning its intrinsic excellence and extrinsic chances. The young gentlemen who stood about the doors of the so-called "coffee-houses" talked with a frantic energy alarming to any stranger, and just when you would have expected to see them jump and bite large mouthfuls out of each other's face, they would turn and enter the door, talking on in the same furious manner, and, walking up to the bar, click their glasses to the success of the Villivicencio ticket. Sundry swarthy and wrinkled remnants of an earlier generation were still more enthusiastic. There was to be a happy renaissance; a purging out of Yankee ideas; a blessed home-coming of those good old Bourbon morals and manners which Yankee notions had expatriated. In the cheerfulness of their anticipations they even went the length of throwing their feet high in air, thus indicating how the Villivicencio ticket was going to give "doze Américains" the kick under the nose.

In the three or four weeks which followed, the General gathered a surfeit of adulation, notwithstanding which he was constantly and with pain imagining a confused chatter of ladies, and when he shut his eyes with annoyance, there was Madame Délicieuse standing, and saying, "I knew not a reason why you should be angry against your son," gazing in his face with hardened simplicity, and then—that last scene on the stairs wherein he seemed still to be descending, down, down.

Madame herself was keeping good her resolution.

"Now or never," she said, "a reconciliation or a quarrel."

When the General, to keep up appearances, called again, she so moved him with an account of certain kindly speeches of her own invention, which she imputed to Dr. Mossy, that he promised to call and see his son; "perhaps;" "pretty soon;" "probably."

Dr. Mossy, sitting one February morning among his specimens and books of reference, finishing a thrilling chapter on the cuticle, too absorbed to hear a door open, suddenly realized that something was in his light, and, looking up, beheld General Villivicencio standing over him. Breathing a pleased sigh, he put down his pen, and, rising on tiptoe, laid his hand upon his father's shoulder, and lifting his lips like a little wife, kissed him.

"Be seated, papa," he said, offering his own chair, and perching on the desk.

The General took it, and, clearing his throat, gazed around upon the jars and jars with their little Adams and Eves in zoölogical gardens.

"Is all going well, papa?" finally asked Dr. Mossy.

"Yes."

Then there was a long pause.

"'Tis a beautiful day," said the son.

"Very beautiful," rejoined the father.

"I thought there would have been a rain, but it has cleared off," said the son.

"Yes," responded the father, and drummed on the desk.

"Does it appear to be turning cool?" asked the son.

"No; it does not appear to be turning cool at all," was the answer.

"H'm 'm!" said Dr. Mossy.

"Hem!" said General Villivicencio.

Dr. Mossy, not realizing his own action, stole a glance at his manuscript.

"I am interrupting you," said the General, quickly, and rose.

"No, no! pardon me; be seated; it gives me great pleasure to—I did not know what I was doing. It is the work with which I fill my leisure moments."

So the General settled down again, and father and son sat very close to each other—in a bodily sense; spiritually they were many miles apart. The General's finger-ends, softly tapping the desk, had the sound of far-away drums.

"The city—it is healthy?" asked the General.

"Did you ask me if"—said the little doctor, starting and looking up.

"The city—it has not much sickness at present?" repeated the father.

"No, yes—not much," said Mossy, and, with utter unconsciousness, leaned down upon his elbow and supplied an omitted word to the manuscript.

The General was on his feet as if by the touch of a spring.

"I must go!"

"Ah! no, papa," said the son.

"But, yes, I must."

"But wait, papa, I had just now something to speak of"——

"Well?" said the General, standing with his hand on the door, and with rather a dark countenance.

Dr. Mossy touched his fingers to his forehead, trying to remember.

"I fear I have—ah! I rejoice to see your name before the public, dear papa, and at the head of the ticket."

The General's displeasure sank down like an eagle's feathers. He smiled thankfully, and bowed.

"My friends compelled me," he said.

"They think you will be elected?"

"They will not doubt it. But what think you, my son?"

Now the son had a conviction which it would have been madness to express, so he only said:

"They could not elect one more faithful."

The General bowed solemnly.

"Perhaps the people will think so; my friends believe they will."

"Your friends who have used your name should help you as much as they can, papa," said the Doctor. "Myself, I should like to assist you, papa, if I could."

"A-bah!" said the pleased father, incredulously.

"But, yes," said the son.

A thrill of delight filled the General's frame. *This* was like a son.

"Thank you, my son! I thank you much. Ah, Mossy, my dear boy, you make me happy!"

"But," added Mossy, realizing with a tremor how far he had gone, "I see not how it is possible."

The General's chin dropped.

"Not being a public man," continued the Doctor; "unless, indeed, my pen—you might enlist my pen."

He paused with a smile of bashful inquiry. The General stood aghast for a moment, and then caught the idea.

"Certainly! cer-tainly! ha, ha, ha!"—backing out of the door—"certainly! Ah! Mossy, you are right, to be sure; to make a complete world we must have swords *and* pens. Well, my son, *au revoir;* no, I cannot stay—I will return. I hasten to tell my friends that the pen of Dr. Mossy is on our side! Adieu, dear son."

Standing outside on the *banquette* he bowed—not to Dr. Mossy, but to the balcony of the big red-brick front—a most sunshiny smile, and departed.

The very next morning, as if fate had ordered it, the Villivicencio ticket was attacked—ambushed, as it were, from behind the Américain newspaper. The onslaught was—at least General Villivicencio said it was—absolutely ruffianly. Never had all the lofty courtesies and formalities of chivalric contest been so completely ignored. Poisoned balls—at least personal epithets—were used. The General himself was called "antiquated"! The friends who had nominated him, they were positively sneered at; dubbed "fossils," "old ladies," and their caucus termed "irresponsible"—thunder and lightning! gentlemen of honor to be termed "not responsible"! It was asserted that the nomination was made secretly, in a private house, by two or three unauthorized harum-scarums (that touched the very bone) who had with more caution than propriety withheld their names. The article was headed, "The Crayfish-eaters' Ticket." It continued further to say that, had not the publication of this ticket been regarded as a dull hoax, it would not have been suffered to pass for two weeks unchallenged, and that it was now high time the universal wish should be realized in its withdrawal.

Among the earliest readers of this production was the young Madame. She first enjoyed a quiet gleeful smile over it, and then called:

"Ninide, here, take this down to Dr. Mossy—stop." She marked the communication heavily with her gold pencil. "No answer; he need not return it."

About the same hour, and in a neighboring street, one of the "not responsibles" knocked on the Villivicencio castle gate. The General invited him into his bedroom. With a short and strictly profane harangue the visitor produced the offensive newspaper, and was about to begin reading, when one of those loud nasal blasts, so peculiar to the Gaul, resounded at the gate, and another "not responsible" entered, more excited, if possible, than the first. Several minutes were spent in exchanging fierce sentiments and slapping the palm of the left hand rapidly with the back of the right. Presently there was a pause for breath.

"Alphonse, proceed to read," said the General, sitting up in bed.

"De Crayfish-eaters' Ticket"—began Alphonse; but a third rapping at the gate interrupted him, and a third "irresponsible" reënforced their number, talking loudly and wildly to the waiting-man as he came up the hall.

Finally, Alphonse read the article. Little by little the incensed gentlemen gave it a hearing, now two words and now three, interrupting it to rip out long, rasping maledictions, and wag their forefingers at each other as they strode ferociously about the apartment.

As Alphonse reached the close, and dashed the paper to the floor, the whole quartet, in terrific unison, cried for the blood of the editor.

But hereupon the General spoke with authority.

"No, Messieurs," he said, buttoning his dressing-gown, savagely, "you shall not fight him. I forbid it—you shall not!"

"But," cried the three at once, "one of us must fight, and you—you cannot; if *you* fight our cause is lost! The candidate must not fight."

"Hah-h! Messieurs," cried the hero, beating his breast and lifting his eyes, "*grace au ciel.* I have a son. Yes, my beloved friends, a son who shall call the villain out and make him pay for his impudence with blood, or eat his words in to-morrow morning's paper. Heaven be thanked that gave me a son for this occasion! I shall see him at once—as soon as I can dress."

"We will go with you."

"No, gentlemen, let me see my son alone. I can meet you at Maspero's in two hours. Adieu, my dear friends."

He was resolved.

"*Au revoir,*" said the dear friends.

Shortly after, cane in hand, General Villivicencio moved with an ireful stride up the *banquette* of Rue Royale. Just as he passed the red-brick front one of the batten shutters opened the faintest bit, and a certain pair of lovely eyes looked after him, without any of that round simplicity which we have before discovered in them. As he half turned to knock at his son's door he glanced at this very shutter, but it was as tightly closed as though the house were an enchanted palace.

Dr. Mossy's door, on the contrary, swung ajar when he knocked, and the General entered.

"Well, my son, have you seen that newspaper? No, I think not. I *see* you have not, since your cheeks are not red with shame and anger."

Dr. Mossy looked up with astonishment from the desk where he sat writing.

"What is that, papa?"

"My faith! Mossy, is it possible you have not heard of the attack upon me, which has surprised and exasperated the city this morning?"

"No," said Dr. Mossy, with still greater surprise, and laying his hand on the arm of his chair.

His father put on a dying look. "My soul!" At that moment his glance fell upon the paper which had been sent in by Madame Délicieuse. "But, Mossy, my son," he screamed, "*there* it is!" striking it rapidly with one finger—"there! there! there! read it! It calls me 'not responsible'! 'not responsible' it calls me! Read! read!"

"But, papa," said the quiet little Doctor, rising, and accepting the crumpled paper thrust at him, "I have read this. If this is it, well, then, already I am preparing to respond to it."

The General seized him violently, and, spreading a suffocating kiss on his face, sealed it with an affectionate oath.

"Ah, Mossy, my boy, you are glorious! You had begun already to write! You are glorious! Read to me what you have written, my son."

The Doctor took up a bit of manuscript, and resuming his chair, began:

"MESSRS. EDITORS: On your journal of this morning"——

"Eh! how! you have not written it in English, is it, son?"

"But, yes, papa."

"'Tis a vile tongue," said the General; "but, if it is necessary—proceed."

> "MESSRS. EDITORS: On your journal of this morning is published an editorial article upon the Villivicencio ticket, which is plentiful and abundant with mistakes. Who is the author or writer of the above said editorial article your correspondent does at present ignore, but doubts not he is one who, hasty to form an opinion, will yet, however, make his assent to the correction of some errors and mistakes which"——

"Bah!" cried the General.

Dr. Mossy looked up, blushing crimson.

"Bah!" cried the General, still more forcibly. "*Bêtise!*"

"How?" asked the gentle son.

"'Tis all nonsent!" cried the General, bursting into English. "Hall you 'ave to say is: 'Sieur Editeurs! I want you s'all give de nem of de indignan' scoundrel who meck some lies on you' paper about mon père et ses amis!"

"Ah-h!" said Dr. Mossy, in a tone of derision and anger.

His father gazed at him in mute astonishment. He stood beside his disorderly little desk, his small form drawn up, a hand thrust into his breast, and that look of invincibility in his eyes such as blue eyes sometimes surprise us with.

"You want me to fight," he said.

"My faith!" gasped the General, loosening in all his joints. "I believe—you may cut me in pieces if I do not believe you were going to reason it out in the newspaper! Fight? If I want you to fight? Upon my soul, I believe you do not want to fight!"

"No," said Mossy.

"My God!" whispered the General. His heart seemed to break.

"Yes," said the steadily gazing Doctor, his lips trembling as he opened them. "Yes, your God. I am afraid"——

"Afraid!" gasped the General.

"Yes," rang out the Doctor, "afraid; afraid! God forbid that I should not be afraid. But I will tell you what I do not fear—I do not fear to call your affairs of honor—murder!"

"My son!" cried the father.

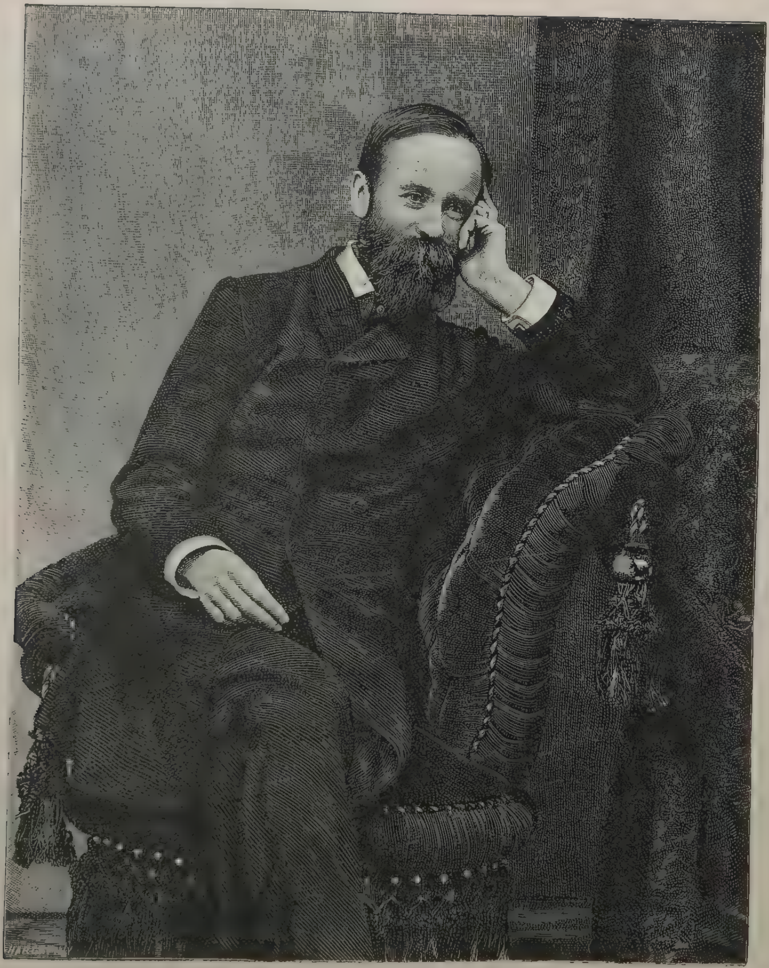
"I retract," cried the son; "consider it unsaid. I will never reproach my father."

"It is well," said the father. "I was wrong. It is my quarrel. I go to settle it myself."

Dr. Mossy moved quickly between his father and the door. General Villivicencio stood before him utterly bowed down.

"What will you?" sadly demanded the old man.

"Papa," said the son, with much tenderness, "I cannot permit you. Fifteen years we were strangers, and yesterday were friends. You must not leave me so. I will even settle this quarrel for you. You must let me. I am pledged to your service."



G. W. Cable

The peace-loving little doctor did not mean "to settle," but "to adjust." He felt in an instant that he was misunderstood; yet, as quiet people are apt to do, though not wishing to deceive, he let the misinterpretation stand. In his embarrassment he did not know with absolute certainty what he should do himself.

The father's face—he thought of but one way to settle a quarrel—began instantly to brighten. "I would myself do it," he said, apologetically, "but my friends forbid it."

"And so do I," said the Doctor, "but I will go myself now, and will not return until all is finished. Give me the paper."

"My son, I do not wish to compel you."

There was something acid in the Doctor's smile as he answered:

"No; but give me the paper, if you please."

The General handed it.

"Papa," said the son, "you must wait here for my return."

"But I have an appointment at Maspero's at"——

"I will call and make excuse for you," said the son.

"Well," consented the almost happy father, "go, my son; I will stay. But if some of your sick shall call?"

"Sit quiet," said the son. "They will think no one is here." And the General noticed that the dust lay so thick on the panes that a person outside would have to put his face close to the glass to see within.

In the course of half an hour the Doctor had reached the newspaper office, thrice addressed himself to the wrong person, finally found the courteous editor, and easily convinced him that his father had been imposed upon; but when Dr. Mossy went farther, and asked which one of the talented editorial staff had written the article:

"You see, Doctor," said the editor—"just step into my private office a moment."

They went in together. The next minute saw Dr. Mossy departing hurriedly from the place, while the editor complacently resumed his pen, assured that he would not return.

General Villivicencio sat and waited among the serpents and innocents. His spirits began to droop again. Revolving Mossy's words, he could not escape the fear that possibly, after all, his son might compromise the Villivicencio honor in the interests of peace. Not that he preferred to put his son's life in jeopardy; he would not object to an adjustment, provided the enemy should beg for it. But if not, whom would his son select to perform those friendly offices indispensable in polite quarrels? Some half-priest, half-woman? Some spectacled book-worm? He suffered.

The monotony of his passive task was relieved by one or two callers who had the sagacity (or bad manners) to peer through the dirty glass, and then open the door, to whom, half rising from his chair, he answered, with a polite smile, that the Doctor was out, nor could he say how long he might be absent. Still the time dragged painfully, and he began at length to wonder why Mossy did not return.

There came a rap at the glass door different from all the raps that had fore-run it—a fearless, but gentle, dignified, graceful rap; and the General, before he looked around, felt in all his veins that it came from the young Madame. Yes, there was her glorious outline thrown sidewise upon the glass. He hastened and threw open the door, bending low at the same instant, and extending his hand.

She extended hers also, but not to take his. With a calm dexterity that took the General's breath, she reached between him and the door, and closed it.

"What is the matter?" anxiously asked the General—for her face, in spite of its smile, was severe.

"General," she began, ignoring his inquiry—and, with all her Creole bows, smiles, and insinuating phrases, the severity of her countenance but partially waned—"I came to see my physician—your son. Ah! General, when I find you reconciled to your son, it makes me think I am in heaven. You will let me say so? You will not be offended with the old playmate of your son?"

She gave him no time to answer.

"He is out, I think, is he not? But I am glad of it. It gives us occasion to rejoice together over his many merits. For you know, General, in all the years of your estrangement, Mossy had no friend like myself. I am proud to tell you so now; is it not so?"

The General was so taken aback that, when he had thanked her in a mechanical way, he could say nothing else. She seemed to fall for a little while into a sad meditation that embarrassed him beyond measure. But as he opened his mouth to speak, she resumed:

"Nobody knew him so well as I; though I, poor me, I could not altogether understand him; for look you, General, he was—what do you think? —*a great man!*—nothing less."

"How?" asked the General, not knowing what else to respond.

"You never dreamed of that, eh?" continued the lady. "But, of course not; nobody did but me. Some of those Américains, I suppose, knew it; but who would ever ask them? Here in Royal Street, in New Orleans, where we people know nothing and care nothing but for meat, drink, and pleasure, he was only Dr. Mossy, who gave pills. My faith! General, no wonder you were disappointed in your son, for you thought the same. Ah! yes, you did! But why did you not ask me, his old playmate? I knew better. I could have told you how your little son stood head and shoulders above the crowd. I could have told you some things too wonderful to believe. I could have told you that his name was known and honored in the scientific schools of Paris, of London, of Germany! Yes! I could have shown you"—she warmed as she proceeded—"I could have shown you letters (I begged them of him), written as between brother and brother, from the foremost men of science and discovery!"

She stood up, her eyes flashing with excitement.

"But why did you never tell me?" cried the General.

"He never would allow me—but you—why did you not ask me? I will tell you; you were too proud to mention your son. But he had pride to match yours—ha!—achieving all—everything—with an assumed name! 'Let me tell your father,' I implored him; but—'let him find me out,' he said, and you never found him out. Ah! there he was fine. He would not, he said, though only for your sake, reënter your affections as anything more or less than just—your son. Ha!"

And so she went on. Twenty times the old General was astonished anew, twenty times was angry or alarmed enough to cry out, but twenty times she would not be interrupted. Once he attempted to laugh, but again her hand commanded silence.

"Behold, Monsieur, all these dusty specimens, these revolting fragments. How have you blushed to know that our idle people laugh in their sleeves at these things! How have you blushed—and you his father! But why did you not ask me? I could have told you: 'Sir, your son is not an apothecary; not one of these ugly things but has helped him on in the glorious path of discovery; discovery, General—your son—known in Europe as a scientific discoverer!' Ah-h! the blind people say, 'How is that, that General Villivicencio should be dissatisfied with his son? He is a good man, and a good doctor, only a little careless, that's all.' But *you* were more blind still, for you shut your eyes tight like this; when, had you searched for his virtues as you did for his faults, you, too, might have known before it was too late what nobility, what beauty, what strength, were in the character of your poor, poor son!"

"Just Heaven! Madame, you shall not speak of my son as of one dead and buried! But, if you have some bad news"——

"Your son took your quarrel on his hands, eh?"

"I believe so—I think"——

"Well; I saw him an hour ago in search of your slanderer!"

"He must find him!" said the General, plucking up.

"But if the search is already over," slowly responded Madame.

The father looked one instant in her face, then rose with an exclamation:

"Where is my son? What has happened? Do you think I am a child, to be trifled with—a horse to be teased? Tell me of my son!"

Madame was stricken with genuine anguish.

"Take your chair," she begged; "wait; listen; take your chair."

"Never!" cried the General; "I am going to find my son—my God! Madame, you have *locked this door!* What are you, that you should treat me so? Give me, this instant"——

"Oh! Monsieur, I beseech you to take your chair, and I will tell you all. You can do nothing now. Listen! suppose you should rush out and find that your son had played the coward at last! Sit down and"——

"Ah! Madame, this is play!" cried the distracted man.

"But no; it is not play. Sit down; I want to ask you something."

He sank down and she stood over him, anguish and triumph strangely mingled in her beautiful face.

"General, tell me true; did you not force this quarrel into your son's hand? I *know* he would not choose to have it. Did you not do it to test his courage, because all these fifteen years you have made yourself a fool with the fear that he became a student only to escape being a soldier? Did you not?"

Her eyes looked him through and through.

"And if I did?" demanded he with faint defiance.

"Yes! and if he has made dreadful haste and proved his courage?" asked she.

"Well, then,"—the General straightened up triumphantly—"then he is my son!"

He beat the desk.

"And heir to your wealth, for example!"

"Certainly."

The lady bowed in solemn mockery.

"It will make him a magnificent funeral!"

The father bounded up and stood speechless, trembling from head to foot. Madame looked straight in his eye.

"Your son has met the writer of that article."

"Where?" the old man's lips tried to ask.

"Suddenly, unexpectedly, in a passage-way."

"My God! and the villain"——

"Lives!" cried Madame.

He rushed to the door, forgetting that it was locked.

"Give me that key!" he cried, wrenched at the knob, turned away bewildered, turned again toward it, and again away; and at every step and turn he cried, "Oh! my son, my son! I have killed my son! Oh! Mossy, my son, my little boy! Oh! my son, my son!"

Madame buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Then the father hushed his cries and stood for a moment before her.

"Give me the key, Clarisse; let me go."

She rose and laid her face on his shoulder.

"What is it, Clarisse?" asked he.

"Your son and I were ten years betrothed."

"Oh, my child!"

"Because, being disinherited, he would not be my husband."

"Alas! would to God I had known it! Oh! Mossy, my son!"

"Oh! Monsieur," cried the lady, clasping her hands, "forgive me—mourn no more—your son is unharmed! *I* wrote the article—I am your recanting slanderer! Your son is hunting for me now. I told my aunt to misdirect him. I slipped by him unseen in the carriage-way."

The wild old General, having already staggered back and rushed forward again, would have seized her in his arms, had not the little Doctor himself at that instant violently rattled the door and shook his finger at them playfully as he peered through the glass.

"Behold!" said Madame, attempting a smile: "open to your son; here is the key."

She sank into a chair.

Father and son leaped into each other's arms; then turned to Madame:

"Ah! thou lovely mischief-maker"——

She had fainted away.

"Ah! well, keep out of the way, if you please, papa," said Dr. Mossy, as Madame presently reopened her eyes; "no wonder you fainted; you have finished some hard work—see; here; so; Clarisse, dear, take this."

Father and son stood side by side, tenderly regarding her as she revived.

"Now, papa, you may kiss her; she is quite herself again, already."

"My daughter!" said the stately General; "this—is my son's ransom; and, with this,—I withdraw the Villivicencio ticket."

"You shall not," exclaimed the laughing lady, throwing her arms about his neck.

"But, yes!" he insisted; "my faith! you will at least allow me to remove my dead from the field."

"But, certainly," said the son; "see, Clarisse, here is Madame, your aunt, asking us all into the house. Let us go."

The group passed out into the Rue Royale, Dr. Mossy shutting the door behind them. The sky was blue, the air was soft and balmy, and on the sweet south breeze, to which the old General bared his grateful brow, floated a ravishing odor of—

"Ah! what is it?" the veteran asked of the younger pair, seeing the little aunt glance at them with a playful smile.

Madame Délicieuse, for almost the first time in her life, and Dr. Mossy for the thousandth—blushed.

It was the odor of orange-blossoms.

Robert Jones Burdette.

Born in Greensborough, Penn., 1844.

BARTIMEUS.

Luke xviii. 41.

I WOULD receive my sight; my clouded eyes
  Miss the glad radiance of the morning sun,
The changing tints that glorify the skies
  With roseate splendors when the day is done;
The shadows soft and gray, the pearly light
Of summer twilight deepening into night.

I cannot see to keep the narrow way,
  And so I blindly wander here and there,
Groping amidst the tombs, or helpless stray
  Through pathless, tangled deserts, bleak and bare;
Weeping I seek the way I cannot find—
Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind.

And oft I laugh with some light, thoughtless jest,
  Nor see how anguish lines some face most dear,
And write my mirth, a mocking palimpsest,
  On blotted scrolls of human pain and fear;
And never see the heartache interlined—
Pity, O Son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pain my light words give;
  The quivering, shrinking heart I cannot see;
So, light of thought, midst hidden griefs I live,
  And mock the cypressed tombs with sightless glee;
Open my eyes,—light, blessed ways to find:
Jesus, have mercy on me—I am blind.

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears,
  Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow;
To weep for thoughtless ways of wandering years,
  Because I could not see—I did not know.
These sightless eyes—than angriest glance less kind—
Light of the World, have pity! I am blind.

Theodore Whitefield Hunt.

Born in Metuchen, N. J., 1844.

ARNOLD AND HIS STYLE.

[*Matthew Arnold as an English Writer.—The New Princeton Review.* 1888.]

STUDENTS of Mr. Arnold's poetry must be well aware of this undertone of sadness that runs like a sombre current below the visible level of his verse. Herein is one of those limitations of his poetic genius, whereby the spontaneity of his style is impaired, and the head waits not upon the heart. We cannot, therefore, expect to find in his poems free flexibility of movement, blitheness and buoyancy of spirit, and the impulse of deep emotion, in that the nature from which such poetic fruits are "furnished forth" is wanting. So is it in his prose. Seriousness is too often seen to give place to sadness, and to a sadness which is nothing less than Byronic and oppressive. Of the presence and the pressure of this weight upon him, Mr. Arnold himself is not always aware. There is a something in the sentence and the line—he scarcely knows what—that binds it to the earth and prevents its free excursion heavenward. In this profitless effort to lift the world from its lower tendencies by culture only; in this pursuit of perfection through imperfect agencies; in this almost cruel restriction of the spirit within the circle of the humanities; in this well-meant but unwise attempt to eliminate the supernatural from the problem of life,—in this, indeed, we have the fact of sadness and its sufficient explanation. The "sick fatigue and languid doubt," which the author himself deplores, will never give place to that "sweet calm" of mind that he so craves, until the established relation of things is accepted, and Christianity takes rank above culture. This feature apart, the prose is marked by a solid and impressive earnestness which never tolerates the trifling, and is an order of prose especially timely in an age inclined so strongly as this to the frivolous in authorship. In this respect, if not so in others, Mr. Arnold's style is Baconian and Miltonic, never descending to the plane of the charlatan for the sake of effect, but ever keeping aloft on the high table-land of thought and motive, among the sober-minded contributors to the cause of good letters.

If asked, as we close, what is the most useful service that Mr. Arnold has rendered, in his style, to modern England and America, we answer: the wide diffusion of the literary spirit, the emphasis of literature as a most important department of education and an essential factor in all national progress. This result he has accomplished, in part, by his unwearied exaltation of the mental above the merely material, and, in part, by his earnest endeavor to stimulate the people to the attainment of that culture which to him is the crowning principle of all literature and life. Nothing is more needed among the English-speaking peoples of to-day than the free circulation of this literary life. Despite such high literary antecedents and traditions, and the goodly number of English authors steadily at work along the old literary lines, so strong is the "stream of tendency" in the direction of commercialism, that special effort is needed to prevent its influx even into the centres of intellectual culture. This tendency is even more marked in what Mr. Emerson has called "this great, intelligent, sensual, and avaricious America." If we inquire further into the extent and probable permanence of Mr. Arnold's influence as a prose-writer, we must answer, first of all, that he cannot be consistently called a popular English essayist. There is not enough of the common or colloquial element in the style to give it currency among the great body of what he terms the middle class. That extreme æstheticism to which we have referred, as also his dogmatic independence and indifference of manner, would serve to narrow the circle of appreciative readers, while, even among the higher classes themselves, our author is read by many who read only to dissent. If we compare his essays, in this respect, with those of Lamb and Macaulay, the difference is marked in favor of the latter, and the difference is one between restricted and general circulation.

Mr. Arnold cannot be said to have formed a school, either in prose or verse. Whatever his constituency may be, they do not stand related to him as an organic body to an acknowledged leader, accepting his literary dicta without question, and devoting their energies to the dissemination of his teachings. Young men, especially, who, at first, are attracted to his style and committed to it as an unerring guide, come, at length, in their maturer judgment, to question where they have blindly accepted, and somewhat modify their allegiance. Mr. Arnold, in his "American Addresses," refused to rank Mr. Emerson, as he also did Mr. Carlyle, among "the great writers" or "the great men of letters." He used the word great as it is applicable to such historic authors as Plato and Cicero, Pascal and Voltaire and Bacon—writers "whose prose, by a kind of native necessity, is true and sound," who have "a genius and an instinct for style." From such a "charmed circle" as this, Mr. Arnold himself must be excluded. A representative writer of English prose, he is not so in the largest sense, as Cicero in Latin letters or De Quincey in English. Whatever the merits of his style may be, as we have discussed them, he has not that "vision and faculty divine" which belong to the eminently great prose-writer as to the eminently great poet. He does not see deep enough and far enough to pen oracular words for those who are waiting for them. Culture, as he conceived it, can never rise to the height of power. Criticism, as he applied it, can never be more than an elegant art; while style itself, as he illustrated it, can never be that inspiring procedure which we find it to be in the writings of the masters—in the poetry of Shakespeare or in the prose of Pascal. A cultured, an acute, and a dignified style is one thing, and marks the good writer. A profound, philosophic, comprehensive, and soul-stirring style is another and a grander thing, and marks the "great writer." We have a style before us that pleases our taste, impresses our minds, corrects, in many instances, our erroneous judgments, and rebukes our natural tendencies to the lighter and baser forms of literature; and this is all. When the profoundest depths of our being are to be reached and roused; when we are to be uplifted to that sublime spiritual outlook of which Milton and Longinus speak; when we are to be so addressed and moved that the thoughts of the author take possession of us, and make us efficient factors in the world's intellectual and moral advancement, then must we look elsewhere than here—to those supremely-gifted authors who are great of a truth, and who make us great as well, to the degree in which we hold reverential converse with them. That style is great, and that only, which is instinct throughout with the very spirit of power; which, while obedient to the laws of literary art, is immeasurably above all art, and, with all its marks of human origin and limitation about it, is seen to have, in its character and method, something that is supernal.

Marietta Holley.

BORN in Ellisburg, Jefferson Co., N. Y., 1844.

THE CLINGING VINE THEORY.

[*My Opinions and Betsey Bobbet's. By Josiah Allen's Wife.* 1872.]

THE next week Saturday after the poetry come out, Tirzah took it into her head that she wanted to go to Elder Morton's a visitin'; Maggie Snow was a goin' to meet her there, and I told her to go—I'd get along with the work somehow.

I had to work pretty hard, but then I got it all out of the way early, and my head combed and my dress changed, and I was jest pinnin' my linen coller over my clean gingham dress (broun and black plaid) to the lookin' glass, when lookin' up, who should I see but Betsey Bobbet comin' through the gate. She stopped a minute to Tirzah Ann's posy bed, and then she come along kinder gradually, and stopped and looked at my new tufted bedspread that I have got out a whitenin' on the grass, and then she come up the steps and come in.

Somehow I was kinder glad to see her that day. I had had first rate luck with all my bakin', everything had turned out well, and I felt real reconciled to havin' a visit from her.

But I see she looket ruther gloomy, and after she sot down and took out her tattin' and begun to tat, she spoke up and says she:

"Josiah Allen's wife, I feel awful deprested to-day."

"What is the matter?" says I in a cheerful tone.

"I feel lonely," says she, "more lonely than I have felt for yeahs."

Again says I, kindly but firmly:

"What is the matter, Betsey?"

"I had a dream last night, Josiah Allen's wife."

"What was it?" says I in a sympathizin' accent, for she did look meloncholly and sad indeed.

"I dreamed I was married, Josiah Allen's wife," says she in a heart-broken tone, and she laid her hand on my arm in her deep emotion. "I tell you it was hard, after dreamin' that, to wake up again to the cold realities and cares of this life; it was *hard*," she repeated, and a tear gently flowed down her Roman nose and dropped off onto her overskirt. She knew salt water would spot otter color awfully, and so she drew her handkerchief out of her pocket, and spread it in her lap (it was white trimmed with narrow edgein') and continued:

"Life seemed so hard and lonesome to me, that I sot up in the end of the bed and wept. I tried to get to sleep again, hopin' I would dream it ovah, but I could not."

And again two salt tears fell in about the middle of the handkerchief. I see she needed consolation, and my gratitude made me feel soft to her, and so says I, in a reasurin' tone:

"To be sure husbands are handy on 4th of July's, and funeral prosessions; it looks kinder lonesome to see a woman streamin' along alone, but they are contrary creeters, Betsey, when they are a mind to be."

And then to turn the conversation and get her mind offen her trouble, says I:

"How did you like my bedspread, Betsey?"

"It is beautiful," says she sorrowfully.

"Yes," says I, "it looks well enough now it's done, but it most wore my fingers out a tuftin' it—it's a sight of work."

But I saw how hard it was to draw her mind off from broodin' over her troubles, for she spoke in a mournful tone.

"How sweet it must be to weah the fingers out for a deah companion. I would be willing to weah mine clear down to the bone. I made a vow some yeahs ago," says she, kinder chirkin' up a little, and beginnin' to tat agin, "I made a vow yeahs ago that I would make my deah future companion happy, for I would neveh, neveh fail to meet him with a sweet smile as he came home to me at twilight. I felt that that was all he would requireh to make him happy. Do you think it was a rash vow, Josiah Allen's wife?"

"Oh," says I in a sort of blind way, "I guess it won't do any hurt. But, if a man couldn't have but one of the two, a smile or a supper, as he come home at night, I believe he would take the supper."

"Oh deah," says Betsey, "such cold, practical ideahs are painful to me."

"Wall," says I cheerfully but firmly, "if you ever have the opportunity, you try both ways. You jest let your fire go out, and your house and you look like fury, and nothin' to eat, and you stand on the door smilin' like a first class idiot—and then agin you have a first rate supper on the table, stewed oysters, and warm biscuit and honey, or somethin' else first rate, and a bright fire shinin' on a clean hearth, and the tea-kettle a singin', and the tea-table all set out neat as a pink, and you goin' round in a cheerful, sensible way gettin' the supper onto the table, and you jest watch, and see which of the two ways is the most agreeable to him."

Betsey still looked unconvinced, and I proceeded onwards.

"Now I never was any hand to stand and smile at Josiah for two or three hours on a stretch; it would make me feel like a natural born idiot; but I always have a bright fire and a warm supper a waitin' for him when he comes home at night."

"Oh food! food! what is food to the deathless emotions of the soul? What does the aching young heart care for what food it eats—let my deah future companion smile on me, and that is enough."

Says I in reasonable tones: "A man *can't* smile on an empty stomach, Betsey, not for any length of time. And no man can't eat soggy bread, with little chunks of saleratus in it, and clammy potatoes, and beefsteak burnt and raw in spots, and drink dishwatery tea, and muddy coffee, and smile—or they might give one or 2 sickly, deathly smiles, but they wouldn't keep it up, you depend upon it they wouldn't, and it haint in the natur' of a man to, and I say they hadn't ought to. I have seen bread, Betsey Bobbet, that was enough to break down any man's affection for a woman, unless he had firm principle to back it up—and love's young dream has been drounded in thick, muddy coffee more'n once. If there haint anything pleasant in a man's home, how can he keep attached to it? Nobody, man nor woman, can't respect what haint respectable, or love what haint lovable. I believe in bein' cheerful, Betsey; a complainin', fretful woman in the house is worse than a cold, drizzlin' rain comin' right down all the time onto the cook stove. Of course men have to be corrected. I correct Josiah frequently, but I believe in doin' it all up at one time and then have it over with, jest like a smart dash of a thunder shower that clears up the air."

"Oh, how a female woman that is blest with a deah companion can even speak of correcting him is a mystery to me."

But again I spoke, and my tone was as firm and lofty as Bunker Hill monument:

"Men *have* to be corrected, Betsey; there wouldn't be no livin' with 'em unless you did."

"Well," says she, "you can entertain such views as you will, but for me, I *will* be clingin' in my nature, I *will* be respected by men; they do so love to have wimmin clingin', that I will, until I die, carry out this belief that is so sweet to them—until I die I will nevah let go of this speah."

I didn't say nothin', for gratitude tied up my tongue, but as I rose and went upstairs to wind me a little more yarn—I thought I wouldn't bring down the swifts for so little as I wanted to wind—I thought sadly to myself, what a hard, hard time she had had, sense I had known her, a handlin' that spear. We got to talkin' about it the other day, how long she had been a handlin' of it. Says Thomas Jefferson: "She has been brandishin' it for fifty years."

Says I: "Shet up, Thomas J., she haint been born longer ago than that."

Says he: "She was born with that spear in her hand."

But as I said she has had a hard and mournful time a tryin' to make a runnin' vine of herself sense I knew her. And Josiah says she was at it for years before I ever see her. She has tried to make a vine of herself to all kinds of trees, straight and crooked, sound and rotten, young and old. Her mind is sot the most now on the Editor of the Augur, but she pays attention to any and every single man that comes in her way. And it seems strange to me that them that preach up the doctrine of woman's only spear don't admire one who carrys it out to its full extent. It seems kinder ungrateful in 'em, to think that when Betsey is so willin' to be a vine, they will not be a tree; but they won't, they seem sot against it.

I say if men insist on makin' runnin' vines of wimmin, they ought to provide trees for 'em to run up on, it haint nothin' more'n justice that they should, but they won't and don't. Now ten years ago the Methodist minister before Elder Wesley Minkly came was a widower of some twenty odd years, and he was sorely stricken with years and rheumatiz. But Betsey showed plainly her willin'ness and desire to be a vine, if he would be a tree. But he would not be a tree—he acted real obstinate about it, considerin' his belief. For he was awful opposed to wimmin's havin' any rights only the right to marry. He preached a beautiful sermon about woman's holy mission, and how awful it was in her to have any ambition outside of her own home. And how sweet it was to see her in her confidin' weakness and gentleness clingin' to man's manly strength. There wasn't a dry eye in the house only mine. Betsey wept aloud, she was so affected by it. And it was beautiful, I don't deny it; I always respected clingers. But I love to see folks use reason. And I say again, how can a woman cling when she haint got nothin' to cling to? That day I put it fair and square to our old minister, he went home with us to supper, and he began on me about wimmin's rights, for he knew I believe in wimmin's havin' a right. Says he: "It is flyin' in the face of the Bible for a woman not to marry."

Says I: "Elder, how can any lady make brick without straw or sand—*how* can a woman marry without a man is forthcomin'?" says I, "wimmen's will may be good, but there is some things she cannot do, and this is one of 'em."

Says I: "as our laws are at present no woman can marry unless she has a man to marry to. And if the man is obstinate and hangs back what is she to do?"

He begun to look a little sheepish and tried to kinder turn off the subject onto religion.

But no steamboat ever sailed onward under the power of biled water steam more grandly than did Samantha Allen's words under the steam of bilein' principle. I fixed my eyes upon him with seemin'ly an arrow in each one of 'em, and says I:

"Which had you rather do, Elder, let Betsey Bobbet vote, or cling to you? She is fairly achin' to make a runnin' vine of herself," and says I, in slow, deep, awful tones, "are you willin' to be a tree?"

Again he weakly murmured somethin' on the subject of religion, but I asked him again in slower, awfuler tones:

"Are you willin' to be a tree?"

He turned to Josiah, and says he: "I guess I will go out to the barn and bring in my saddle bags." He had come to stay all night. And that man went to the barn smit and conscience struck, and haint opened his head to me sense about wimmin's not havin' a right.

Adolphus Washington Greely.

Born in Newburyport, Mass., 1844.

THE DEATH OF A HERO.

[*Three Years of Arctic Service.* 1886.]

NEAR midnight of April 6th, Sergeant Rice and Private Frederick started southward to Baird Inlet. They went to attempt the recovery of the hundred pounds of English beef which had been abandoned in November, 1883. Such abandonment, it will be remembered, was necessary to save the life of Sergeant Elison, then dangerously frost-bitten. The journey had been proposed by the two men about the middle of March, but I had persistently objected to it, foreseeing the great chances of a fatal result. The men, however, represented to me the desperate straits to which we were reduced, the value of the meat if obtained, their confidence in their ability to find the cache, and the certainty of their strength being sufficient for the journey. They asked but one favor, that they be permitted to make the attempt on the same ration as that issued to the general party—four ounces of meat and four ounces of bread daily. In such case they said no injury could result to the party in the event of failure. The provisions might be increased, they could not be diminished.

At first I refused to countenance the attempt, but as the days passed and the strength of the party waned, and death to some seemed imminent, I felt the necessity of yielding. I accordingly decided on the trip, and fixed April 1st as the day of departure, provided the weather was good and our prospects not improved. The success of our hunters, Long and Jens, in obtaining birds, on March 27th, awakened hopes that the journey would not be necessary, and the departure was consequently postponed. Early April brought no relief, and game again failed. Christiansen's death decided me. I no longer hesitated, but gave the final orders. The orders were verbal. Detailed instructions to such men on such an errand would have been unwise, if not culpable. Rice was regarded naturally as the leader of the forlorn hope, and to him the orders were given simply to go and do the best he could. I, however, cautioned him particularly against over-exertion, knowing his great ambition and fearing for his strength. He had not been well on Thursday, and I had asked him to be fair and candid, so that I might not send a sick and unfit man on so trying and dangerous a journey. I told him that Sergeant Brainard, ever willing and anxious to serve us all, had expressed more than willingness to go in his stead. He on Sunday noon came into my sleeping-bag, and had a long talk over the situation. Rice declared that he had recovered entirely from his indisposition, insisted that he was as strong as Brainard, and that the duty should come to him, not only as the originator, but on account of his knowledge of the locality and his familiarity with the appearance of the ice as gained from two trips to Isabella.

In order to avoid the long detour through Rice Strait, he decided to go direct across Bedford Pim Island.

The sledge, loaded in the morning, was hauled during the day to the crest of the island by Lieutenant Kislingbury, Brainard, Ellis, and Whisler. They returned about 6 P. M., thoroughly exhausted by their labors. Whisler was much bruised from frequent falls on the glacier by which they had descended.

After a final consultation with me, Rice, in default of other sleeping-place, his bag being with the sledge, crept in with his comrade, Lynn, who had just died. He slept for a short time with the dead, unconscious that in a few hours he, too, would pass away.

When Rice and Frederick started, our hearts were almost too full for utterance, but we managed to send after them a feeble cheer, that they might know our prayers and Godspeed were with them on their perilous journey. Their outfit, though our best, was simple: A rough, common sledge (the one brought back by the rescuing squadron), a two-man sleeping-bag, a rifle, an axe, an alcohol-lamp, and a small cooking-pot. No tent was available; nor had there been, would their enfeebled condition have permitted them to haul it. For food, very much against their inclination, I increased the daily ration to six ounces of bread and six of pemmican, with a small allowance of tea. A cooking-ration of five ounces daily of alcohol was granted, and for medicinal purposes, if needed, a small quantity of rum and spirits of ammonia and a few pills were added.

The details of the journey, told us in simple, touching words by Frederick on his return, were substantially as follows:

The temperature was −8 (−22.2° C.) when they started. On reaching the summit of the island, where the sledge awaited them, a heavy gale was experienced. The descent into Rosse Bay was made through much deep snow, and the enfeebled men frequently pitched headlong into a drift, from which they always emerged breathless and exhausted. At last the ice in the bay was reached; but, contrary to their hopes, the wind increased and drifting snow filled the air. Struggling on as long as they could, they were finally compelled, about 8 A. M. of the 7th, to camp.

The high wind and blinding snow rendered the lighting of the lamp for tea impossible, and so, without drink of any kind, they stretched their sleeping-bag on the ice, and, taking a few ounces of frozen pemmican, crawled into it for rest. They were confined to the bag for twenty-two hours by a violent storm, which buried them completely with snow. About 6 A. M. of the 8th they got out of their bag, but were too cold to cook until they had travelled an hour. A warm meal, with tea, refreshed them very much, as they had been nearly thirty-six hours without drink. About 7 P. M. that evening dark and blustering weather drove them to camp. Their sledge was drawn up between a large iceberg and the face of Alfred Newton glacier. The morning of April 9th broke calm and clear, and an hour's travel brought them to our old camp at Eskimo Point. Being within six miles of the place where the meat had been cached, they decided to drop their sleeping-bag and a portion of their rations, expecting, with their lightened sledge, to reach the meat and return in one march.

Frequently open pools of water around the grounded icebergs caused long detours. At times the tidal overflow wet their feet, and their foot-gear froze solid the instant they touched the dry ice. To add to their misfortunes, about 11 A. M. a strong northwest gale sprang up, with drifting snow, which tended to chill and exhaust them. In a short time they were unable to see any considerable distance. Struggling on, by 3 P. M. they had reached the place where the meat had been abandoned; but, notwithstanding a very careful and extended search, they were unable to find any traces of it. No signs of their old sledge-tracks could be seen, and from the appearance of the place they inclined to the conclusion that the ice had broken up and moved out since their last trip the preceding autumn. Frederick at this juncture proposed that they return to their sleeping-bag, and resume the search on the morrow. Rice favored remaining, hoping it would soon clear and that the meat would be found. About 4 P. M. Frederick noticed indications of weakness in Rice, and reminded him of their mutual agreement to give timely warning of approaching exhaustion so as to avert disaster. Rice said that if they travelled a little slowly he would soon be rested, but in a short time he showed such signs of exhaustion that Frederick called a halt, and gave him a quantity of spirits of ammonia in rum until some tea could be cooked. After warm food and drink, Frederick in vain urged him to start to avoid freezing. His condition had now become alarming. He was too weak to stand up, and his mind continually reverted to home, relatives, and friends, and to the pleasures of the table in which he intended to indulge on his return. At the same time he appeared to realize his critical condition, and gave detailed instructions regarding his manuscripts and personal effects.

In the meantime Frederick did all possible for him. Although a driving storm of wind and snow, with a temperature of 2° (−16.7° C.), as shown by our camp records, prevailed, he stripped himself of his *temiak* (jumper), in which to wrap poor Rice's feet. In his shirt-sleeves, sitting on the sledge, he held his dying comrade in his arms until a quarter of eight, when Rice passed away. Save the last half hour, this time was enlivened, as far as it could be, by cheerful jocoseness and lively remarks, in which Rice and Frederick had always indulged. It must not be thought a mockery, for death had been looked so long in the face that he had no terror for most of the party, and killing the present by distracting the mind had become a second nature to many of us. Frederick's condition may be more readily imagined than described. Starved by slow degrees for months, weakened by his severe and exhausting labors, chilled nearly to numbness, he was alone on an extended icefield with his dead comrade. His sleeping-bag was miles from him, and to reach it he must struggle against a cutting blast filled with drifting snow. Such a march might well daunt the strong and hearty, but to that weak, starving man it must have seemed torture and destruction. For a moment, he said, he thought he must lie down and die; it was the easiest thing to do. But then came to him the recollection of his starving comrades, who awaited his return with eagerness and hope. If he came not, some of those behind, he well knew, would venture forth and risk their lives to learn tidings or bring succor. Thus thinking he turned away from the dead to return to us, the living.

He reached Eskimo Point and his sleeping-bag too weak to open it until he had laid down a while and revived himself by a mixture of ammonia and rum. Recovering strength and vitality by sleep and a little food, he was unwilling to return to us until he had buried Rice, and to cover his comrade with snow and ice he walked ten or twelve miles over the floe.

Frederick's return to us was a marvel of forethought, energy, and endurance. Dragging his sledge as far each march as his feebleness would permit, he took a little food, and getting into his bag drank a spoonful of ammonia and rum, which enabled him to sleep. As soon as he awoke, benumbed and stiff, he immediately got out of his bag, travelled on until he was thoroughly warmed up, then prepared tea and food, and marched on as far as possible. In this way he managed to bring back to us everything hauled out; and, astonishing to say, he turned in Rice's rations, having done this work on the food allotted.

Charles King.

Born in Albany, N. Y., 1844.

A RIDE THROUGH THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

[*Marion's Faith.* 1886.]

DARKNESS has settled down in the shadowy Wyoming Valley. By the light of a tiny fire under the bank some twenty forms can be seen stretched upon the sand; they are wounded soldiers. A little distance away are nine others, shrouded in blankets; they are the dead. Huddled in confused and cowering group are a few score horses, many of them sprawled upon the sand motionless; others occasionally struggle to rise or plunge about in their misery. Crouching among the timber, vigilant but weary, dispersed in big, irregular circle around the beleaguered bivouac, some sixty soldiers are still on the active list. All around them, vigilant and vengeful, lurk the Cheyennes. Every now and then the bark as of a coyote is heard,—a yelping, querulous cry,—and it is answered far across the valley or down the stream. There is no moon; the darkness is intense, though the starlight is clear, and the air so still that the galloping hoofs of the Cheyenne ponies far out on the prairie sound close at hand.

"That's what makes it hard," says Ray, who is bending over the prostrate form of Captain Wayne. "If it were storming or blowing, or something to deaden the hoof-beats, I could make it easier; but it's the only chance."

The only chance of what?

When the sun went down upon Wayne's timber citadel, and the final account of stock was taken for the day, it was found that with one fourth of the command, men and horses, killed and wounded there were left not more than three hundred cartridges, all told, to enable some sixty men to hold out until relief could come against an enemy encircling them on every side, and who had only to send over to the neighboring reservation—forty miles away—and get all the cartridges they wanted. Mr. —— would let their friends have them to kill buffalo, though Mr. —— and their friends knew there wasn't a buffalo left within four hundred miles.

They *could* cut through, of course, and race up the valley to find the —th, but they would have to leave the wounded and the dismounted behind—to death by torture; so that ended the matter. Only one thing remained. In some way, by some means, word must be carried to the regiment. The chances were ten to one against the couriers slipping out. Up and down the valley, out on the prairie on both sides of the stream, the Cheyennes kept vigilant watch. They had their hated enemies in a death-grip, and only waited the coming of other warriors and more ammunition to finish them—as the Sioux had finished Custer. *They* knew, though the besieged did not, that, the very evening before, the —th had marched away westward, and were far from their comrades. All they had to do was to prevent any one's escaping to give warning of the condition of things in Wayne's command.

All, therefore, were on the alert, and of this there was constant indication. The man or men who made the attempt would have to run the gauntlet. The one remaining scout who had been employed for such work refused the attempt as simply madness. He had lived too long among the Indians to dare it, yet Wayne and Ray and Dana and Hunter, and the whole command, for that matter, knew that some one *must* try it. Who was it to be?

There was no long discussion. Wayne called the sulking scout a damned coward, which consoled him somewhat, but didn't help matters. Ray had been around the rifle-pits taking observations. Presently he returned, leading Dandy up near the fire—the one sheltered light that was permitted.

"Looks fine as silk, don't he?" he said, smoothing his pet's glossy neck and shoulder, for Ray's groom had no article of religion which took precedence over the duty he owed the lieutenant's horse, and no sooner was the sun down than he had been grooming him as though still in garrison. "Give him all the oats you can steal, Hogan; some of the men must have a hatful left."

Wayne looked up startled.

"Ray, I can't let you go!"

"There's no helping it. Some one *must* go, and who can you send?"

Even there the captain noted the grammatical eccentricity. What was surprising was that even there he made no comment thereon. He was silent. Ray had spoken truth. There was no one whom he could order to risk death in breaking his way out since the scout had said 'twas useless. There were brave men there who would gladly try it had they any skill in such matters, but that was lacking. "If any man in the command could 'make it,' that man was Ray." He was cool, daring, keen; he was their best and lightest rider, and no one so well knew the country or better knew the Cheyennes. Wayne even wished that Ray might volunteer. There was only this about it,—the men would lose much of their grit with him away. They swore by him, and felt safe when he was there to lead or encourage. But the matter was settled by Ray himself. He was already stripping for the race.

"Get those shoes off," he said to the farrier, who came at his bidding; and Dandy wonderingly looked up from the gunny-sack of oats in which he had buried his nozzle. "What on earth could that blacksmith mean by tugging out his shoe-nails?" was his reflection; though, like the philosopher he was, he gave more thought to his oats—an unaccustomed luxury just then.

There seemed nothing to be said by anybody. Wayne rose painfully to his feet. Hunter stood in silence by, and a few men grouped themselves around the little knot of officers. Ray had taken off his belt and was poking out the carbine-cartridges from the loops; there were not over ten. Then he drew the revolver, carefully examined the chambers to see that all were filled; motioned with his hand to those on the ground, saying, quietly, "Pick those up. Y'all may need every one of 'em." The Blue Grass dialect seemed cropping out the stronger for his preoccupation. "Got any spare Colts?" he continued, turning to Wayne. "I only want another round." These he stowed, as he got them, in the smaller loops on the right side of his belt. Then he bent forward to examine Dandy's hoofs again.

"Smooth them off as well as you can. Get me a little of that sticky mud there, one of you men. There! ram that into every hole and smooth off the surface. Make it look just as much like a pony's as you know how. They can't tell Dandy's tracks from their own then, don't you see?"

Three or four pairs of hands worked assiduously to do his bidding. Still, there was no talking. No one had anything he felt like saying just then.

"Who's got the time?" he asked.

Wayne looked at his watch, bending down over the fire.

"Just nine fifteen."

"All right. I must be off in ten minutes. The moon will be up at eleven."

Dandy had finished the last of his oats by this time and was gazing contentedly about him. Ever since quite early in the day he had been in hiding down there under the bank. He had received only one trifling clip, though for half an hour at least he had been springing around where the bullets flew thickest. He was even pining for his customary gallop over the springy turf, and wondering why it had been denied him that day.

"Only a blanket and surcingle," said Ray to his orderly, who was coming up with the heavy saddle and bags. "We're riding to win to-night, Dandy and I, and must travel light."

He flung aside his scouting-hat, knotted the silk handkerchief he took from his throat, so as to confine the dark hair that came tumbling almost into his eyes, buckled the holster-belt tightly round his waist, looked doubtfully an instant at his spurs, but decided to keep them on. Then he turned to Wayne.

"A word with you, captain."

The others fell back a short distance, and for a moment the two stood alone speaking in low tones. All else was silent except the feverish moan of some poor fellow lying sorely wounded in the hollow, or the occasional pawing and stir among the horses. In the dim light of the little fire the others stood watching them. They saw that Wayne was talking earnestly, and presently extended his hand, and they heard Ray, somewhat impatiently, say, "Never mind that now," and noted that at first he did not take the hand; but finally they came back to the group and Ray spoke:

"Now, fellows, just listen a minute. I've got to break out on the south side. I know it better. Of course there are no end of Indians out there, but most of the crowd are in the timber above and below. There will be plenty on the watch, and it isn't possible that I can gallop out through them without being heard. Dandy and I have got to sneak for it until we're spotted, or clear of them; then away we go. I hope to work well out towards the bluffs before they catch a glimpse of me, then lie flat and go for all I'm worth to where we left the regiment. Then you bet it won't be long before the old crowd will be coming down just a humping. I'll have 'em here by six o'clock, if, indeed, I don't find them coming ahead to-night. Just you keep up your grit, and we'll do our level best, Dandy and I; won't we, old boy? Now I want to see Dana a minute and the other wounded fellows." And he went and bent down over them, saying a cheery word to each; and rough, suffering men held out feeble hands to take a parting grip, and looked up into his brave young face. He had long known how the rank and file regarded him, but had been disposed to laugh it off. To-night as he stopped to say a cheering word to the wounded, and looked down at some pale, bearded face that had stood at his shoulder in more than one tight place in the old Apache days in Arizona, and caught the same look of faith and trust in him, something like a quiver hovered for a minute about his lips, and his own brave eyes grew moist. They knew he was daring death to save them, but that was a view of the case that did not seem to occur to him at all. At last he came to Dana lying there a little apart. The news that Ray was going to "ride for them" had been whispered all through the bivouac by this time, and Dana turned and took Ray's hand in both his own.

"God speed you, old boy! If you make it all safe, get word to mother that I didn't do so badly in my first square tussle, will you?"

"If I make it, you'll be writing it yourself this time to-morrow night. Even if I don't make it, don't you worry, lad. The colonel and Stannard ain't the fellows to let us shift for ourselves with the country full of Cheyennes. They'll be down here in two days, anyhow. Good-by, Dana; keep your grip and we'll larrup 'em yet."

Then he turned back to Wayne, Hunter, and the doctor.

"One thing occurs to me, Hunter. You and six or eight men take your carbines and go up-stream with a dozen horses until you come to the rifle-pits. Be all ready. If I get clear through you won't hear any row, but if they sight or hear me before I get through, then, of course, there will be the biggest kind of an excitement, and you'll hear the shooting. The moment it begins, give a yell; fire your guns; go whooping up the stream with the horses as though the whole crowd were trying to cut out that way, *but get right back.* The excitement will distract them and help me. Now, good-by, and good luck to you, crowd,"

"Ray, will you have a nip before you try it? You must be nearly used up after this day's work." And Wayne held out his flask to him.

"No. I had some hot coffee just ten minutes ago, and I feel like a four-year-old. I'm riding new colors; didn't you know it? By Jove!" he added, suddenly, "this is my first run under the Preakness blue." Even there and then he thought too quickly to speak her name. "Now, then, some of you crawl out to the south edge of the timber with me, and lie flat on the prairie and keep me in sight as long as you can." He took one more look at his revolver. "I'm drawing to a bob-tail. If I fail, I'll bluff; if I fill, I'll knock spots out of any threes in the Cheyenne outfit."

Three minutes more and the watchers at the edge of the timber have seen him, leading Dandy by the bridle, slowly, stealthily, creeping out into the darkness; a moment the forms of man and horse are outlined against the stars; then, are swallowed up in the night. Hunter and the sergeants with him grasp their carbines and lie prone upon the turf, watching, waiting.

In the bivouac is the stillness of death. Ten soldiers, carbine in hand, mounted on their unsaddled steeds, are waiting in the darkness at the upper rifle-pits for Hunter's signal. If he shout, every man is to yell and break for the front. Otherwise, all is to remain quiet. Back at the watch-fire under the bank Wayne is squatting, watch in one hand, pistol in the other. Near by lie the wounded, still as their comrades just beyond—the dead. All around among the trees and in the sand-pits up- and down-stream, fourscore men are listening to the beating of their own hearts. In the distance, once in a while, is heard the yelp of coyote or the neigh of Indian pony. In the distance, too, are the gleams of Indian fires, but they are far beyond the positions occupied by the besieging warriors. Darkness shrouds them. Far aloft the stars are twinkling through the cool and breezeless air. With wind, or storm, or tempest, the gallant fellow whom all hearts are following would have something to favor, something to aid ; but in this almost cruel stillness nothing under God can help him—nothing but darkness and his own brave spirit.

"If I get through this scrape in safety," mutters Wayne between his set teeth, "the —th shall never hear the last of this work of Ray's."

"If I get through this night," mutters Ray to himself, far out on the prairie now, where he can hear tramping hoofs and guttural voices, "it will be the best run ever made for the Sanford blue, though I do make it."

Nearly five minutes have passed, and the silence has been unbroken by shot or shout. The suspense is becoming unbearable in the bivouac, where every man is listening, hardly daring to draw breath. At last Hunter, rising to his knees, which are all a-tremble with excitement, mutters to Sergeant Roach, who is still crouching beside him :

"By heaven ! I believe he'll slip through without being seen."

Hardly has he spoken when far, far out to the southwest two bright flashes leap through the darkness. Before the report can reach them there comes another, not so brilliant. Then, the ringing bang, bang, of two rifles—the answering crack of a revolver.

"Quick, men. *Go!*" yells Hunter, and darts headlong through the timber back to the stream. There is a sudden burst of shots and yells and soldier cheers ; a mighty crash and sputter and thunder of hoofs up the stream-bed ; a foot-dash, yelling like demons, of the men at the west end in support of the mounted charge in the bed of the stream. For a minute or two the welkin rings with shouts, shots (mainly those of the startled Indians), then there is as sudden a rush back to cover, without a man or horse hurt or missing. In the excitement and darkness the Cheyennes could only fire wild, but now the night-air resounds with taunts and yells and triumphant war-whoops. For full five minutes there is a jubilee over the belief that they have penned in the white soldiers after their dash for liberty. Then, little by little, the yells and taunts subside. Something has happened to create discussion in the Cheyenne camps, for the crouching soldiers can hear the liveliest kind of a pow-wow far up-stream. What does it mean ? Has Ray slipped through, or—have they caught him ?

Despite pain and weakness, Wayne hobbles out to where Sergeant Roach is still watching, and asks for tidings.

"I can't be sure, captain ; one thing's certain, the lieutenant rode like a gale. I could follow the shots a full half-mile up the valley, where they seemed to grow thicker, and then stop all of a sudden in the midst of the row that was made down here. They've either given it up and have a big party out in chase, or else they've got him. God knows which. If they've got him, there'll be a scalp-dance over there in a few minutes, curse them!" And the sergeant choked.

Wayne watched some ten minutes without avail. Nothing further was seen or heard that night to indicate what had happened to Ray except once. Far up the valley he saw a couple of flashes among the bluffs; so did Roach, and that gave him hope that Dandy had carried his master in safety that far at least.

He crept back to the bank and cheered the wounded with the news of what he had seen. Then another word came in ere long. An old sergeant had crawled out to the front, and could hear something of the shouting and talking of the Indians. He could understand few words only, though he had lived among the Cheyennes nearly five years. They can barely understand one another in the dark, and use incessant gesticulation to interpret their own speech; but the sergeant gathered that they were upbraiding somebody for not guarding a *coulée,* and inferred that some one had slipped past their pickets, or they wouldn't be making such a row.

That the Cheyennes did not propose to let the besieged derive much comfort from their hopes was soon apparent. Out from the timber up the stream came sonorous voices shouting taunt and challenge, intermingled with the vilest expletives they had picked up from their cowboy neighbors, and all the frontier slang in the Cheyenne vocabulary.

"Hullo! sogers; come out some more times. We no shoot. Stay there: we come plenty quick. Hullo! white chief, come fight fair; soger heap 'fraid! Come, have scalp-dance plenty quick. Catch white soger; eat him heart bime by."

"Ah, go to your grandmother, the ould witch in hell, ye musthard-sthriped convict!" sings out some irrepressible Paddy in reply; and Wayne, who is disposed to serious thoughts, would order silence, but it occurs to him that Mulligan's crude sallies have a tendency to keep the men lively.

"I can't believe they've got him," he whispers to the doctor. "If they had they would soon recognize him as an officer and come bawling out their triumph at bagging a chief. His watch, his shoes, his spurs, his underclothing, would all betray that he was an officer, though he hasn't a vestige of uniform. Pray God he is safe!"

Will you follow Ray and see? Curiosity is what lures the fleetest deer to death, and a more dangerous path than that which Ray has taken one rarely follows. Will you try it, reader?—just you and I? Come on, then. We'll see what our Kentucky boy "got in the draw," as he would put it.

Ray's footfall is soft as a kitten's as he creeps out upon the prairie; Dandy stepping gingerly after him, wondering but obedient. For over a hundred yards he goes, until both up- and down-stream he can almost see the faint fires of the Indians in the timber. Farther out he can hear hoof-beats and voices, so he edges along westward until he comes suddenly to a depression, a little winding "cooley" across the prairie, through which in the early spring the snows are carried off from some ravine among the bluffs. Into this he noiselessly feels his way and Dandy follows. He creeps along to his left and finds that its general course is from the southwest. He knows well that the best way to watch for objects in the darkness is to lie flat on low ground so that everything approaching may be thrown against the sky. His plainscraft tells him that by keeping in the water-course he will be less apt to be seen, but will surely come across some lurking Indians. That he expects. The thing is to get as far through them as possible before being seen or heard, then mount and away. After another two minutes' creeping he peers over the western bank. Now the fires up-stream can be seen in the timber, and dim, shadowy forms pass and repass. Then close at hand come voices and hoof-beats. Dandy pricks up his ears and wants to neigh, but Ray grips his nostrils like a vice, and Dandy desists. At rapid lope, within twenty yards, a party of half a dozen warriors go bounding past on their way down the valley, and no sooner have they crossed the gully than he rises and rapidly pushes on up the dry sandy bed. Thank heaven! there are no stones. A minute more and he is crawling again, for the hoof-beats no longer drown the faint sound of Dandy's movements. A few seconds more and right in front of him, not a stone's throw away, he hears the deep tones of Indian voices in conversation. Whoever they may be they are in the "cooley" and watching the prairie. They can see nothing of him, nor he of them. Pass them in the ten-foot-wide ravine he cannot. He must go back a short distance, make a sweep to the east, so as not to go between those watchers and the guiding fires, then trust to luck. Turning stealthily he brings Dandy around, leads back down the ravine some thirty yards, then turns to his horse, pats him gently one minute, "Do your prettiest for your colors, my boy," he whispers; springs lightly, noiselessly, to his back, and at cautious walk comes up on the level prairie, with the timber behind him three hundred yards away. Southward he can see the dim outline of the bluffs. Westward—once that little *arroya* is crossed, he knows the prairie to be level and unimpeded, fit for a race; but he needs to make a detour to pass the Indians guarding it, get way beyond them, cross it to the west far behind them, and then look out for stray parties. Dandy ambles lightly along, eager for fun and little appreciating the danger. Ray bends down on his neck, intent with eye and ear. He feels that he has got well out east of the Indian picket unchallenged, when suddenly voices and hoofs come bounding up the valley from below. He must cross their front, reach the ravine before them, and strike the prairie beyond. "Go, Dandy!" he mutters with gentle pressure of leg; and the sorrel bounds lightly away, circling southwestward under the guiding rein. Another minute and he is at the *arroya* and cautiously descending, then scrambling up the west bank; and then from the darkness comes savage challenge, a sputter of pony hoofs. Ray bends low and gives Dandy one vigorous prod with the spur, and with muttered prayer and clinched teeth and fists he leaps into the wildest race for his life.

Bang! bang! go two shots close behind him. Crack! goes his pistol at a dusky form closing in on his right. Then come yells, shots, the uproar of hoofs, the distant cheer and charge at camp, a breathless dash for and close along under the bluffs where his form is best concealed, a whirl to the left into the first ravine that shows itself, and, despite shots and shouts and nimble ponies and vengeful foes, the Sanford colors are riding far to the front, and all the racers of the reservations cannot overhaul them.

Margret Holmes Bates.

Born in Fremont, Ohio, 1844.

A HOOSIER RASCAL.

[*The Chamber over the Gate.* 1886.]

WHEN Hugh came to supper and found the house so much quieter than he had left it, and a more than ordinarily good supper waiting for him, his spirits revived. That his children were absent because of the illness of his wife diminished his satisfaction not one whit. He acknowledged to himself what he never would to any other person: He really did not enjoy being quite so much of a family man. That there were three sons in his father's family only added worth to the name. He and his brothers were not near each other in point of age or pursuits in life. One of these older Gatsimers would never be mistaken for the other. John remained on the farm, and even now, young as he was, was known, far and near, as one of the best authorities on stock-raising and subsoil-culture in his part of the state. He was heart and soul an agriculturist, and dignified his work quite as much as did Stephen his profession or Hugh his business. "That's as it should be," Hugh was in the habit of saying. "Whatever our folks know or do, they know it or do it twice as well as anybody else. Thank the Lord, we're not common!" And yet, no matter how safe and above the herd that generation might be, "The Gatsimer twins" had a common sound. If people would only take the pains to say "Hugh Gatsimer's twins"; but they didn't. Now that this thorn in the flesh was out of sight, he'd forget it for a while anyway. He was quite tractable.

He took the directions for Miriam's medicine from Becky when she went to bed, and at eleven o'clock, when Stephen came in, he found his patient sleeping, and her watcher sitting near her, wakeful and attentive.

Miriam moved uneasily when Stephen laid his finger on her wrist, but opening her eyes and seeing who had disturbed her, she gave a sigh that seemed to be of relief, and slept again.

After the professional part of the visit was over, the brothers stood on the porch and talked in low tones. The night was clear and cool.

"There'll be frost to-night. You'd better have a little fire in the grate, Hugh; it'll make you more comfortable and do good besides. You know I've great faith in purification by fire."

"Yes, I was thinking of a fire. But what of Miriam? Is she very sick?"

Stephen answered deliberately: "Yes, she's very sick. Her symptoms are the same as her mother's were. They were both worn out before taking the fever. She'll need the most constant care, so you'd better sleep all you can to-night, and, unless the disease works more rapidly than I expect, for several nights to come. When the worst stage comes, you'll not want to be entirely worn out."

"I'll try and manage that all right. Of course mother can't help us much, with that army of young ones on her hands."

"No, but she'll be in often for an hour or two, and so will Aunt Hester. Letty will come, I know; and she's one of the best nurses I ever saw."

"If Letty had been born our brother instead of our sister, what a man she'd have been!"

Stephen answered dryly: "She can be just as much as a woman; more, really, because women, as a rule, have so much more adaptability than men. If we had more strong, level-headed women who're not afraid to use their wits and speak their minds, the world would be all the better. Dick Scott wouldn't be half the man he is if he were not trying to live up to her ideal. Ah, yes; Lettice is one in a thousand. I'll see her in the morning and send her to help you."

"All right, if she can."

The morning sun shone on a white frost, and the air was clear and bracing, but before noon it was warm and soft, and pale faces were seen here and there peering from doors and windows, and shaky figures walked slowly and aimlessly on the sunny sides of the streets.

May Crandall was out for the first time in two months. Her father carried her in his arms to the carriage, where, nestled amongst pillows and cushions and drowned in shawls and rugs, and supported by the ever faithful Coral, she took her invalid's airing, while her mother held the lines.

Letty told Hugh she'd stay with Miriam each alternate night. So she did, and there were many strange things said to her by her weak little sister-in-law in her delirium. One night when Miriam had dropped into a fitful sleep Letty said to Stephen, as they stood together by the fire:

"I never would have believed how unhappy Miriam has been all these years; and now that Hugh is disappointed about Mr. Lowe's money, she's in constant fear of what he may say or do. Whenever he's near, in sight even, she talks about it. No matter how delirious she may be, she always knows him. I'm afraid he's said some very cruel things about her father's will."

"I'm afraid so too"; and Stephen looked thoughtfully into the fire. Turning to face his sister, his back to the room in which Miriam lay, he said:

"I've felt, ever since the day Hugh told me she was sick, that it would maybe be a mercy to her, maybe save her from worse things, if she shouldn't weather the storm. With this disease, a little neglect in nursing, a little mistake of remedies or diet, and off she goes. I don't want to be the one responsible for the mistake, if one is made; I know you won't be, and that is the great reason why I insisted on your coming."

The brother and sister looked into each other's eyes, and Letty turned pale to the lips. She felt as if in the presence of some undefinable evil. A creeping chill went over her, and she reached out her hand blindly. Stephen took and held it between both his own while he talked.

"I've been here so much. Hugh's careless, not in the least considerate; don't believe, in some instances, notably a case of fever, that a trifle can make much difference. Becky knows exactly what Miriam must have for nourishment, and how often she must have it. The keys to the pantry are in her possession, to be given to no one but yourself or mother."

"Yes, she hands them to me every night; never by any chance lays them down anywhere. I wondered at it—said to her once, 'Put them there on the table'; but she said, 'It would be just like Mr. Gatsimer to pocket them by mistake. Then we'd be in a pretty fix.'"

"Yes," Stephen laughed, "I took unmeasured care to impress her with Hugh's absent-mindedness."

"Well, she believes in you implicitly, and obeys your directions to the letter."

A night or two after this, a night when Hugh was to watch with his wife and Becky was to be roused at certain hours to give her beef-tea, Stephen came in an hour earlier than had been his custom. He noiselessly opened the side-door, and entered the room adjoining that in which his patient lay. She was awake, and was talking or trying to talk in a very excited manner. At this stage of the fever her voice was almost entirely different from what it was in health, but Stephen thought there was still a foreign tone—a sharp ring of fright, remonstrance, pleading,—what was it?

Hugh stood over the bed, supporting her with one arm; in the other hand he held a spoon which he was trying to force into her mouth. He had grasped one of her arms with the hand that raised her from the pillow, and her other skeleton hand was thrown about wildly in resistance, and as well as she with her swollen lips and tongue could articulate, she called out:

"No, no—you did; you did—Oh, Letty! Becky—Oh, Stephen, do come! No—I won't—no"—and one frantic reach of her pale fingers touched the spoon, and the contents were spilled on the bed-clothing. Hugh dropped her head on the pillows.

"Lie there, then! And I hope to God you'll be a corpse before morning!"

Stephen stepped into the light and grasped Hugh's arm.

"In mercy's name, what are you saying?"

Hugh trembled in every limb, and his face was bloodless. He pulled himself away from his brother.

"She won't take her medicine; hasn't had any since seven o'clock. I'm worn out with her perversity."

Miriam, quivering like a wind-shaken leaf, made inarticulate sounds, while tears rolled over her cheeks, and her thin fingers were clutched in Stephen's coat.

"You must take your medicine, Miriam," he said coaxingly. He picked up the spoon and the glass that held the mixture. "You'll take it now, won't you?"

"No, no!" she cried, and with a great effort she raised herself from her pillows, and with gestures and half-words she told Stephen something that made his heart stand still. He wouldn't look at Hugh. If the medicine had been tampered with he must have other evidence than that to be read in his brother's eyes.

"She takes the queerest fancies," Hugh said, "and sticks to them too, and that makes her wholly unmanageable. She's got the notion now that I put something in her medicine."

Stephen took up the glass. "I think it's stale. I'll see, and perhaps change it."

He was raising the glass to his lips. Miriam screamed with all her strength, rising again from her pillows, and Hugh starting forward, ostensibly for the purpose of restraining her, shook the glass from his brother's hand, and it fell to the floor in a hundred pieces. The eyes of the two men met. There was no need of words. For an instant both seemed turned to stone. Stephen spoke first.

"Go away, Hugh—go to bed—and—sleep if you can. You're in greater danger than your wife is. I'll watch with her till morning."

Hugh hesitated, but Stephen waved him away with his hands, saying: "Go, go; don't let me see your face again, till morning, at least."

And this problem, "How shall he be saved from himself?" racked the doctor's mind through the hours he watched and tended his brother's wife. Her fright and agitation made her fitful slumber still more uneasy than usual, but the touch of Stephen's hands, the sound of his voice, reassured her as often as she started from her pillows after dreaming over again that dreadful thing she but faintly realized in her weakness and delirium.

Next morning, as Stephen was going away, Hugh said: "I suppose Mim'll chatter to everybody her silly suspicions of last night, and make a sensation—give people something to talk about."

Stephen wondered, "What can this brother of mine be made of? There was confession in his look and manner last night, and he knows I saw the confession; yet he braves me this way." He said aloud: "Take care, Hugh, that you give her no further reason for strange fancies. Treat her with the kindness you'd bestow on one of your dogs or horses if they were sick and helpless. When she gets well—and she *will* get well—if you find 'for better for worse' so much worse than you bargained for, let the law sever the bond you made against your own judgment. There's more than one way out of an uncongenial marriage. Divorce is low, common, a disgrace to humanity, but many very excellent people justify it and avail themselves of it; and if one of our name must be smirched, I hope it won't be with a cowardly crime—a mere matter of brute strength. Let us, at least, keep within the law, and be able to think ourselves clean in the eyes of our neighbors, though despising ourselves."

Clifford Lanier.

Born in Griffin, Ga., 1844.

TIME, TIRELESS TRAMP.

O TIME, thou running tramp so fleet,
  If thou wouldst only lag awhile!
I pause to ease my weary feet
  And thou hast sped a mile.

How long a journey may I take
  With thee? Is life but just one stage?
Our next inn death? New life the break
  Of dawning age on age?

Millennial eons round, like flowers,
  Thou must have known in bud and bloom;
And secular days from crescent powers
  Waning to sunless gloom.

Didst chat with Luna, ere she grew
  So chastely sad and ghostly cold,
About her fairness ere she knew
  The wrinkle of growing old?

Art come to agê's memory yet?
  Wilt gossip of thine earliest days?
The middle countless years forget
  And sing us primal lays?

A hundred thousand springs eclipse
  In blank forgetfulness. Retrace
Some million stades, and on thy lips
  And round thy youthful face

Let speak the word, let shine the light
  That sang and shone when stars were born!
Wast thou Beginning's eremite
  Unwed, alone, forlorn?

How old wast thou when Adam played
  With Flora and the Fauns and Pan;
What time throned Jah from lustrous shade
  Spake music unto man?

Beyond do vaster oceans roll?
  How long canst thou expect to be?
All time thy body, timeless soul,
  Hast reached maturity?

Thou seem'st a Jack-o'-lantern thought,
  E'er dancing over fens of fern,

Fitful, afeard of getting caught,
And dark when thou shouldst burn.

Did God exhale thee while he slept,
The very vapor of his breath,
That, breath of Life, thou yet hast kept
The Elfin-ness of Death?

The Independent. 1889.

Elizabeth Bacon Custer.

Born in Monroe, Mich.

A DAKOTA BLIZZARD.

[*"Boots and Saddles," or, Life in Dakota with General Custer.* 1885.]

THE general had returned completely exhausted and very ill. Without his knowledge I sent for the surgeon, who, like all of his profession in the army, came promptly. He gave me some powerful medicine to administer every hour, and forbade the general to leave his bed. It was growing dark, and we were in the midst of a Dakota blizzard. The snow was so fine that it penetrated the smallest cracks, and soon we found white lines appearing all around us, where the roof joined the walls, on the windows and under the doors. Outside the air was so thick with the whirling, tiny particles that it was almost impossible to see one's hand held out before one. The snow was fluffy and thick, like wool, and fell so rapidly, and seemingly from all directions, that it gave me a feeling of suffocation as I stood outside. Mary was not easily discouraged, and piling a few light fagots outside the door, she tried to light a fire. The wind and the muffling snow put out every little blaze that started, however, and so, giving it up, she went into the house and found the luncheon-basket we had brought from the car, in which remained some sandwiches, and these composed our supper.

The night had almost settled down upon us when the adjutant came for orders. Knowing the scarcity of fuel and the danger to the horses from exposure to the rigor of such weather after their removal from a warm climate, the general ordered the breaking of camp. All the soldiers were directed to take their horses and go into Yankton, and ask the citizens to give them shelter in their homes, cow-sheds, and stables. In a short time the camp was nearly deserted, only the laundresses, two or three officers, and a few dismounted soldiers remaining. The towns-people, true to the unvarying western hospitality, gave everything they could to the use of the regiment; the officers found places in the hotels. The sounds of the hoofs of the hurrying horses flying by our cabin on their way to the town had hardly died out before the black night closed in and left us alone on that wide, deserted plain. The servants, Mary and Ham, did what they could to make the room below-stairs comfortable by stopping the cracks and barricading the frail door. The thirty-six hours of our imprisonment there seems now a frightful nightmare. The wind grew higher and higher, and shrieked about the little house dismally. It was built without a foundation, and was so rickety it seemed as it rocked in a great gust of wind that it surely would be unroofed or overturned. The general was too ill for me to venture to find my usual comfort from his reassuring voice. I dressed in my heaviest gown and jacket, and remained under the blankets as much as I could to keep warm. Occasionally I crept out to shake off the snow from the counterpane, for it sifted in between the roof and clapboards very rapidly. I hardly dared take the little vial in my benumbed fingers to drop the precious medicine, for fear it would fall. I realized, as the night advanced, that we were as isolated from the town, and even the camp, not a mile distant, as if we had been on an island in the river. The doctor had intended to return to us, but his serious face and impressive injunctions made me certain that he considered the life of the general dependent on the medicine being regularly given.

During the night I was startled by hearing a dull sound, as of something falling heavily. Flying down the stairs, I found the servants prying open the frozen and snow-packed door, to admit a half dozen soldiers who, becoming bewildered by the snow, had been saved by the faint light we had placed in the window. After that several came, and two were badly frozen. We were in despair of finding any way of warming them, as there was no bedding, and, of course, no fire, until I remembered the carpets which were sewed up in bundles and heaped in one corner, where the boxes were, and which we were not to use until the garrison was reached. Spreading them out, we had enough to roll up each wanderer as he came. The frozen men were in so exhausted a condition that they required immediate attention. Their sufferings were intense, and I could not forgive myself for not having something with which to revive them. The general never tasted liquor, and we were both so well always we did not even keep it for use in case of sickness.

I saw symptoms of that deadly stupor which is the sure precursor of freezing, when I fortunately remembered a bottle of alcohol which had been brought for the spirit-lamps. Mary objected to using the only means by which we could make coffee for ourselves, but the groans and exhausted and haggard faces of the men won her over, and we saw them revive under the influence of the fiery liquid. Poor fellows! They afterwards lost their feet, and some of their fingers had also to be amputated. The first soldier who had reached us unharmed, except from exhaustion, explained that they had all attempted to find their way to town, and the storm had completely overcome them. Fortunately one had clung to a bag of hard-tack, which was all they had had to eat. At last the day came, but so darkened by the snow it seemed rather a twilight. The drifts were on three sides of us like a wall. The long hours dragged themselves away, leaving the general too weak to rise, and in great need of hot, nourishing food. I grew more and more terrified at our utterly desolate condition and his continued illness, though fortunately he did not suffer. He was too ill, and I too anxious, to eat the fragments that remained in the luncheon-basket. The snow continued to come down in great swirling sheets, while the wind shook the loose window-casings and sometimes broke in the door. When night came again and the cold increased, I believed that our hours were numbered. I missed the voice of the courageous Mary, for she had sunk down in a corner exhausted for want of sleep, while Ham had been completely demoralized from the first. Occasionally I melted a little place on the frozen window-pane, and saw that the drifts were almost level with the upper windows on either side, but that the wind had swept a clear space before the door. During the night the sound of the tramping of many feet rose above the roar of the storm. A great drove of mules rushed up to the sheltered side of the house. Their brays had a sound of terror as they pushed, kicked, and crowded themselves against our little cabin. For a time they huddled together, hoping for warmth, and then despairing, they made a mad rush away, and were soon lost in the white wall of snow beyond. All night long the neigh of a distressed horse, almost human in its appeal, came to us at intervals. The door was pried open once, thinking it might be some suffering fellow-creature in distress. The strange, wild eyes of the horse peering in for help haunted me long afterwards. Occasionally a lost dog lifted up a howl of distress under our window, but before the door could be opened to admit him he had disappeared in the darkness. When the night was nearly spent I sprang again to the window with a new horror, for no one, until he hears it for himself, can realize what varied sounds animals make in the excitement of peril. A drove of hogs, squealing and grunting, were pushing against the house, and the door which had withstood so much had to be held to keep it from being broken in.

It was almost unbearable to hear the groans of the soldiers over their swollen and painful feet, and know that we could do nothing to ease them. To be in the midst of such suffering, and yet have no way of ameliorating it; to have shelter, and yet to be surrounded by dumb beasts appealing to us for help, was simply terrible. Every minute seemed a day; every hour a year. When daylight came I dropped into an exhausted slumber, and was awakened by Mary standing over our bed with a tray of hot breakfast. I asked if help had come, and finding it had not, of course, I could not understand the smoking food. She told me that feeling the necessity of the general's eating, it had come to her in the night-watches that she would cut up the large candles she had pilfered from the cars, and try if she could cook over the many short pieces placed close together, so as to make a large flame. The result was hot coffee and some bits of the steak she had brought from town, fried with a few slices of potatoes. She could not resist telling me how much better she could have done had I not given away the alcohol to the frozen men!

The breakfast revived the general so much that he began to make light of danger in order to quiet me. The snow had ceased to fall, but for all that it still seemed that we were castaways and forgotten, hidden under the drifts that nearly surrounded us. Help was really near at hand, however, at even this darkest hour. A knock at the door, and the cheery voices of men came up to our ears. Some citizens of Yankton had at last found their way to our relief, and the officers, who neither knew the way nor how to travel over such a country, had gladly followed. They told us that they had made several attempts to get out to us, but the snow was so soft and light that they could make no headway. They floundered and sank down almost out of sight, even in the streets of the town. Of course no horse could travel, but they told me of their intense anxiety, and said that fearing I might be in need of immediate help they had dragged a cutter over the drifts, which now had a crust of ice formed from the sleet and the moisture of the damp night-air. Of course I declined to go without the general, but I was more touched than I could express by their thought of me. I made some excuse to go upstairs, where, with my head buried in the shawl-partition, I tried to smother the sobs that had been suppressed during the terrors of our desolation. Here the general found me, and though comforting me by tender words, he still reminded me that he would not like any one to know that I had lost my pluck when all the danger I had passed through was really ended.

CUSTER AND HIS HOUNDS.

[*From the Same.*]

THE pack of hounds were an endless source of delight to the general. We had about forty: the stag-hounds that run by sight, and are on the whole the fleetest and most enduring dogs in the world, and the fox-hounds that follow the trail with their noses close to the ground. The first rarely bark, but the latter are very noisy. The general and I used to listen with amusement to their attempts to strike the key-note of the bugler when he sounded the calls summoning the men to guard-mount, stables, or retreat. It rather destroyed the military effect to see, beside his soldierly figure, a hound sitting down absorbed in imitation. With lifted head and rolling eyes there issued from the broad mouth notes so doleful they would have answered for a *misericordia.*

The fox-hounds were of the most use in the winter, for the hunting was generally in the underbrush and timber along the river. I never tired of watching the start for the hunt. The general was a figure that would have fixed attention anywhere. He had marked individuality of appearance, and a certain unstudied carelessness in the wearing of his costume that gave a picturesque effect, not the least out of place on the frontier. He wore troop-boots reaching to his knees, buckskin breeches fringed on the sides, a dark navy-blue shirt with a broad collar, a red necktie, whose ends floated over his shoulder exactly as they did when he and his entire division of cavalry had worn them during the war. On the broad felt hat, that was almost a sombrero, was fastened a slight mark of his rank.

He was at this time thirty-five years of age, weighed one hundred and seventy pounds, and was nearly six feet in height. His eyes were clear blue and deeply set, his hair short, wavy, and golden in tint. His mustache was long and tawny in color; his complexion was florid, except where his forehead was shaded by his hat, for the sun always burned his skin ruthlessly.

He was the most agile, active man I ever knew, and so very strong and in such perfect physical condition that he rarely knew even an hour's indisposition.

Horse and man seemed one when the general vaulted into the saddle. His body was so lightly poised and so full of swinging, undulating motion, it almost seemed that the wind moved him as it blew over the plain. Yet every nerve was alert and like finely tempered steel, for the muscles and sinews that seemed so pliable were equal to the curbing of the most fiery animal. I do not think that he sat his horse with more grace than the other officers, for they rode superbly, but it was accounted by others almost an impossibility to dislodge the general from the saddle, no matter how vicious the horse might prove. He threw his feet out of the stirrups the moment the animal began to show his inclination for war, and with his knees dug into the sides of the plunging brute, he fought and always conquered. With his own horses he needed neither spur nor whip. They were such friends of his, and his voice seemed so attuned to their natures, they knew as well by its inflections as by the slight pressure of the bridle on their necks what he wanted. By the merest inclination on the general's part, they either sped on the wings of the wind or adapted their spirited steps to the slow movement of the march. It was a delight to see them together, they were so in unison, and when he talked to them, as though they had been human beings, their intelligent eyes seemed to reply.

As an example of his horsemanship he had a way of escaping from the stagnation of the dull march, when it was not dangerous to do so, by riding a short distance in advance of the column over a divide, throwing himself on one side of his horse so as to be entirely out of sight from the other direction, giving a signal that the animal understood, and tearing off at the best speed that could be made. The horse entered into the frolic with all the zest of his master, and after the race the animal's beautiful, distended nostrils glowed blood-red as he tossed his head and danced with delight.

In hunting, the general rode either Vic or Dandy. The dogs were so fond of the latter, they seemed to have little talks with him. The general's favorite dog, Blücher, would leap up to him in the saddle, and jump fairly over the horse in starting. The spirited horses, mounted by officers who sat them so well, the sound of the horn used for the purpose of calling the dogs, their answering bay, the glad voices, and "whoop-la" to the hounds as the party galloped down the valley, are impressions ineffaceable from my memory. They often started a deer within sound of the bugle at the post. In a few hours their shouts outside would call me to the window, and there, drooping across the back of one of the orderlies' horses, would be a magnificent black-tailed deer. We had a saddle of venison hanging on the wood-house almost constantly during the winter. The officers', and even the soldiers', tables had this rarity to vary the monotony of the inevitable beef.

After these hunts the dogs had often to be cared for. They would be lame, or cut in the chase, through the tangle of vines and branches. These were so dense it was a constant wonder to the general how the deer could press through with its spreading antlers. The English hounds, unacquainted with our game, used to begin with a porcupine sometimes. It was pitiful, though for a moment at first sight amusing, to see their noses and lips looking like animated pin-cushions. There was nothing for us to do after such an encounter but to begin surgery at once. The general would not take time to get off his hunting-clothes nor go near the fire until he had called the dog into his room and extracted the painful quills with the tweezers from his invaluable knife. I sat on the dog and held his paws, but quivered even when I kept my head averted. The quills being barbed cannot be withdrawn, but must be pulled through in the same direction in which they entered. The gums, lips, and roof of the mouth were full of little wounds, but the dogs were extremely sagacious and held very still. When the painful operation was over they were very grateful, licking the general's hand as he praised them for their pluck.

Sometimes, when the weather was moderate, and I rode after the fox-hounds, one of them separated himself from the pack, and came shaking his great, velvet ears and wagging his cumbrous tail beside my horse. The general would call my attention to him, and tell me that it was our latest surgical patient, paying us his bill in gratitude, "which is the exchequer of the poor."

Among the pack was an old hound that had occasional fits. When he felt the symptoms of an attack he left the kennel at the rear of the house, came round to the front-door, and barked or scratched to get in. My husband knew at once that the dog was going to suffer, and that instinct had taught him to come to us for help. Rover would lie down beside the general until his hour of distress, and then solicit the ever-ready sympathy with his mournful eyes. The general rubbed and cared for him, while the dog writhed and foamed at the mouth. He was always greatly touched to see the old hound, when he began to revive, try to lift the tip of his tail in gratitude.

With the stag-hounds, hunting was so bred in the bone that they sometimes went off by themselves, and even the half-grown puppies followed. I have seen them returning from such a hunt, the one who led the pack holding proudly in his mouth a jack-rabbit.

Margaret Thomson Janvier.

Born in New Orleans, La.

THE DEAD DOLL.

[*The Dead Doll, and Other Verses. By Margaret Vandegrift.* 1888.]

YOU needn't be trying to comfort me—I tell you my dolly is dead!
There's no use in saying she isn't, with a crack like that in her head.
It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much to have my tooth out, that day;
And then, when the man 'most pulled my head off, you hadn't a word to say.

And you must think I'm only a baby, when you say you can mend it with glue!
As if I didn't know better than that! Why, just suppose it was you?
You might make her *look* all mended—but what do I care for looks?
Why, glue's for chairs and tables, and toys, and the backs of books!

My dolly! my own little daughter! Oh, but it's the awfulest crack!
It makes me feel sick to think of the sound when her poor head went whack
Against that horrible brass thing that holds up the little shelf.
Now, Nursey, what makes you remind me? I know that I did it myself!

I think you must be crazy—you'll get her another head!
What good would forty heads do her? I tell you my dolly is dead!
And to think I hadn't quite finished her elegant new Spring hat!
And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night to tie on that horrid cat!

When my mamma gave me that ribbon—I was playing out in the yard—
She said to me, most expressly, "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."
And I went and put it on Tabby, and Hildegarde saw me do it;
But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind, I don't believe she knew it!"

But I know that she knew it now, and I just believe, I do,
That her poor little heart was broken, and so her head broke too.
Oh, my baby! my little baby! I wish *my* head had been hit!
For I've hit it over and over, and it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling *is* dead, we must bury her, of course;
We will take my little wagon, Nurse, and you shall be the horse;
And I'll walk behind and cry; and we'll put her in this, you see—
This dear little box—and we'll bury her under the maple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone, like the one he made for my bird;
And he'll put what I tell him on it—yes, every single word!
I shall say: "Here lies Hildegarde, a beautiful doll, who is dead;
She died of a broken heart, and a dreadful crack in her head."

George Haven Putnam.

Born in London, England, 1844.

INTERNATIONAL COPYRIGHT.

[*Literary Property.—Lalor's Cyclopædia of Political Science, etc.* 1884.]

THE efforts in this country in behalf of international copyright have been always more or less hampered by the question being confused with that of a protective tariff. The strongest opposition to a copyright measure has uniformly come from protectionists. Richard Grant White said, in 1868: "The refusal of copyright in the United States to British authors is, in fact, though not always so avowed, a part of the American protective system.

With free trade, we shall have a just international copyright." It would be difficult, however, for protectionists to show logical grounds for their position. American authors are manufacturers who are simply asking, first, that they shall not be undersold in their home market by goods imported from abroad on which no (ownership) duty has been paid, which have been simply "appropriated"; secondly, that the government may facilitate their efforts to secure compensation for such of their own goods as are enjoyed by foreigners. These are claims with which a protectionist who is interested in developing American industry ought certainly to be in sympathy. The contingency that troubles him, however, is the possibility, that, if the English author is given the right to sell his books in this country, the copies sold may be, to a greater or less extent, manufactured in England, and the business of making these copies may be lost to American printers, binders, and paper-men. He is much more concerned for the protection of the makers of the *material casing* of the book than for that of the author who created its essential substance.

It is evidently to the advantage of the consumer, upon whose interest the previously-referred-to Philadelphia resolutions lay so much stress, that the labor of preparing the editions of his books be economized as much as possible. The principal portion of the cost of a first edition of a book is the setting of the type, together with, if the work is illustrated, the designing and engraving of the illustrations. If this first cost of stereotyping and engraving can be divided among several editions, say one for Great Britain, one for the United States, and one for Canada and the other colonies, it is evident that the proportion to be charged to each copy printed is less, and that the selling price per copy can be smaller, than would be the case if this first cost had got to be repeated in full for each market. It is, then, to the advantage of the consumer, that, whatever copyright arrangement be made, nothing shall stand in the way of foreign stereotypes and illustrations being duplicated for use here whenever the foreign edition is in such shape as to render this duplicating an advantage and a saving in cost. The few protectionists who have expressed themselves in favor of an international copyright measure, and some others who have fears as to our publishing interest being able to hold its own against any open competition, insist upon the condition that foreign works to obtain copyright must be wholly remanufactured and republished in this country. We have shown how such a condition would, in the majority of cases, be contrary to the interests of the American consumer, while the British author is naturally opposed to it because, in increasing materially the outlay to be incurred by the American publisher in the production of his edition, it proportionately diminishes the profits, or prospects of profits, from which is calculated the remuneration that can be paid to the author.

The suggestion of permitting the foreign book to be reprinted by all dealers who would contract to pay the author a specified royalty has, at first sight, something specious and plausible about it. It seems to be in harmony with the principles of freedom of trade, in which we are believers. It is, however, directly opposed to those principles. First, it impairs the freedom of contract, preventing the producer from making such arrangements for supplying the public as seem best to him; and secondly, it undertakes, by paternal legislation, to fix the remuneration that shall be given to the producer for his work, and to limit the prices at which this work shall be furnished to the consumer. There is no more equity in the government's undertaking this limitation of the producer and protection of the consumer in the case of *books* than there would be in that of bread or beef. Further, such an arrangement would be of benefit to neither the author, the public, nor the publishers, and would, we believe, make of international copyright, and of any copyright, a confusing and futile absurdity. A British author could hardly obtain much satisfaction from an arrangement which, while preventing him from placing his American business in the hands of a publishing house selected by himself, and of whose responsibility he could assure himself, would throw open the use of his property to any dealers who might scramble for it. He could exercise no control over the style, the shape, or the accuracy of his American editions; could have no trustworthy information as to the number of copies the various editions contained; and if he were tenacious as to the collection of the royalties to which he was entitled, he would be able in many cases to enforce his claims only through innumerable lawsuits, and would find the expenses of the collection exceed the receipts. The benefit to the public would be no more apparent. Any gain in the cheapness of the editions produced would be more than offset by their unsatisfactoriness; they would, in the majority of cases, be untrustworthy as to accuracy or completeness, and be hastily and flimsily manufactured. A great many enterprises, also, desirable in themselves, and that would be of service to the public, no publisher could, under such an arrangement, afford to undertake at all, as, if they proved successful, unscrupulous neighbors would, through rival editions, reap the benefit of his judgment and his advertising. In fact, the business of reprinting would fall largely into the hands of irresponsible parties, from whom no copyright could be collected. The arguments against a measure of this kind are, in short, the arguments in favor of international copyright. . . . .

It is due to American publishers to explain that, in the absence of an international copyright, there has grown up among them a custom of making payments to foreign authors, which has become, especially during the last twenty-five years, a matter of very considerable importance. Some of the English authors who testified before the British commission stated that the payments from the United States for their books exceeded their receipts in Great Britain. These payments secure, of course, to the American publisher no title of any kind to the books. In some cases they obtain for him the use of advance sheets, by means of which he is able to get his edition printed a week or two in advance of any unauthorized edition that might be prepared. In many cases, however, payments have been made some time after the publication of the works, and when there was no longer even the slight advantage of "advance sheets" to be gained from them. While the authorization of the English author can convey no title or means of defence against the interference of rival editions, the leading publishing houses have, with very inconsiderable exceptions, respected each other's arrangements with foreign authors, and the editions announced as published "by arrangement with the author," and on which payments in lieu of copyright have been duly made, have not been, as a rule, interfered with. This understanding among the publishers goes by the name of "the courtesy of the trade." I think it is safe to say that it is to-day the exception for an English work of any value to be published by any reputable house without a fair, and often a very liberal, recognition being made of the rights (in equity) of the author. In view of the considerable amount of harsh language that has been expended in England upon our American publishing houses, and the opinion prevailing in England that the wrong in reprinting is entirely one-sided, it is in order here to make the claim which can, I believe, be fully substantiated, that, in respect to the recognition of the rights of authors unprotected by law, their record has in fact, during the past twenty-five years, been better than that of their English brethren. English publishers have become fully aroused to the fact that American literary material has value and availability, and each year a larger amount of this material has had the honor of being introduced to the English public. According to the statistics of 1878, 10 per cent. of the works issued in England in that year were American reprints. The acknowledgments, however, of any rights on the part of American authors have been few and far between, and the payments but inconsiderable in amount. The leading English houses would doubtless very much prefer to follow the American practice of paying for their reprinted material, but they have not succeeded in establishing any general understanding similar to our American "courtesy of the trade," and books that have been paid for by one house are, in a large number of cases, promptly reissued in cheaper rival editions by other houses. It is very evident that, in the face of open and unscrupulous competition, continued or considerable payments to authors are difficult to provide for; and the more credit is due to those firms who have, in the face of this difficulty, kept a good record with their American authors. . . . .

We may, I trust, be able, at no very distant period, to look back upon, as exploded fallacies of an antiquated barbarism, the two beliefs, that the material prosperity of a community can be assured by surrounding it with Chinese walls of restriction to prevent it from purchasing in exchange for its own products its neighbor's goods, and that its moral and mental development can be furthered by the free exercise of the privilege of appropriating its neighbor's books.

Thomas Sergeant Perry.

Born in Newport, R. I., 1845.

MONEY AND THE SNOB.

[*The Evolution of the Snob.* 1887.]

THAT money is to all intents and purposes now omnipotent, no serious-minded person will deny; and its new and raw possessor, as we see in countless instances, at once endeavors to adapt himself to a state of society in which aristocratic principles still flourish. He puts himself in the hands of a parasite who, for board and luxury, shall teach his patron to distinguish between Hochheimer and Johannisberger, between Médoc and more delicate clarets, and how to tell the different soups, the order of dishes at dinner, etc., without apparent effort. The mere possession of vast wealth is not alone enough, perhaps, to insure an inevitable advance; but the desire for social progress, combined with a little tact, will accomplish everything in time. What may be a little difficult at home, where jealousy and envy keep one's neighbors' memory in abnormal activity, becomes very simple abroad, where good society does not distinguish between foreigners, and smiles at these fanciful distinctions. There, any taint that may unfit him for success at home is not observed. He elbows the greatest, and enjoys every triumph. To be sure, the doors through which he so easily enters are like those attached to public buildings, and swing in both directions; but with those poor wretches who fall out we have nothing to do: those who stay in alone concern us. It is to be noticed, that they are gradually becoming aware that they are the real possessors of power; that taste, intelligence, ability, energy, exist but for their service; and that even the long-intrenched aristocracy is only a useful means of delight for the rich. Already a poor nobleman who tries to hide his nakedness with leaves from his family tree is a most despised object; power is shifting from lineage and title to wealth, and the possessor of this qualification will be sure to receive the respect which is always given to power. By its ready worship of mammon, the aristocracy is cultivating wood for its own guillotine. The change is perceptible to every observer who will notice the lessening of respect for mere length of lineage, and the common habit of regarding coats-of-arms and such symbols of antiquity as mere affectations. Especially is this true of America, where "daddyism" has long been laughed at, and pride of family is the coldest comfort and but a meagre support. That this form of vanity has existed and still exists, no one who knows the facts will deny; but the general tendency of the country is against it. It survives as a condition of respectability or gentility; but outside of what faint theoretic reverence it may extort, it has no practical value. The old helmet of a Crusader would be as valuable for modern wear as descent from him would be useful in money-getting.

It should be said, however, that if *le monde s'américanise,* as despondent European critics are prone to say, it will alter slowly, for one peculiarly

American quality is its intense conservatism; it is not Anglo-Saxon for nothing, and it adheres with, on the whole, wonderful tenacity to what has won the approval of Europe. These questions, it seems, will rather be decided by the Russians, who appear to be destined to take the place long held by the French; that, namely, of becoming the Greeks of modern times,—in other words, the people who shall carry out their ideas in action, who put their theories into practice. We are least of all a nation that lives on ideas. There is scanty room for them here, with all our territory: it is in the application of steam, the invention of machinery, that we are interested; here we have no equal. Our excellence is in devising methods of saving labor, and the invention and promulgation of theories requires the severest toil.

As matters stand, it may be safely asserted that illustrious descent is, in this country at least, an interesting decoration, like a suit of armor in a corner of a hall; but it is the rich, no matter how obscure their origin, who are the real objects of interest and envy. To be sure, those who amass wealth adorn their acquisitions with various heraldic devices, as a matter of fashion; but it is not these coats-of-arms, or their newly bought family portraits, that inspire respect. Those, we feel, are but concessions to an expiring notion of aristocratic belongings; they are not an essential part of social position as they were in the past. The threatening problems of the present day are not those that concern a privileged aristocracy, but those that demand a settlement of the various claims to wealth. Mere aristocracy is a luxury for those who care for it; it is not a living question. The disposition to adorn people with extraneous majesty is practically extinct, or on the way to extinction; but the world is interested in the distribution of dollars and cents, and in those who have succeeded in acquiring this desirable art. They are the great of this world, before whom drawing-rooms and palaces are open, who are tempted by the offer of all that politics can present; who are, indeed, the masters of the world.

There is one advantage: there is no mystery about them, as it was supposed that there was about the aristocracy who enjoyed a monopoly of aquiline noses, eagle eyes, curved lips, glossy raven or curling light hair, as fashion swayed, almond-shaped nails, arched insteps, graceful gait, small hands and feet, and, above all, a somewhat scornful air, which was the despair of outsiders. This was what we call their uniform, which indicated a host of qualities no less imposing, and even more unlike the customary traits of human nature. They were intenser than most people, and far more serious, for they lived up to their dazzling exterior; they were as exempt from pettinesses as their lives were free from sordid care. They were always on parade, it seemed; and as a child imagines a king wearing his crown all day, perched upon a throne, with a sceptre forever in his hand, and even sleeping with several pounds weight of metal and jewels on his uneasy head, so the aristocracy of birth or genius was separated from the multitude, who were alone capable of being cross, unreasonable, bored, uncertain, and petty. The very vices of the great shared their magnificent superiority to customary sins, as we may see in the mysterious veil wherein Byron enwrapped himself while under the influence of gin, and in the wide-spread notion that there was something grand in the inevitable viciousness of genius. Indeed, the whole conception of genius as something that lifted its possessor far above the common herd by an inexplicable quality—an idea which was carefully nurtured by writers who had the ear of the public—was one that had wide ramifications; and demi-gods acquired full rights of citizenship in modern society. Genius became as ready and satisfactory an explanation of every form of conspicuous merit, as instinct of the actions of animals; and in the lordly company of those who possessed it the ordinary qualities of human nature appeared unworthy of contemplation. The great-man theory ruled triumphant in literature as in society, and snobbishness was one of the forms in which its recognition found expression. It was the perception of a mysterious quality which could be shared by all people of position, who were willing to accept its responsibilities; what these responsibilities were, fashionable life shows.

When a plutocracy is in power, this glamour disappears. Yet, of course, much of the machinery of former splendor survives, just as people use horses in the days of steam; but it lingers as a temptation to extravagance, and as a warrantable source of lavish expenditure, rather than as the impressive thing that it was in times past. The mystery is gone when robbing a bank will suffice to fit one for greatness, and the first question asked is how much a man can spend. With these altered conditions, snobbishness must change, and does change. It loses the side whereby it was related to the admiration of the dignity of life, and becomes a practical worship of the material side of worldly success. Whereas—although the habit of thus labelling and subdividing human qualities is most dangerous—the exaggerated worship of an aristocracy bore in the past some of the marks of pride, the ostentation of money-getters and -spenders is apt to degenerate into mere vanity, the idlest display,—possibly instances will suggest themselves to our readers,—and since this extravagance has a merely commercial measure, like so much lace or so many jewels, it becomes a subject to be treated by political economy, not one that appeals to even fanciful reverence. This is the position, as has just been said, that society is apparently beginning to take, or rather preparing to take, about it: all title-deeds are to be examined. Hence we may say, perhaps, that as snobbishness is the exaggeration, or, apparently, the evil application, of a way of looking at the world that has been full of fruit, so the present worship of money is at bottom a frank acceptance of things as they are, which is in many respects a commendable action. Whether the frank worship of wealth is in itself, however, a commendable thing, each one may decide for himself: the answer will be recorded by some future historian.

Will Carleton.

BORN in Hudson, Lenawee Co., Mich., 1845.

BETSEY AND I ARE OUT.

[*Farm Ballads.* 1873.]

DRAW up the papers, lawyer, and make 'em good and stout;
For things at home are crossways, and Betsey and I are out.
We, who have worked together so long as man and wife,
Must pull in single harness for the rest of our nat'ral life.

"What is the matter?" say you. I swan it's hard to tell!
Most of the years behind us we've passed by very well;
I have no other woman, she has no other man—
Only we've lived together as long as we ever can.

So I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And so we've agreed together that we can't never agree;
Not that we've catched each other in any terrible crime;
We've been a-gathering this for years, a little at a time.

There was a stock of temper we both had for a start,
Although we never suspected 'twould take us two apart;
I had my various failings, bred in the flesh and bone;
And Betsey, like all good women, had a temper of her own.

The first thing I remember whereon we disagreed
Was something concerning heaven—a difference in our creed;
We arg'ed the thing at breakfast, we arg'ed the thing at tea,
And the more we arg'ed the question the more we didn't agree.

And the next that I remember was when we lost a cow;
She had kicked the bucket for certain, the question was only—How?
I held my own opinion, and Betsey another had;
And when we were done a-talkin', we both of us was mad.

And the next that I remember, it started in a joke;
But full for a week it lasted, and neither of us spoke.
And the next was when I scolded because she broke a bowl;
And she said I was mean and stingy, and hadn't any soul.

And so that bowl kept pourin' dissensions in our cup;
And so that blamed cow-critter was always a-comin' up;
And so that heaven we arg'ed no nearer to us got,
But it gave us a taste of somethin' a thousand times as hot.

And so the thing kept workin', and all the self-same way;
Always somethin' to arg'e, and somethin' sharp to say;
And down on us came the neighbors, a couple dozen strong,
And lent their kindest sarvice for to help the thing along.

And there has been days together—and many a weary week—
We was both of us cross and spunky, and both too proud to speak;

And I have been thinkin' and thinkin', the whole of the winter and fall,
If I can't live kind with a woman, why, then, I won't at all.

And so I have talked with Betsey, and Betsey has talked with me,
And we have agreed together that we can't never agree;
And what is hers shall be hers, and what is mine shall be mine;
And I'll put it in the agreement, and take it to her to sign.

Write on the paper, lawyer—the very first paragraph—
Of all the farm and live-stock that she shall have her half;
For she has helped to earn it, through many a weary day,
And it's nothing more than justice that Betsey has her pay.

Give her the house and homestead—a man can thrive and roam;
But women are skeery critters, unless they have a home;
And I have always determined, and never failed to say,
That Betsey never should want a home if I was taken away.

There is a little hard money that's drawin' tol'rable pay:
A couple of hundred dollars laid by for a rainy day;
Safe in the hands of good men, and easy to get at;
Put in another clause there, and give her half of that.

Yes, I see you smile, sir, at my givin' her so much;
Yes, divorce is cheap, sir, but I take no stock in such!
True and fair I married her, when she was blithe and young;
And Betsey was al'ays good to me, exceptin' with her tongue.

Once when I was young as you, and not so smart, perhaps,
For me she mittened a lawyer, and several other chaps;
And all of them was flustered, and fairly taken down,
And I for a time was counted the luckiest man in town.

Once when I had a fever—I won't forget it soon—
I was hot as a basted turkey and crazy as a loon;
Never an hour went by me when she was out of sight—
She nursed me true and tender, and stuck to me day and night.

And if ever a house was tidy, and ever a kitchen clean,
Her house and kitchen was tidy as any I ever seen;
And I don't complain of Betsey, or any of her acts,
Exceptin' when we've quarrelled, and told each other facts.

So draw up the paper, lawyer, and I'll go home to-night,
And read the agreement to her, and see if it's all right;
And then in the mornin', I'll sell to a tradin' man I know,
And kiss the child that was left to us, and out in the world I'll go.

And one thing put in the paper, that first to me didn't occur:
That when I am dead at last she'll bring me back to her;
And lay me under the maples I planted years ago,
When she and I was happy before we quarrelled so.

And when she dies I wish that she would be laid by me,
And, lyin' together in silence, perhaps we will agree;
And, if ever we meet in heaven, I wouldn't think it queer
If we loved each other the better because we quarrelled here.

Maria Louise Pool.

Born in Rockland, Mass., 1845.

THE LAST STRAW.

[*Tenting at Stony Beach.* 1888.]

RANDY RANKIN always sits straight. She never lolls. As she sat there in the most uncomfortable chair in the tent, she was a great contrast to us, who came to the shore with intent to do nothing but lounge, and who appeared to be accomplishing our intentions. I am sure there are some people who are never comfortable save when they are uncomfortable. As I reclined on our couch and looked at Mrs. Rankin, I could but wonder if Mr. Rankin also always wanted to sit straight; if he did not, I thought I had a clew as to why he should now live by himself in that old school-house, while she should dwell in the Two-mile. This woman is considerably above the average native on these shores; it was interesting to have her spend part of a day with us, but I could not put from me the feeling that she might be somewhat overwhelming as a constant companion. I noticed one peculiarity about her speech: she would frequently speak correctly for several consecutive sentences, and then would lapse with apparent hopelessness into a tangle of subjects and predicates. I decided that she knew how to use the simple laws of grammar, but that the custom and example of years were generally more powerful than any other consideration.

At our request she had taken off her "things," which were a black-fringed silk shawl and a sun-bonnet. A pair of large drab cotton gloves had also been removed, and were pulled into each other in the form of a ball, and placed in the sun-bonnet. Her dress was black alpaca, which was so shiny as to look new; of course it was not wrinkled, for alpaca cannot wrinkle. Although the cloth looked so new, I felt that this appearance was deceptive, for I was sure that not within thirty years at the very least could any dressmaker have been persuaded to cut a "bodice" like that. Perhaps I may as well state here that later I was informed by Mrs. Marlow that the dress was new, had never been worn before, and was cut and made by Mrs. Rankin herself. It was of that fashion once known as "the fan-waist." Those who have seen this style will know what I mean, and to those who have not I can give no description which would be sufficiently graphic. It was cut down in the neck, so that a slight hint of the collar-bone could be seen, and round this neck was "fulled on" a strip of that Hamburg edging which is brought round in packs by Jew peddlers. She wore a white apron with three tucks at the bottom, and finished off with more edging.

Now, if you think Randy Rankin, in spite of her face and dress, was one for whom you could feel anything like pity or condescension, you are entirely mistaken. There was a grimness, a decision, and a strength about her, a shrewdness and sense, that made it impossible not to have a sort of respect for her. If she chose to dress as she did when she was young, you could only be amused; the conviction that she would not care if you went into convulsions of laughter at her made the convulsions impossible.

She was in the habit of relating some of the infelicities of her married life with the matter-of-fact calmness with which any of the fishermen here might tell of a poor haul at certain seasons. A poor haul was unfortunate, but it was a subject which could be fully discussed without any delicacy.

I have said that my walking across the floor of the tent with slippers whose heels clacked at every step excited in our caller reminiscences of her married life.

"It ain't no secret why Mr. Rankin and me can't live together," she said as she slowly drank her lemonade. "I never did believe in mysteries, and when folks want to know the trouble I'm always willin' to tell 'em. Mr. Rankin was so easy goin' 't I guess he could'er put up with me, or anybody, till the jedgment day, but my nerves can't bear everything. There were two things that decided me." Mrs. Rankin here spoke with extraordinary decision. "One was them down-to-the-heel slippers. I d' know where he fished 'em up from; under the eaves somewhere, I expect. 'T any rate, he come into the kitchen one morning with them on. He wa'n't very well that day, 'n' he stayed in the house, and kep' walkin' up and down, clack, clack, clack, clack, across that oil-cloth, until I felt that I should fly. I c'n bear some things well enough, but some things I can't; and Mr. Rankin, one way 'n' 'nother, had got to be awful tryin'. My teeth were on edge most of the time. I said to him, 'Hadn't you better put on them list slippers o' yourn?' I went and got 'em, and put 'em down in front of him. He didn't say he wouldn't put 'em on; that wa'n't his way; but all the same, he didn't do it, but kept on them things, and kept walkin' and clackin' all that day. He wa'n't well for a week, and the whole of that mortal time he wore them slippers, with heels that had busted off the uppers jest far enough to let 'em down good with every step. I s'pose you know there's always a last straw. I concluded that I had about reached that straw, and I told Mr. Rankin so. He laughed, and said he guessed not; he guessed things would go on with us about as usual. Will you believe it, all the rest of the time I lived with him, about six months, he would never wear any other slippers but them! I had given the matter the most earnest thought of which I was capable. I was fearful unhappy, and growin' more so every day. The man's whole nature rasped on mine so that I was sometimes afraid of myself when I saw him coming. And yet he was an upright, honest man. I have nothing to say against his character. He must have had his trials with me. Luckily for him, he had a thick skin."

Mrs. Rankin paused, and seemed to be looking into the past. After a moment she resumed:

"But, lor, 't ain't no use whining. Jonas Rankin 's jest what he is, 'n' I'm jest what I be. I had made a firm resolution that them slippers, even if he wore 'em 's long 's I lived, shouldn't be the last straw. But I told him fair and square that the very next thing would be. I'd got to the end of my rope. He laughed. I guess that laugh of his has made me as mad 's I ever wanter be. I used to pray over things. My health wa'n't first-rate, and I've noticed prayer seems to do more good when you're kind of sound bodily. No, don't give me no more lemonade. Wall, what do you think that man did next?"

Randy waited for us to guess, but, naturally, we did not fully know the capabilities of Mr. Jonas Rankin, and so could make no guess at all.

"The Tree of Death was the next thing," she said, with such an intensity of utterance that we stopped the laugh that rose to our lips, and waited with what patience we might.

"Yes," she went on. "It belonged to his first wife, she that was a Lincoln, and he said they used to have it in their parlor. This he told me when we were first married. He gave it to his son, who lives under the first cliff on the shore, you know. One day Mr. Rankin come in with a large flat parcel under his arm. He took off the wrappings, and said he guessed we'd have that in the sitting-room now. Then he hung up the thing in a place where you'd see it, and nothing else, if you were anywhere in the room. I begged him not to have it there. There was nothing in the world I hated so much. Did you ever see one?"

No, we never had seen one.

"It's a tall, black, dead-looking tree, with a horrible picture of the devil tramping about the roots with a watering-pot, from which great streams of water are running. The devil has cloven feet, horns, and a tail with a prong to it. He is grinning because the tree is so flourishing. For fruit there are great black balls, and in each ball is printed the name of some sin, such as Lying, Theft, Lust, Covetousness, and other sins which I need not mention. This picture was in a frame of wood painted a light blue, with gilt sprigs on it. What do you think? That man was bound to have the picture hung there. He said the sight of it was wholesome for frivolous souls. I told him that if we had ever been frivolous, it had all been taken out of us long ago. He said he guessed it had better hang there. And I knew it was settled. I found out afterward that John's little girl—John is Mr. Rankin's son—had had fits just from looking at the Tree of Death. I could believe that well enough, for the child was a nervous, fanciful thing. She was frightened almost out of her senses. She couldn't keep away from the picture, either, and used to steal into the room where it was, and stand and look at it. Finally her mother found it out. Lily threw herself into her mother's arms one day, and said that the devil was watering the sins in her heart, and soon they would be as big as those black balls. Then she had a kind of convulsion. That picture came down double quick. The doctor said that child would be crazy if she were left to have such notions.

"Do you think I was goin' ter hev that blarsted thing there for me ter stare at? No; that was the last straw. I told Mr. Rankin it was the last straw. I wa'n't a-goin' ter keep house for him no more. He tried ter argue the point. I told him he might save his breath. The house happened ter be mine. I told him he might take his traps and go. He had jest about enough int'rest money to git his victuals and clothes, if he lived by himself. 'Jest keep yer int'rest,' says I. 'You jest row your own boat, and I'll row mine.' I guess there wa'n't no love lost atween us. He took his things, or ruther his fust wife's things, 'n' went an' bought an old school-house that the town ain't had no use for this dozen years. He paid fifty dollars for it. He's lived there ever sence; be seven years next spring. I do some washin' and some slop-work, and pick some huckleberries. I git 'long. I ain't got no Tree of Death in my house, nor nobody that wears slippers that click on the oil-cloth. I do Mr. Rankin's washing and mending, but I don't charge him nothin' for it. I send the clothes back by the baker every fortnit, and the grocery man brings 'em. I don't see Mr. Rankin from year's end to year's end, and I don't want to. His son and I are on good terms. John is a good fellow. I like him; and naturally there's great sympathy between his family and me on the subject of that picture. John's wife has been so far as to say that she didn't blame no woman for not livin' with no man who wanted to put the Tree of Death under her nose all the time. Of course I'm lonesome once in a while. I often think, if my son had lived, 'twould have been different."

Mrs. Rankin became silent. Her deep-set eyes seemed to look more sunken than ever. She roused herself.

"Oh, yes," she said, "I git 'long."

Gertrude Bloede.

Born in Dresden, Germany, 1845.

MY FATHER'S CHILD.

[*Beyond the Shadow. By Stuart Sterne.* 1888.]

ABOUT her head or floating feet
  No halo's starry gleam,
Still dark and swift uprising, like
  A bubble in a stream,—

A soul from whose rejoicing heart
  The bonds of earth were riven,
Sped upward through the silent night
  To the closed gates of heaven.

And waiting heard a voice—"Who comes
  To claim Eternity?
Hero or saint that bled and died
  Mankind to save and free?"

She bent her head. The voice once more—
  "Didst thou then toil and live
For home and children—to thy Love
  Last breath and heart's-blood give?"

Her head sank lower still, she clasped
  Her hands upon her breast—
"Oh, no!" she whispered, "my dim life
  Has never been so blest!

"I trod a lonely, barren path,
  And neither great nor good,
Gained not a hero's palm, nor won
  The crown of motherhood!

"Oh, I was naught!" Yet suddenly
  The white lips faintly smiled—
"Save, oh, methinks I was mayhap
  My Heavenly Father's Child!"

A flash of light, a cry of joy,
  And with uplifted eyes
The soul, through gates rolled open wide,
  Passed into Paradise.

Lucretia Gray Noble.

BORN in Lowell, Mass.

A ROARING LEDGE.

[*A Reverend Idol. A Novel.* 1882.]

OUT into the wild night she fled, distraught. Her insomnia of so many nights and days had become at last a self-begetting disease; to the fierce throbbing brain-cells there was no longer any possibility of rest. Only one idea was seized by her reeling faculties. It was that Heaven had always allowed women the right to choose death rather than dishonor, and that the hour of that last alternative had come to her. Out of a world where mistakes were far more surely punished than crimes, a world which had some terrible necessity to keep social forms inviolate at any and every cost, she must go—and go to-night. She felt the pursuers close on her track—that strangest trio of pursuers—coming with that dreadful swiftness with which all the crises of her fate had crowded on each other; and deliriously she started for the sea. In the deserted house, with only the deaf woman in the kitchen, there was none to stay her; only a faithful, four-footed creature sprang out and followed her as she ran from the house.

"Go home!" she bade him. But Duke George, usually obedient to a word from his young mistress, found something too strange about this lonely sortie; and, disappearing for a moment only, he was presently rushing again by her side.

"Go home! go home!" she cried. But he only wagged his tail deprecatingly; he would not leave her.

She fell on her knees, clinging desperately round his neck, and sobbing, "Mind poor, poor Monny, and go home."

As if the wail of human anguish pierced to the comprehension of the brute creature, this time the dog did go back; and the panting fugitive went on her wild flight alone.

All the stark immensity of sand and sea and sky lay in that kind of spectral gloom made by a moon shining behind one uniform, thick veil of cloud; only in the west there was a long belt of livid light where the sun had gone down, momently darkening, and, like a lonely speck in the awful universe, the girl felt herself flying on and on, with a blind terror in her crazing brain, lest that sullen, vanishing light would not last long enough for her to find her grave by. But the fire of fever in her veins bore her up and on with such speed and strength, incredibly soon she reached the bluff, the beach, and that sound of the surge which told her that the tide—was not in, but coming. She fled on towards the sound; but her feet sank in the briny ooze; the belt of tide-mud was impassable. At this she turned, and rushed away for Roaring Ledge—a broken chain of rocks which began a short distance above her, and extended far out into the deep sea. She had just reached this ledge when a shaggy form pushed against her—yes—Duke George. He had only made a feint of going back; at a little distance behind her he had stealthily followed all her flight. Many and many a time, at low-water, had he gone out on Roaring Ledge with his young mistress (its farthest seaward rock was a favorite sketching-place with her), her light foot springing safely enough over the sea-channels between the rocks, when these were shallow and the sun was shining. But now, in the slippery darkness, and with the hoarse tide coming in, the creature knew it was a place of death, and tugged at her dress to ask what wild business she had there. She thrust him off; but he would not leave her; and, as she still plunged wildly on, he flew after, beginning finally to bark aloud.

With a last, cruel sense that her very dog was turned her foe, the delirious girl leaped only the more desperately from point to point, catching foothold by that miraculous sense with which the somnambulist walks where the waking could not tread; the tide was rushing in to meet her only a few rods beyond, and she could jump from the rocks into depths where the sea devoured its dead, and never rolled them in-shore to trouble the eyes of the living. With this one idea in her burning brain, she bounded on, until in a desperate struggle with the dog,—who, as if comprehending at last that his mistress had gone daft, seized her garments to detain her by force,—she caught her foot, whirled, and fell headlong; her temples struck with sharp concussion on the rock, and she knew no more.

Then, indeed, the dog, with no conflicting instinct of obedience, lifted up his wild cry for help over that silent form. Setting his teeth in the girl's garments, he dragged her to the higher levels of the rock; but even around these the waves were rising with frightful rapidity, and a bark that grew human in its anguish rang afar through the shrouding darkness and over the beating seas.

A man who had ridden early and late rode up to the Doane house not very long after Monny fled from it. Mrs. Doane was with him. She had come home by rail from the next station above Lonewater. To the first inquiry made by both, the deaf housekeeper replied that the young lady was quiet in her own rooms. These being forthwith explored by Mrs. Doane, and found empty, she said to Mr. Leigh: "She has gone to the village, of course; probably to the Widow Macey's. Some one will be coming home with her presently."

Waiting being impossible to the man's mood, he was rushing out of the door to go to the village, when Bobby Hines, small member of the very large Hines family, came running up the yard, calling out: "Where's Miss Monny Rivers?"

At this echo of everybody's cry, Mr. Leigh stood still, while the child panted on:

"The tide hev' got her dog out on Roaring Ledge, and he's barking dreadful! And mother said I must come and tell Miss Rivers, cos she'd take on so if he was drownded. Mother said maybe he'd hurt hisself out there,—broke his leg, or something, so he can't swim in; for he can swim like anything."

Mr. Leigh heard no more, for he was running already for the lane which led to the sea. The first far echo of the dog's voice when he came within sound of it struck him with such horror of foreboding, all the order of events which followed he never knew. Every nerve at mortal strain to devour the distance between himself and that "barking dreadful," and find out what it meant, was all he remembered. By land and water he must get there, running, swimming, rowing, launching a boat where never boat was launched before, some other hands bearing help, bringing lights,—all the while rising wilder and wilder that barking dreadful, with its nameless, ghastly suggestion, to the man who had wronged a delicate girl, he knew at last how terribly. With desperate difficulty they rowed out towards the sound, keeping the boat off the sands of the bar, off the rocks of the ledge (all buried now beneath the tide, except those highest points where that agonized cry arose); and even as they neared it, it broke strangely, then, with one long, piercing wail which seemed to cleave the very heavens, it ceased utterly.

Leaning far over from the boat, Mr. Leigh strained his eyes into the gloom to discern at last something which made him drop his oars, and with a cry which caught up, as it were, in human tones, the silenced agony of the dog's voice, he plunged overboard, and struck out towards that desperate sight. It was of a dog swimming with all his strength, but able to make no headway, only to hold above water the head of some human burden, which the tide, whelming now the last point of the ledge, had washed off into the deep. The creature could bark no more, for his teeth were set firm in her garments—yes, there was the flow and swash of a woman's garments, and a dripping fleece of long hair swaying on the tide.

The boat came up and took in the three—the man, the dog, and the maiden; but her they lifted as we lift the dead.

IN THE BATTLE.

THE drums are beat, the trumpets blow,
The black-mouthed cannon bay the foe,
Dark, bristling o'er each murky height,
And all the field is whirled in fight.

The long life in the drowsy tent
Fades from me like a vision spent;—
I stand upon the battle's marge,
And watch the smoking squadron's charge.

Behold one starry banner reel
With that wild shock of steel on steel;
And ringing up by rock and tree
At last the cry that summons me.

I hear it in my vibrant soul,
Deep thundering back its counter roll;
And all life's ore seems newly wrought
In the white furnace of my thought.

No dream that made my days divine
But flashes back some mystic sign;
And every shape that erst was bright
Sweeps by me garmented in light.

High legends of immortal praise,
Brows of world heroes bound with bays,
The crownèd majesties of Time
Rise visioned on my soul sublime.

Dear living lips of love and prayer
Sound chanting through the blackened air;
And eyes look out of marble tombs,
And hands are waved from churchyard glooms.

"Charge! charge!" at last the captain's cry!
We pant, we speed, we leap, we fly;
I feel my lifting feet aspire,
As I were born of wind and fire!

On! on! where wild the battle swims,
On! on! no shade my vision dims;
Transcendent o'er yon smoky wreath,
I see the glory of great Death!

Come flashing blade, and hissing ball!
I give my blood, my breath, my all,
So that on yonder rocking height
The stars and stripes may wave to-night!

The Author of "Democracy."

BREAKING IN A PRESIDENT.

[*Democracy. An American Novel.* 1880.]

OF all titles ever assumed by prince or potentate, the proudest is that of the Roman pontiffs: "Servus servorum Dei"—"Servant of the servants of God." In former days it was not admitted that the devil's servants could by right have any share in government. They were to be shut out, punished, exiled, maimed, and burned. The devil has no servants now; only the people have servants. There may be some mistake about a doctrine which makes the wicked, when a majority, the mouthpiece of God against the virtuous, but the hopes of mankind are staked on it; and if the weak in faith sometimes quail when they see humanity floating in a shoreless ocean, on this plank, which experience and religion long since condemned as rotten, mistake or not, men have thus far floated better by its aid than the popes ever did with their prettier principle; so that it will be a long time yet before society repents.

Whether the new President and his chief rival, Mr. Silas P. Ratcliffe, were or were not servants of the servants of God is not material here. Servants they were to some one. No doubt many of those who call themselves servants of the people are no better than wolves in sheep's clothing, or asses in lions' skins. One may see scores of them any day in the Capitol when Congress is in session, making noisy demonstrations, or more usefully doing nothing. A wiser generation will employ them in manual labor; as it is, they serve only themselves. But there are two officers, at least, whose service is real—the President and his Secretary of the Treasury. The Hoosier Quarryman had not been a week in Washington before he was heartily homesick for Indiana. No maid-of-all-work in a cheap boarding-house was ever more harassed. Every one conspired against him. His enemies gave him no peace. All Washington was laughing at his blunders, and ribald sheets, published on a Sunday, took delight in printing the new Chief Magistrate's sayings and doings, chronicled with outrageous humor, and placed by malicious hands where the President could not but see them. He was sensitive to ridicule, and it mortified him to the heart to find that remarks and acts, which to him seemed sensible enough, should be capable of such perversion. Then he was overwhelmed with public business. It came upon him in a deluge, and he now, in his despair, no longer tried to control it. He let it pass over him like a wave. His mind was muddled by the innumerable visitors to whom he had to listen. But his greatest anxiety was the Inaugural Address which, distracted as he was, he could not finish, although in another week it must be delivered. He was nervous about his Cabinet; it seemed to him that he could do nothing until he had disposed of Ratcliffe. Already, thanks to the President's friends, Ratcliffe had become indispensable; still an enemy, of course, but one whose hands must be tied; a sort of Samson, to be kept in bonds until the time came for putting him out of the way, but in the meanwhile to be utilized. This point being settled, the President had in imagination begun to lean upon him; for the last few days he had postponed everything till next week, "when I get my Cabinet arranged"; which meant, when he got Ratcliffe's assistance; and he fell into a panic whenever he thought of the chance that Ratcliffe might refuse.

He was pacing his room impatiently on Monday morning, an hour before the time fixed for Ratcliffe's visit. His feelings still fluctuated violently, and if he recognized the necessity of using Ratcliffe, he was not the less determined to tie Ratcliffe's hands. He must be made to come into a Cabinet where every other voice would be against him. He must be prevented from having any patronage to dispose of. He must be induced to accept these conditions at the start. How present this to him in such a way as not to repel him at once? All this was needless, if the President had only known it, but he thought himself a profound statesman, and that his hand was guiding the destinies of America to his own reëlection. When at length, on the stroke of ten o'clock, Ratcliffe entered the room, the President turned to him with nervous eagerness, and, almost before offering his hand, said that he hoped Mr. Ratcliffe had come prepared to begin work at once. The Senator replied that, if such was the President's decided wish, he would offer no further opposition. Then the President drew himself up in the attitude of an American Cato, and delivered a prepared address, in which he said that he had chosen the members of his Cabinet with a careful regard to the public interests; that Mr. Ratcliffe was essential to the combination; that he expected no disagreement on principles, for there was but one principle which he should consider fundamental, namely, that there should be no removals from office except for cause; and that under these circumstances he counted upon Mr. Ratcliffe's assistance as a matter of patriotic duty.

To all this Ratcliffe assented without a word of objection, and the President, more convinced than ever of his own masterly statesmanship, breathed more freely than for a week past. Within ten minutes they were actively at work together, clearing away the mass of accumulated business. The relief of the Quarryman surprised himself. Ratcliffe lifted the weight of affairs from his shoulders with hardly an effort. He knew everybody and everything. He took most of the President's visitors at once into his own hands and dismissed them with great rapidity. He knew what they wanted; he knew what recommendations were strong and what were weak; who was to be treated with deference and who was to be sent away abruptly; where a blunt refusal was safe, and where a pledge was allowable. The President even trusted him with the unfinished manuscript of the Inaugural Address, which Ratcliffe returned to him the next day with such notes and suggestions as left nothing to be done beyond copying them out in a fair hand. With all this, he proved himself a very agreeable companion. He talked well and enlivened the work; he was not a hard taskmaster, and when he saw that the President was tired, he boldly asserted that there was no more business that could not as well wait a day, and so took the weary Stone-cutter out to drive for a couple of hours, and let him go peacefully to sleep in the carriage. They dined together, and Ratcliffe took care to send for Tom Lord to amuse them, for Tom was a wit and a humorist, and kept the President in a laugh. Mr. Lord ordered the dinner and chose the wines. He could be coarse enough to suit even the President's palate, and Ratcliffe was not behindhand. When the new Secretary went away at ten o'clock that night, his chief, who was in high good humor with his dinner, his champagne, and his conversation, swore with some unnecessary granite oaths that Ratcliffe was "a clever fellow anyhow," and he was glad "that job was fixed."

The truth was that Ratcliffe had now precisely ten days before the new Cabinet could be set in motion, and in these ten days he must establish his authority over the President so firmly that nothing could shake it. He was diligent in good works. Very soon the court began to feel his hand. If a business letter or a written memorial came in, the President found it easy to indorse: "Referred to the Secretary of the Treasury." If a visitor wanted anything for himself or another, the invariable reply came to be: "Just mention it to Mr. Ratcliffe"; or, "I guess Ratcliffe will see to that." Before long he even made jokes in a Catonian manner; jokes that were not peculiarly witty, but somewhat gruff and boorish, yet significant of a resigned and self-contented mind. One morning he ordered Ratcliffe to take an iron-clad ship of war and attack the Sioux in Montana, seeing that he was in charge of the army and navy and Indians at once, and jack-of-all-trades; and again he told a naval officer who wanted a court-martial that he had better get Ratcliffe to sit on him, for he was a whole court-martial by himself. That Ratcliffe held his chief in no less contempt than before, was probable but not certain, for he kept silence on the subject before the world, and looked solemn whenever the President was mentioned.

Before three days were over, the President, with a little more than his usual abruptness, suddenly asked him what he knew about this fellow Carson, whom the Pennsylvanians were bothering him to put in his Cabinet. Ratcliffe was guarded: he scarcely knew the man; Mr. Carson was not in politics, he believed, but was pretty respectable—for a Pennsylvanian. The President returned to the subject several times; got out his list of Cabinet officers and figured industriously upon it with a rather perplexed face; called Ratcliffe to help him; and at last the "slate" was fairly broken, and Ratcliffe's eyes gleamed when the President caused his list of nominations to be sent to the Senate on the 5th March, and Josiah B. Carson, of Pennsylvania, was promptly confirmed as Secretary of the Interior.

But his eyes gleamed still more humorously when, a few days afterwards, the President gave him a long list of some two-score names, and asked him to find places for them. He assented good-naturedly, with a remark that it might be necessary to make a few removals to provide for these cases.

"Oh, well," said the President, "I guess there's just about as many as that had ought to go out anyway. These are friends of mine; got to be looked after. Just stuff 'em in somewhere."

Even he felt a little awkward about it, and, to do him justice, this was the last that was heard about the fundamental rule of his administration. Removals were fast and furious, until all Indiana became easy in circumstances. And it was not to be denied that, by one means or another, Ratcliffe's friends did come into their fair share of the public money. Perhaps the President thought it best to wink at such use of the Treasury patronage for the present, or was already a little overawed by his Secretary.

Ratcliffe's work was done. The public had, with the help of some clever intrigue, driven its servants into the traces. Even an Indiana stone-cutter could be taught that his personal prejudices must yield to the public service. What mischief the selfishness, the ambition, or the ignorance of these men might do, was another matter. As the affair stood, the President was the victim of his own schemes. It remained to be seen whether, at some future day, Mr. Ratcliffe would think it worth his while to strangle his chief by some quiet Eastern intrigue, but the time had gone by when the President could make use of either the bow-string or the axe upon him.

All this passed while Mrs. Lee was quietly puzzling her poor little brain about her duty and her responsibility to Ratcliffe, who, meanwhile, rarely failed to find himself on Sunday evenings by her side in her parlor, where his rights were now so well established that no one presumed to contest his seat, unless it were old Jacobi, who from time to time reminded him that he was fallible and mortal. Occasionally, though not often, Mr. Ratcliffe came at other times, as when he persuaded Mrs. Lee to be present at the Inauguration, and to call on the President's wife. Madeleine and Sybil went to the Capitol and had the best places to see and hear the Inauguration, as well as a cold March wind would allow. Mrs. Lee found fault with the ceremony; it was of the earth, earthy, she said. An elderly western farmer, with silver spectacles, new and glossy evening clothes, bony features, and stiff, thin, gray hair, trying to address a large crowd of people, under the drawbacks of a piercing wind and a cold in his head, was not a hero. Sybil's mind was lost in wondering whether the President would not soon die of pneumonia. Even this experience, however, was happy when compared with that of the call upon the President's wife, after which Madeleine decided to leave the new dynasty alone in future. The lady, who was somewhat stout and coarse-featured, and whom Mrs. Lee declared she wouldn't engage as a cook, showed qualities which, seen under that fierce light which beats upon a throne, seemed ungracious. Her antipathy to Ratcliffe was more violent than her husband's, and was even more openly expressed, until the President was quite put out of countenance by it. She extended her hostility to every one who could be supposed to be Ratcliffe's friend, and the newspapers, as well as private gossip, had marked out Mrs. Lee as one who, by an alliance with Ratcliffe, was aiming at supplanting her own rule over the White House. Hence, when Mrs. Lightfoot Lee was announced, and the two sisters were ushered into the presidential parlor, she put on a coldly patronizing air, and in reply to Madeleine's hope that she found Washington agreeable, she intimated that there was much in Washington which struck her as awful wicked, especially the women; and, looking at Sybil, she spoke of the style of dress in this city, which she said she meant to do what she could to put a stop to. She'd heard tell that people sent to Paris for their gowns, just as though America wasn't good enough to make one's clothes! Jacob (all Presidents' wives speak of their husbands by their first names) had promised her to get a law passed against it. In her town in Indiana, a young woman who was seen on the street in such clothes wouldn't be spoken to. At these remarks, made with an air and in a temper quite unmistakable, Madeleine became exasperated beyond measure, and said that "Washington would be pleased to see the President do something in regard to dress-reform—or any other reform"; and with this allusion to the President's ante-election reform speeches, Mrs. Lee turned her back and left the room, followed by Sybil in convulsions of suppressed laughter, which would not have been suppressed had she seen the face of their hostess as the door shut behind them, and the energy with which she shook her head and said: "See if I don't reform you yet, you—jade!"

Mrs. Lee gave Ratcliffe a lively account of this interview, and he laughed nearly as convulsively as Sybil over it, though he tried to pacify her by saying that the President's most intimate friends openly declared his wife to be insane, and that he himself was the person most afraid of her. But Mrs. Lee declared that the President was as bad as his wife; that an equally good President and President's wife could be picked up in any corner-grocery between the Lakes and the Ohio; and that no inducement should ever make her go near that coarse washerwoman again.

Ratcliffe did not attempt to change Mrs. Lee's opinion. Indeed he knew better than any man how Presidents were made, and he had his own opinions in regard to the process as well as the fabric produced. Nothing Mrs. Lee could say now affected him. He threw off his responsibility and she found it suddenly resting on her own shoulders. When she spoke with indignation of the wholesale removals from office with which the new administration marked its advent to power, he told her the story of the President's fundamental principle, and asked her what she would have him do. "He meant to tie my hands," said Ratcliffe, "and to leave his own free, and I accepted the condition. Can I resign now on such a ground as this?" And Madeleine was obliged to agree that he could not. She had no means of knowing how many removals he made in his own interest, or how far he had outwitted the President at his own game. He stood before her a victim and a patriot. Every step he had taken had been taken with her approval. He was now in office to prevent what evil he could, not to be responsible for the evil that was done; and he honestly assured her that much worse men would come in when he went out, as the President would certainly take good care that he did go out when the moment arrived.

The Author of "Aristocracy."

A COUNTRY BREAKFAST IN ENGLAND.

[*By the Author of "Aristocracy," "American Coin," etc.*]

Scene.—Breakfast-room at Beaulieu Manor. High wainscot of old oak; walls papered in deep maroon; deep-maroon damask window-curtains, and maroon leather-seated chairs. Old oak fire-place; log fire in the grate: long breakfast-table, hissing urn and tea things at one end, four covered silver dishes at the other containing cutlets, sausages, poached eggs, and curried fowl. In the middle and up the sides, plates of hot rolls in napkins: a large dish of butter scrolls and bullets, a silver stand of boiled eggs, a glass dish of orange marmalade, and two racks of dry toast. On sideboard, cold ham, beef, game, and huge loaf of bread.

PEOPLE AT TABLE.

Lady Bar-Dexter (the lady of the house), age thirty-five, once pretty, now buxom, with that burnt-faced, diminishing-eyed look which the average high-born British matron (unless a "frisky") gets in a few years after marriage, and which is not so much the result of annual maternity as the effect of an unlimited consumption of brown stout at luncheon and brown sherry at dinner.

The Hon. Mrs. Villiers and Miss Villiers, mother and daughter. Mother, gray-haired, arched eyebrows, pale, thin and icy; daughter, thoroughbred and shy.

Lady Violet Cropper, a "frisky"; pretty, bold, cold-eyed, and horsey.

Lord Henry Noddle, her brother.

Captain Fitzrubbishe, of the Queen's Own Bombardiers.

[*Silence reigns. Enter your humble servant—whom we will call* Mr. Thompson Withapee, *of Philadelphia. Both the men are reading their letters while they eat, the torn-open envelopes littering the table and adjoining plates.*]

Men. Baw! [*which I interpret as "Good morning."*]

Women. Ning! [*which I ditto.*]

[*I seat myself in one of a half-dozen vacant places amid utter silence. After a pause:*]

Lady Bar-Dexter. Tea, Mr. Withapee?

I. If you please.

[Lady B-D. *pours out the tea, and I wait some minutes.*]

Lady Bar-Dexter. Here is your tea, Mr. Withapee. [*I am separated from her Ladyship by* Noddle *and* Fitzrubbishe, *but neither offers to pass the cup.*] Come and get it, please. [*This I discover to be the custom. Every one gets up and goes for his own tea. I go for my tea. I go back to my seat and wonder how I shall get something to eat. While I sip my tea and puzzle about it:*]

Lady Bar-Dexter. The Hammonds come to-morrow, Captain Fitzrubbishe.

Captain Fitzrubbishe. Oh! Do they?

Lady Bar-Dexter. They can only stay two nights, though.

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE. Really. *Can't* they.

[*Enter* LORD BASIL DUMPLINGE, *age twenty-five, in scarlet hunting-coat and top-boots.*]

MEN. Baw!

WOMEN. Ning!

[DUMPLINGE *makes straight for the silver dishes, lifts the cover off each, and scrutinizes contents through eye-glass. Looks disappointed, but helps himself to a poached egg, and carries it to seat next me. Sits down, and proceeds to open his letters, which are in a pile beside his plate. I take the tip and go and help myself to a sausage.*]

LORD BASIL DUMPLINGE [*with eyes on letter*]. By Jove! I say [*to* LADY VIOLET CROPPER, *to whom he hasn't before spoken.*]

LADY VIOLET. Hello!

LORD BASIL. Here's a lark. The Jones-Fieldings have a meet at their shop next Tuesday.

LADY VIOLET. Never!

[LORD BASIL *tears open another letter with his thumb.*]

CAPTAIN FITZRUBBISHE. Really!

LADY BAR-DEXTER [*to* MISS VILLIERS]. There's to be a hunt-ball at Boskell next week.

MISS VILLIERS. *Is* there?

[*Enter* SIR JOHN BAR-DEXTER, *a bearded man of forty-five, and a bluff manner, also in hunting "pink."*]

MEN. Baw!

WOMEN. Ning!

SIR JOHN [*after helping himself in silence to some cold grouse from the sideboard*]. Look sharp, Dumplinge. Ha' pas' nine, and eight miles to Tombridge Tun.

LADY VIOLET. Going to ride Vixie?

LORD BASIL. No fear.

[*I have disposed of my sausage, and think I'll say something.*]

I. What a beautiful view there is from my room window, Lady Bar-Dexter.

LADY BAR-DEXTER. Oh, *is* there?

I. It is the finest woodland bit of scenery I can remember.

LADY BAR-DEXTER. Really. *Is* it?

I. Yes. It seemed like a reproduction of one of Wilkie's or Birket Foster's best landscapes.

LADY BAR-DEXTER. Fancy!

[*The other men look up and regard me curiously through their eye-glasses.* LADY VIOLET *winks openly at* DUMPLINGE, *who draws down the corners of his mouth. I feel sat upon, and subside.*]

SIR JOHN. Ought to have a rattling good run to-day. My tea, please.

[*And so on for half an hour longer, while three or four more men come in, and I sit and listen.*]

The Argonaut, 188–.

PATRICIAN AMENITIES.

[*Aristocracy. A Novel.* 1888.]

"OH, you only talk like that because you're an American. If you were an Englishman, you'd hunt, never fear."

"Perhaps I couldn't afford to have any horses of my own."

Lady Oaktorrington and Lord Beyndour catch all but the first word of this speech, and exchange glances. Lady Henry sees an opportunity to find out something she has been anxious to know before wasting any ammunition upon Allen, for she has mentally selected him for a victim, should events recommend and justify it in her estimation.

"What bosh!" she exclaims. "All you Americans are so awfully rich. Aren't you?"

Lady Oaktorrington pays no heed to something the duke is saying to her, but sits breathless awaiting Allen's reply:

"I—I—really—I can't answer for all my countrymen. Some of them are very wealthy, I dare say. Vanderbilt, for instance, and Jay Gould and Gordon Bennett and Mackay. But they are only four."

"Oh, come, you know you yourself are said to be enormously rich?"

"Am I? People talk without book sometimes."

Lady Henry grows desperate.

"Well, aren't you?"

"What? said to be enormously rich? I don't know. You say so."

"Oh, no; you know quite well what I mean. Aren't you awfully rich?"

Allen winces and reddens, at the point-blank question, and his disgust at the grossness of its personal character is doubled as he becomes vaguely conscious that everybody is silently listening for his answer.

"You must pardon my declining to answer," he says, stiffly. "There is nothing I detest more than discussing myself at any time, and especially for the edification of a whole dinner-table."

"By Jove! if he hasn't shuffled out of it. I thought he would," mutters Lord Beyndour to himself but loud enough for his neighbors to hear. "He's afraid to lie before so many people, of course. I say mother! Freddy ought to feel proud of himself, don't you think?"

The marchioness, who hasn't this time caught Allen's answer, owing to an inopportune remark from the duke, replies by a puzzled, questioning look, whereat Lord Beyndour shuffles his feet under the table in a temper, and says:

"By Jove, she can't think of anything but Harborough."

"I'm not going to have such an answer as that," Lady Henry says, with a little laugh, fearful of having gone too far in her rudeness to a man whose evasive reply to her questions she is woman enough of the world to know is better proof of his riches than if he openly declared the fact to her. She must try and make up for it, she thinks, and for the first time it dawns upon her that Allen is "awfully good-looking." Not that that fact would have had much weight with her had she not now felt morally convinced of his wealth. She throws into her eyes all the suggestive power that can come from half-closed lids veiling upward-turned pupils, and says in a soft, cooing voice, that dozens of men have known to their cost:

"You must tell me some other time soon, all to myself. Promise me, won't you? I shan't tell any one. I never tell any one anything—not even my husband," and she opens her eyes for one second and shoots a glance full of meaning at Allen. He is not the man to misunderstand her. No man knows woman and her ways better than he. He is conscious of a slight quickening of his heart-beats, and sense of sudden heat in his temples as she speaks, for she is really, by candle-light, a very pretty woman.

"You will tell me?" she persists.

"Certainly I will," he answers in a low voice. "But it must be under the condition you mention; you must be alone. And"—— He looks up and catches Lady Edith's eye. She is looking at him with her great big soft gray eyes full of wonder and reproach. He colors and stops short.

"And—what? what else? Oh, I'm afraid you're wasting your time if *that* is your game. She's engaged to be married."

"Yes? And to whom?"

"To the man she's sitting next and with whom she came in to dinner—Jack Bouverie"—this in a whisper, for Lord Bouverie's ears are wide open.

"I should hardly have fancied he filled her ideal."

"Girls in these days are not allowed such inconvenient impediments to matrimony as ideals, my dear. We find our ideals *after* marriage, not before. Some of us find them and some don't. I'm still looking for mine," and the old look comes into her eyes. "Perhaps I shall find it sooner than I thought."

"And do you mean to say, she is really engaged to that young man? Are you sure? It has not been formally announced?"

"No, not yet. But they have been engaged for more than a year, I know. Lady Oaktorrington told me. There! will that satisfy you? But you mustn't breathe a word of it to any one, for it is a secret yet. But there. How tiresome! Lady Oaktorrington is putting on her gloves. You won't stay long, promise me—and," in a low whisper, "come to me directly you can. I've got something I particularly want to say to you."

When the ladies retire, Allen is left to the tender mercies of Lord Bouverie, in whose demeanor to him he notices a marked change. The old warmth of manner and glaringly apparent desire to ingratiate himself with the rich stranger by overdone attentions and forced interest-takings have vanished, and in their place he finds cold and distant civility. After a few interchanges of words of the most commonplace character, during which Lord Bouverie gives indisputable evidence of a wish to listen to, if not join in, the talk of the others, Allen lets the conversation drop, and sits silent and alone among his own conflicting thoughts. No one utters a word to him, no one takes heed of his presence, and the only part he takes in the assembly is to mechanically pass on the decanters as they come his way in their periodical circuits of the table.

"I say Monty; heard anything of Bazzy, lately?" asks Lord Beyndour.

"Who? Bazzy Paget?"

"Um."

"No, only that he's gone to the dogs, neck and crop."

"The devil! you don't mean it?"

"I do mean it, though. He's been tumbling downhill fast enough the last two years for anybody to expect it, I should think. . . . He said he was thinking seriously of going out to America"——

"Fancy Bazzy Paget on a cattle-ranch!" laughs Lord Beyndour, whose sole ideas of America are associated with his brother Freddy.

"Cattle-ranch? No fear, my dear boy. Cattle-ranching wasn't his little game. He thought he'd go over and pick up a Yankee heiress, with a million's worth of plating over her twang."

Allen turns crimson, and the veins in his temples stand out like knotted whipcord with suppressed anger as he sees Lord Beyndour look over at him and laugh to himself. Jack Bouverie and Bertie exchange winks, and cough pointedly at each other.

"Oh, for one—just one—of the boys, Al Freeman, Joe Spaulding, Ed Billings, or any one of them, to back me and see fair play, and I'd tackle the whole lot of them, duke and all!" groans Allen, helping himself to some grapes to appear indifferent. "Why, oh, why, did I ever come among them? Why, indeed?" and his thoughts flow into a different channel.

"Poor chap," says the duke. "Fancy being driven to that extremity."

"By-the-bye, talking of Yankee heiresses, have you seen Haskell's wife?"

"No, I haven't. Have you?"

"Yes, I have. I met her"——

"Stop a bit," interrupts the duke. "Is that the girl from 'Frisco? If so, I can tell you something about her. But go on, Vereker, I'll wait."

"I met her and Sir George staying at the Charterises up in Yorkshire last winter. I believe she's got two millions and a small foot, but there it stops."

"Oh, I say now," shouts the duke, "draw it mild, Vereker. I happen to have seen her myself, and she's deuced pretty."

"Tastes differ. She said 'yes *sur*' to me when I spoke to her first, but when we got 'bettur 'quainted' as she called it, her favorite forms of acquiescence in any of my observations were 'that's so,' 'you bet you,' and 'I should remark.' I stopped counting the 'guesses' after the first ten minutes."

"Oh, come now," exclaims the duke. "That's too large an order. I've met loads of Americans myself, and though I should be deuced sorry to be so hard put as to have to take one to wife, they don't talk like that. Give the devils their due."

"That's just what I am doing. I'm telling you exactly the sort of woman Haskell's Yankee wife is. They call her 'the mustang' up in Yorkshire."

"And more shame for them, is all I can say!" exclaims Allen, quickly, unable longer to restrain his tongue. "I don't know what you may think about it yourselves, but to a foreigner like myself, such a remark applied to a lady is simply atrocious. English chivalry must, indeed, have gone to the dogs—if it ever existed, which I begin to doubt—when it can permit any *man*, I won't say gentleman—to call a lady 'a mustang.'"

The men look from one to the other thoroughly taken aback, for a minute. Then Lord Beyndour sneers and tries to laugh, while Lord Bouverie wakes up from a doze, and asks:

"What's the row? Um. Eh?"

The duke is about to say something disagreeable, from the look in his eye, when Vereker, with a very pale face, thinks discretion the better part of valor, and says, with a pacificatory smile to Allen:

"What harm? I don't in the least know what a mustang is. I had a sort of idea it meant a fairy, or"——

"Oh, ho—ho—ho! Ha—ha—ha!" shouts Lord Beyndour in an explosion of laughter. "That's too good. A fairy! oh, ho—ho—ho!"

"Or a foreign princess, or something of that sort," proceeds Vereker, as soon as he can make himself heard. "I thought it was something complimentary, at all events."

"Fancy sucking up to him like that!" says Lord Beyndour to the duke. "He needs a devilish good snubbing for his impertinence."

"I'll give him one presently," the duke answers. "Just wait."

"I'll tell you what a mustang is," Allen says, "and you'll see how complimentary it is. It's a half-bred Mexican horse, half-broken, half-wild."

"It may not be complimentary," says the duke, "but I call it damned appropriate."

Allen rises quickly from his seat.

"I have assumed that I was addressing myself to gentlemen," he says, hoarsely. "Am I to understand that I have been wrong? I happen to have the honor of knowing the lady, and were it not so, she is a countrywoman of my own. As she is a friend, a countrywoman, and a woman, may I ask you to refrain from further comment upon her in my presence?"

"Certainly—of course—we didn't know," explains Vereker, who is a man of some knowledge of the world outside the radius of English aristocratic society. "Pray sit down."

"Perhaps you'll allow me to speak, Vereker," scowls the duke; "our answer to you is this: Mr.— what's his name?" aside to Lord Beyndour.

"I'm blessed if I know," Lord Beyndour answers with a grin.

"Well, then, our answer to you, sir, is this: We propose to talk upon any subject we see fit, without any dictation from you. If you do not like it you can"——

"Retire. Which I most assuredly shall do." And Allen leaves the table and walks out of the room, without a voice or hand to stay him.

"Beastly cad!" exclaims Lord Beyndour, as soon as the door is shut. "It serves mother right for asking him here."

"Who is he?" asks the duke.

"A Yankee friend of Freddy's he picked up on his journey home."

"It's deuced lucky the servants had left the room," remarks Lord Bouverie. "Um? Eh?"

John Henry Boner.

BORN in Salem, N. C., 1845.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM.

[*The Century Magazine.* 1889.]

HERE lived the soul enchanted
  By melody of song;
Here dwelt the spirit haunted
  By a demoniac throng;
Here sang the lips elated;
Here grief and death were sated;
Here loved and here unmated
  Was he, so frail, so strong.

Here wintry winds and cheerless
  The dying firelight blew,
While he whose song was peerless
  Dreamed the drear midnight through,
And from dull embers chilling
Crept shadows darkly filling
The silent place, and thrilling
  His fancy as they grew.

Here, with brow bared to heaven,
  In starry night he stood,
With the lost star of seven
  Feeling sad brotherhood.
Here in the sobbing showers
Of dark autumnal hours
He heard suspected powers
  Shriek through the stormy wood.

From visions of Apollo
  And of Astarte's bliss,
He gazed into the hollow
  And hopeless vale of Dis;
And though earth were surrounded
By heaven, it still was mounded
With graves. His soul had sounded
  The dolorous abyss.

Proud, mad, but not defiant,
  He touched at heaven and hell.
Fate found a rare soul pliant
  And rung her changes well.
Alternately his lyre,
Stranded with strings of fire,
Led earth's most happy choir
  Or flashed with Israfel.

No singer of old story
  Luting accustomed lays,
No harper for new glory,
  No mendicant for praise,
He struck high chords and splendid,
Wherein were fiercely blended
Tones that unfinished ended
  With his unfinished days.

Here through this lowly portal,
  Made sacred by his name,
Unheralded immortal
  The mortal went and came.
And fate that then denied him,
And envy that decried him,
And malice that belied him,
  Have cenotaphed his fame.

WE WALKED AMONG THE WHISPERING PINES.

[*Whispering Pines. Poems by John H. Boner.* 1883.]

IT was a still autumnal day—
  So sadly still and strangely bright—
The hectic glow of quick decay
  Tinged everything with lovely light.
It warmly touched the fragrant air
  And fields of corn and crumbling vines
Along the golden Yadkin, where
  We walked among the whispering pines.

Alas, that tender hectic glow
Shone in her gentle, pallid face,
And none save God in heaven could know
My agony to see its trace—
To watch those fatal roses bloom
Upon her cheeks—red, cruel signs—
But all of love, not of the tomb,
We spoke among the whispering pines.

Ah, fatal roses—never yet
Have they deceived. She drooped and died.
We parted and we never met
Again; but often at my side
An angel walks—her step I know—
A viewless arm my neck entwines.
O, angel love, so years ago
We walked among the whispering pines.

THE LIGHT'OOD FIRE.

WHEN wintry days are dark and drear
And all the forest ways grow still,
When gray snow-laden clouds appear
Along the bleak horizon hill,
When cattle all are snugly penned
And sheep go huddling close together,
When steady streams of smoke ascend
From farm-house chimneys—in such weather
Give me old Carolina's own,
A great log house, a great hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar
And a red, leaping light'ood fire.

When dreary day draws to a close
And all the silent land is dark,
When Boreas down the chimney blows
And sparks fly from the crackling bark,
When limbs are bent with snow or sleet
And owls hoot from the hollow tree,
With hounds asleep about your feet,
Then is the time for reverie.
Give me old Carolina's own,
A hospitable wide hearthstone,
A cheering pipe of cob or briar
And a red, rousing light'ood fire.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT.

AH what a perfect night is this
For sauntering slowly hand in hand—
Under moon-silvered leaves to stand
And touch lips brimming with a kiss,
While the warm night air, rich with scent
Of white magnolia and red rose,
Languidly sweetens as it blows
Through the low limbs above you bent.

George Kennan.

Born in Norwalk, Huron Co., Ohio, 1845.

A VISIT TO COUNT TOLSTOI.

[*The Century Magazine.* 1887.]

THE day was a warm and sultry one; he had just returned from work in the fields, and his apparel consisted of heavy calfskin shoes, loose, almost shapeless, trousers of the coarse homespun linen of the Russian peasants, and a white cotton undershirt without collar or neckerchief. He wore neither coat nor waistcoat, and everything that he had on seemed to be of domestic manufacture. But even in this coarse peasant garb Count Tolstoi was a striking and impressive figure. The massive proportions of his heavily moulded frame were only rendered the more apparent by the scantiness and plainness of his dress, and his strong, resolute, virile face, deeply sunburned by exposure in the fields, seemed to acquire added strength from the feminine arrangement of his iron-gray hair, which was parted in the middle and brushed back over the temples. Count Tolstoi's features may be best described in Tuscan phrase as "moulded with the fist and polished with the pickaxe," and the impression which they convey is that of independence, self-reliance, and unconquerable strength. The face does not seem at first glance to be that of a student or a speculative thinker, but rather that of a man of action accustomed to deal promptly and decisively with perilous emergencies, and to fight fiercely for his own hand, regardless of odds. The rather small eyes deeply set under shaggy brows are of the peculiar gray which lights up in excitement with a flash like that of drawn steel; the nose is large and prominent, with a singular wideness and bluntness at the end; the lips are full and firmly closed; and the outlines of the chin and jaws, so far as they can be seen through the full gray beard, only give additional emphasis to the expression of virile strength which is the distinguishing characteristic of the large, rugged face.

In the book which has been translated into English by Isabel F. Hapgood, and published in New York under the title of "Childhood, Boyhood, and Youth," Count Tolstoi refers to the pain which he felt at the early age of six years, when his mother was obliged to confess that he was a homely boy. "I fancied," he says, "that there was no happiness on earth for a person with such a wide nose, such thick lips, and such small gray eyes as I had; I besought God to work a miracle, to turn me into a beauty, and all I had in the present or might have in the future I would give in exchange for a handsome face." But there is something better and higher in Count Tolstoi's face than mere beauty or regularity of feature, and that is the deep impress of moral, intellectual, and physical power.

He stood for an instant on the threshold as if surprised to see a stranger, but quickly advanced into the room with outstretched hand, and when I had briefly introduced myself he expressed simply but cordially the great pleasure and gratification which he said it gave him to receive a visit from a foreigner, and especially from an American. I explained to him that my call was the result partly of a promise which I had made to some of his friends and admirers in Siberia, and partly of a desire to make the personal acquaintance of an author whose books had given me so much pleasure.

"What books of mine have you read?" he asked quickly. I replied that I had read all of his novels, including "War and Peace," "Anna Karennina," and "The Cossacks."

"Have you seen any of my later writings?" he inquired.

"No," I said; "they have all, or nearly all, appeared since I went to Siberia."

"Ah!" he responded, "then you don't know me at all. We will get acquainted."

At this moment my ragged and generally unpresentable droshky-driver, whose existence I had wholly forgotten, entered the door. Count Tolstoi at once rose, greeted him cordially as an old acquaintance, shook his hand as warmly as he had shaken mine, and asked him with unaffected interest a number of questions about his domestic affairs and the news of the day in Tula. It was perhaps a trifling incident, but I was not at that time as well acquainted as I now am with Count Tolstoi's ideas concerning social questions, and to see a wealthy Russian noble, and the greatest of living novelists, shaking hands upon terms of perfect equality with a poor, ragged, and not overclean droshky-driver whom I had picked up in the streets of Tula was the first of the series of surprises which made my visit to Count Tolstoi memorable. When the droshky-driver, after inquiring affectionately with regard to the health of the Countess and of all the children, had taken his departure, Count Tolstoi excused himself for a moment and returned to the apartment out of which he had come, leaving me alone.

The room where I sat was small and nearly square, and seemed to serve a double purpose as a reception-room and a hall. Two of its walls were of white plaster; the third consisted of one side of a large oven covered with glazed tiles, and the fourth was formed by an unpainted wooden partition pierced by a door which opened apparently into Count Tolstoi's library or work-room. The floor was bare; the furniture, which was old-fashioned in form, consisted of two or three plain chairs, a deep sofa, or settle, upholstered with worn green morocco, and a small cheap table without a cloth. Three pairs of antlers were fastened against the walls, and upon one of them hung an old slouch hat and a white cotton shirt similar to that which Count Tolstoi had on. There was a marble bust in a niche behind the settle, but the only pictures which the room contained were a small engraved portrait of Dickens and another of Schopenhauer. It would be impossible to imagine anything plainer or simpler than the room and its contents. More evidences of wealth and luxury might be found in many a peasant's cabin in Eastern Siberia.

Before I had had time to do more than glance hastily about me, Count Tolstoi reappeared in the act of belting around his waist, with a wide black strap, a coarse gray blouse, or tunic, of homespun linen, which he had put on in the adjoining room. Then seating himself beside me, he began to question me about the journey to Siberia from which I had just returned, and I—mindful of my promise to the exiles—began to tell him what I knew about Russian administration and the treatment of political convicts. It soon became evident that he was not to be surprised, or shocked, or aroused by any such information as I had to give him. He listened attentively, but without any manifestation of emotion, to my descriptions of exile life, and drew from the storehouse of his own experience as many cases of administrative injustice and oppression that were new to me as I could give that were new to him. He was evidently familiar with the whole subject, and had with regard to it well-settled views which were not to be shaken by a few additional facts not differing essentially from those that he had previously considered. I finally asked him whether he did not think that resistance to such oppression was justifiable.

"That depends," he replied, "upon what you mean by resistance; if you mean persuasion, argument, protest, I answer yes; if you mean violence—no. I do not believe that violent resistance to evil is ever justifiable under any circumstances."

He then set forth clearly, eloquently, and with more feeling than he had yet shown, the views with regard to man's duty as a member of society which are contained in his book entitled "My Religion," and which are further explained and illustrated in a number of his recently published tracts for the people. He laid particular stress upon the doctrine of non-resistance to evil, which, he said, is in accordance both with the teachings of Christ and the results of human experience. He declared that violence, as a means of redressing wrongs, is not only futile, but an aggravation of the original evil, since it is the nature of violence to multiply and reproduce itself in all directions. "The revolutionists," he said, "whom you have seen in Siberia, undertook to resist evil by violence, and what has been the result? Bitterness, and misery, and hatred, and bloodshed! The evils against which they took up arms still exist, and to them has been added a mass of previously non-existent human suffering. It is not in that way that the kingdom of God is to be realized on earth."

I cannot now repeat from memory all the arguments and illustrations with which Count Tolstoi enforced his views and fortified his position; but I still remember the eloquence and earnestness with which they were presented, and the deep impression made upon me by the personality of the speaker. The ideas themselves were not new to me; I had repeatedly heard them discussed in literary circles in St. Petersburg, Moscow, Tver, and Kazan; but they never appealed to me with any real force until they came from the lips of a strong, sensitive, and earnest man who believed in them with passionate fervor.

For a long time I did not suggest any difficulties or raise any objections; but at last I made an effort to escape from the enthralment of Count Tolstoi's strong personal influence by proposing to him questions which would necessitate the application of his general principles to specific cases. It is one thing to ask a man in a general way whether he would use violence to resist evil, and quite another thing to ask him specifically whether he would knock down a burglar who was about to cut the throat of his mother. Many men would say *yes* to the first question who would hesitate at the second. Count Tolstoi, however, was consistent. I related to him many cases of cruelty, brutality, and oppression which had come to my knowledge in Siberia, and at the end of every recital I said to him, "Count Tolstoi, if you had been there and had witnessed that transaction, would you not have interfered with violence?" He invariably answered, "No." I asked him the direct question whether he would kill a highwayman who was about to murder an innocent traveller, provided there were no other way to save the traveller's life. He replied, "If I should see a bear about to kill a peasant in the forest, I would sink an axe in the bear's head; but I would not kill a man who was about to do the same thing." There finally came into my mind a case which, although really not worse than many that I had already presented to him, would, I thought, appeal with peculiar force to a brave, sensitive, chivalrous man.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

Born in Johnstown, Wis.

FRIENDSHIP AFTER LOVE.

[*Maurine, and Other Poems.* 1882.—*Poems of Passion.* 1883.]

AFTER the fierce midsummer all ablaze
Has burned itself to ashes, and expires
In the intensity of its own fires,
There come the mellow, mild, St. Martin days
Crowned with the calm of peace, but sad with haze.
So after Love has led us, till he tires
Of his own throes, and torments, and desires,
Comes large-eyed Friendship: with a restful gaze,
He beckons us to follow, and across
Cool verdant vales we wander free from care.
Is it a touch of frost lies in the air?
Why are we haunted with a sense of loss?
We do not wish the pain back, or the heat;
And yet, and yet, these days are incomplete.

SOLITUDE.

LAUGH, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone,
For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth,
But has trouble enough of its own.
Sing, and the hills will answer;
Sigh, it is lost on the air;
The echoes bound to a joyful sound,
But shrink from voicing care.

Rejoice, and men will seek you;
  Grieve, and they turn and go.
They want full measure of all your pleasure,
  But they do not need your woe.
Be glad, and your friends are many;
  Be sad, and you lose them all,—
There are none to decline your nectared wine,
  But alone you must drink life's gall.

Feast, and your halls are crowded,
  Fast, and the world goes by.
Succeed and give, and it helps you live,
  But no man can help you die.
There is room in the halls of pleasure
  For a large and lordly train,
But one by one we must all file on
  Through the narrow aisles of pain.

WILL.

THERE is no chance, no destiny, no fate,
  Can circumvent or hinder or control
  The firm resolve of a determined soul.
Gifts count for nothing; will alone is great;
All things give way before it, soon or late.
  What obstacle can stay the mighty force
  Of the sea-seeking river in its course,
Or cause the ascending orb of day to wait?
Each well-born soul must win what it deserves.
Let the fool prate of luck. The fortunate
  Is he whose earnest purpose never swerves,
  Whose slightest action or inaction serves
The one great aim.
                Why, even Death stands still,
And waits an hour sometimes for such a will.

George Thomas Lanigan.

Born in St. Charles, P. Q., Canada, 1845. **Died** in Philadelphia, Penn., 1886.

LATTER-DAY FABLES.

[*Fables, by G. Washington Æsop.* 1878.]

THE PHILOSOPHER AND THE SIMPLETON.

A SIMPLETON, having had Occasion to seat himself, sat down on a Pin; whereon he made an Outcry unto Jupiter. A Philosopher, who happened to be holding up a Hitching-Post in the Vicinity, rebuked him, saying, "I can tell you how to avoid hurting yourself by sitting down on Pins, and will, if you will set them up." The Simpleton eagerly accepting the Offer, the Philosopher swallowed four fingers of the Rum which perisheth, and replied, "Never sit down." He subsequently acquired a vast Fortune by advertising for Agents, to whom he guaranteed $77 a Week for light and easy Employment at their Homes.

Moral.—The Wise Man saith, "There is a Nigger in the Fence," but the Fool Sendeth on 50 Cents for Sample and is Taken in.

THE TWO TURKEYS.

An Honest Farmer once led his two Turkeys into his Granary and told them to eat, drink, and be merry. One of these Turkeys was wise and one foolish. The foolish Bird at once indulged excessively in the Pleasures of the Stable, unsuspicious of the Future, but the wiser Fowl, in order that he might not be fattened and slaughtered, fasted continually, mortified his Flesh, and devoted himself to gloomy Reflections upon the brevity of Life. When Thanksgiving approached, the Honest Farmer killed both Turkeys, and by placing a Rock in the interior of the Prudent Turkey made him weigh more than his plumper Brother.

Moral.—As we Travel through Life, let us Live by the Way.

THE WORRIED CLAM.

A Clam, while passing through a Carpenter's Shop, encountered a hungry Heron, and (for the Wind was southerly) knowing him from the surrounding Handsaws, modestly withdrew into his Shell. The Heron commented unfavorably upon his conduct for some time and proposed a Mutual Council, but all was of no avail. Finally a Thought struck him, and he denounced the Clam before Heaven as a perjurer and a Horse-Thief. The indignant Clam thereupon imprudently abandoned his Policy of Silence, but, alas! he had hardly opened his Mouth when the Heron swallowed him.

Moral.—Second Thoughts are not Always Best.

THE FOX AND THE CROW.

A Crow, having secured a Piece of Cheese, flew with its Prize to a lofty Tree, and was preparing to devour the Luscious Morsel, when a crafty Fox, halting at the foot of the Tree, began to cast about how he might obtain it. "How tasteful," he cried, in well-feigned Ecstasy, "is your Dress; it can not surely be that your Musical Education has been neglected. Will you not oblige—?" "I have a horrid Cold," replied the Crow, "and never sing without my Music, but since you press me——. At the same time, I should add that I have read Æsop, and been there before." So saying, she deposited the Cheese in a safe Place on the Limb of the Tree, and favored him with a Song. "Thank you," exclaimed the Fox, and trotted away, with the Remark that Welsh Rabbits never agreed with him, and were far inferior in Quality to the animate Variety.

Moral.—The foregoing Fable is supported by a whole Gatling Battery of Morals. We are taught (1) that it Pays to take the Papers; (2) that Invitation is not Always the Sincerest Flattery; (3) that a Stalled Rabbit with contentment is better than No Bread, and (4) that the Aim of Art is to Conceal Disappointment.

THE SHARK AND THE PATRIARCH.

During the Deluge, as a Shark was conducting a Thanksgiving service for an abundant Harvest, a prudent Patriarch looked out and addressed him thus: "My Friend, I am much struck with your open Countenance; pray come into the Ark and make one of us. The Probabilities are a falling Barometer and Heavy Rains throughout the Region of the Lower Universe during the next Forty Days." "That is just the sort of Hair-pin I am," replied the Shark, who had cut several rows of Wisdom Teeth; "fetch on your Deluges." About six Weeks subsequently the Patriarch encountered him on the summit of Mount Ararat, in very straitened Circumstances.

Moral.—You Can't pretty much most Always Tell how Things are going to Turn Out Sometimes.

A THRENODY.

The Ahkoond of Swat is dead.—*London Papers* of 22 *January*, 1876.

WHAT, what, what,
What's the news from Swat?
Sad news,
Bad news,
Comes by the cable led
Through the Indian Ocean's bed,
Through the Persian Gulf, the Red
Sea and the Med-
Iterranean—he's dead;
The Ahkoond is dead!

For the Ahkoond I mourn,
Who wouldn't?
He strove to disregard the message stern,
But he Ahkoodn't.
Dead, dead, dead;
(Sorrow Swats!)
Swats wha hae wi' Ahkoond bled,
Swats whom he hath often led
Onward to a gory bed,
Or to victory,
As the case might be,
Sorrow Swats!
Tears shed,
Shed tears like water,
Your great Ahkoond is dead!
That Swats the matter!

Mourn, city of Swat!
Your great Ahkoond is not,
But lain 'mid worms to rot.
His mortal part alone, his soul was caught
(Because he was a good Ahkoond)
Up to the bosom of Mahound.
Though earthy walls his frame surround
(Forever hallowed be the ground!)
And sceptics mock the lowly mound
And say "He's now of no Ahkoond!"
His soul is in the skies—
The azure skies that bend above his loved
Metropolis of Swat.
He sees with larger, other eyes,
Athwart all earthly mysteries—
He knows what's Swat.

Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With a noise of mourning and of lamentation!
Let Swat bury the great Ahkoond
With the noise of the mourning of the Swattish nation!

Fallen is at length
Its tower of strength,
Its sun is dimmed ere it had nooned;
Dead lies the great Ahkoond,
The great Ahkoond of Swat
Is not!

Hamilton Wright Mabie.

Born in Cold Spring, N. Y., 1845.

THE SPIRITUAL ELEMENT IN MODERN LITERATURE.

[*The Andover Review.* 1886.]

WITH all its radiant loveliness Greek art is of the earth; it is forever lost to us, not because skill has forsaken us or the instinct for beauty died out in our souls, but because we can never return to the attitude in which men stood when they created it. It is true, as we are constantly reminded, that we can never match it with a kindred perfection; it is also true, and true in the deepest sense, that we have outgrown it. It no more represents our thought, our ideal, our faith, than the images of the gods which it has preserved for us represent our conception of the unseen and eternal Spirit. The Greek moved through a single world, and his thought, by virtue of self-imposed limitations, was simple, clear, orderly, and harmonious; we live, move, and have our being in two worlds, and our perpetual struggle is to bring them into harmony; hence the complexity, variety, and apparent confusion of our life and our art. We have lost the antique simplicity, definiteness, and harmony, but we have gained the inexhaustible inspirations and resources of the spiritual life.

What, then, is the spiritual element in literature, and how does it reveal itself? The spiritual element is the perception of a relationship between humanity and a divine nature outside of and above it, of actual fellowship between men and this divine nature, and of obligations, resources and consolations growing out of that fellowship; in brief, of a complete organized life of the soul in large measure independent of its material surroundings, and in which is to be found the fulness and completeness of life. In the Iliad, for instance, though the gods hover over the plains of Troy they are as material as the men who struggle beneath them, and the poem finds its motive and its consummation within the limits of purely human activity. There is not a breath from Olympus which inspires any hero with an unselfish or ideal purpose; there is no suggestion anywhere that the long struggle is to be decided by any but material forces, or that victory is to bring anything greater than a material reward. In Browning's "Paracelsus," on the other hand, or in Goethe's "Faust," both representative modern poems, the story has a spiritual motive; there is a recognition of spiritual relationships that rest upon spiritual need and fellowship; there is clear, definite movement to a spiritual end. And all through the literature of this century we find such relationships, purposes, and ideals. The books of pure literature are few which do not bring into the foreground the thoughts of God, of immortality, and of the possible greatness of human life reached by the power and through the consciousness of these fundamental conceptions. The spiritual world is the background of almost all modern poetry, from those early songs of Longfellow which have become the familiar psalms of universal experience to such noble interpretations of human life from the spiritual side as Tennyson's "In Memoriam." In the poetry which does not give this thought prominence it is still present in ever-recurring suggestion and illustration; we feel its presence as we feel the presence of the sky when we look into the heart of the summer flowers and know that without it they could not have been.

Almost without exception the names of the poets of this century who have reached the maturity of their powers and turned the passing attention of men into lasting fame suggest, by a law of common association, some human relationship lifted into the light of a spiritual significance, some interpretation of life from the spiritual side. Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, the Brownings, Tennyson, the entire company of American poets, with one or two exceptions, have carried this light in their hands in all their explorations of nature and life, and it is this interpenetration of supernal radiance which gives their best work its beauty and its truth. It is not too much to say that it is the presence and power of this spiritual element which differentiates our century from all preceding ages most decisively. . . . .

We have no monopoly of the spiritual life, and every great writer is by no means an interpreter of spiritual truth ; but the spiritual experience of the race has brought the spiritual perceptions in this century to a far more fruitful and constant discovery of spiritual truth, and has suffused the horizon of thought with the glow of spiritual aspirations and ideals. It must be borne in mind that there is a fundamental difference between the morality which other ages have described and illustrated even more effectively than our own, and this spiritual element. Morality is based upon the recognition of the sovereignty of moral law, and received its noblest expression as long ago as those remote ages in which the Hebrew Scriptures were written, or as that wonderful period of Greek development when Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides each disclosed, according to the method of his genius, the play and supremacy of that law. In one form or another this law has never ceased to be proclaimed. Shakespeare taught it as no modern writer has been able to teach it ; and George Eliot, in whose latest work the presence of the spiritual element can scarcely be detected, has been its eloquent and convincing exponent. But spirituality is something altogether different ; something higher, more subtle, pervasive and vital. Morality is obedience to law ; spirituality is an intuitive perception of spiritual truth, a personal consciousness and reception of that truth, and a conception of life which accepts it as controlled and governed by spiritual forces. Morality recognizes the law written in our own natures ; spirituality is personal fellowship and communion with an invisible spiritual world.

Many causes have combined to develop the spiritual perceptions in recent years. The stream of modern civilization shows two great currents ; one having origin among the Greeks, the other among the Hebrews. These two tendencies are now in process of assimilation, but are still in some measure divergent and at times antagonistic. We have the Greek spirit almost entirely unmodified by the Hebrew spirit in such writers as Walter Savage Landor, and the Hebrew spirit almost entirely unmodified by the Greek spirit in such writers as Carlyle. It is the struggle between these two tendencies—

the one artistic, plastic, and liberalizing; the other moral, intense, and conservative—which introduces an element of confusion into the literature of our century. The Greeks had their consistent thought of the universe, and their unbroken effort to express that thought in art. The Hebrews, on their side, had their one distinct and commanding thought of the universe, and the unique characteristic of their literature is the marvellous power with which that thought was developed, extended, and made controlling through their long and varied history. . . . .

The reaction against Puritanism, against the exclusive rule of the Hebrew spirit, is still incomplete. It is not a reaction toward "worldliness," conformity to lower and more material standards; it is a reaction from the partial to the whole; from the rigid and arrested movement of mind to its free, healthful, and complete activity; from the endeavor to live by vision of a single side of life to the endeavor to live by vision of a complete life. Matthew Arnold has said Puritanism locked the English mind in a dungeon; a more exact statement would be that it led the English people through a deep defile in the mountains from which only a single star was visible, the polar star of righteousness. That star is not less visible to us than to the Puritans, but it is no longer solitary; a whole heaven of moving constellations has swept into our vision. We see the star of righteousness as clearly as ever the Puritan saw it, but it has become the centre of a universe that shines out in a divine revelation of beauty around it. The Hebrew tendency is being supplemented by the Greek tendency, but neither diverted nor impaired by the process. The note of unrest in the verse of the poets of the "art school," and of Arnold and Clough, is the expression of this lack of harmony in the age. It is the recovery of that harmony which these poets have striven after. They bring us face to face with the great problem which confronts us: the harmonizing of beauty and liberty with the order, the discipline, and the noble severity of the moral law. Two worlds lie in our vision, and art cannot turn its face from either. Milton has given us an earthly and Dante a heavenly paradise; the masters have left us an imperishable heritage in the immortal faces on the walls of Italian palaces and churches, but Christianity has yet to find its highest expression in art.

Appleton Morgan.

Born in Portland, Me., 1846.

SHYLOCK'S APPEAL.

[*Shakespeare in Fact and in Criticism.* 1888.]

TO demonstrate wherein—as it strikes me—the entire trial scene shows, not a knowledge but a most consummate ignorance of all or any legal procedure, I have imagined Portia's decision in the case of Shylock *v.* Antonio as having been twice appealed from, and that the following appears in a volume of the Reports of the imaginary appellate court.

SHYLOCK'S APPEAL

(affirming Shylock v. Antonio: 75 Italian R., p. 104)

In the HIGH COURT OF APPEAL OF THE KINGDOM OF UNITED ITALY.

January 9th, 1887.

ANTONIO, *respondent* (*defendant below*) v.
SHYLOCK, *appellant* (*plaintiff below*).

[*The indexed Points and Maxims prefixed to the Report are omitted by the Editors from this reprint.*]

ERROR FROM THE STRICT COURT OF VENICE.

The material facts are stated in the opinion:

BONFATI, C. J.:

This case was argued before Venice, in the person of the Duke, and the opinion delivered by Portia, delegate of Amicus Curiæ, called in by the Duke. The facts were taken in open court, and submitted to an Amicus Curiæ (Bellario), who sent his delegate (Portia) to deliver his opinion and decision upon them in open court. This is a regular, though not a usual practice. There is no report of the first day's session before Venice; and no transcript of the evidence put in on that day is brought here. These proceedings, therefore, are presumed to be regular. The decision, as pronounced by Portia, and the extraordinary scenes attendant upon such pronouncement, the interruptions by the defendant and his friends, harangues by the plaintiff, and sarcastic comments upon the bearing of the latter by the former, are reported with unusual verisimilitude in Shakespeare's Reports (Rolfe's Friendly Edition, vol. VII.). We pass these many and obvious contempts of court, remarking only what appears to us to have been the extraordinary complaisance of the court. Doubtless it is as within the power of a court to tolerate as to punish contempts. But undoubtedly, in behalf of good manners, such scenes as accompanied the delivery of the opinion of the court below ought not to be largely imitated in our *nisi prius* tribunals.

The plaintiff below loaned the defendant three thousand ducats, taking a written instrument conditioned in a penalty, that if the principal sum were not forthcoming in three months, plaintiff should cut a pound of flesh from the body of defendant in the vicinity of the latter's heart. This instrument was not impeached below, but the case (as reported by Rolfe, *ante*) came before us a year ago on appeal from the first judgment rendered by Portia as delegate Amicus Curiæ, and we then overruled and reversed every single proposition laid down by that young person as contrary to every known principle of law, and monstrous to the very horn-book maxims of jurisprudence. We held on that occasion (75 I. R., 104):

I. That plaintiff below was badly advised in bringing action for the penalty of the instrument. But, nevertheless, it appearing from the evidence that plaintiff had substantial merits, as set forth in his complaint, the court should have reformed his action, making it an action for the recovery of the money loaned. . . . .

II. The delegate Amicus Curiæ Portia erred in holding:

1. That, not having paid the principal sum of 3,000 ducats within or at the expiration of the three months, plaintiff was entitled to a foreclosure for the penalty. Granted that the instrument could stand, the action for its foreclosure was then an equitable action, and equitable maxims would govern. There is no older maxim than that equity abhors a penalty; and defendant would certainly have been entitled to his equity of redemption here.
2. That the plaintiff could elect between the principal sum and the penalty. It follows from the foregoing that, whatever the penalty, he can recover only principal, interest, and costs.
3. That having elected for the penalty, plaintiff could cut therefor; but, in the cutting, was not entitled to a hair's weight of flesh more or less than an exact pound, or a single drop of blood. It is an eternal principle of jurisprudence that, when the law gives anything, it also gives that without which the thing could not be enjoyed or reduced to possession.
4. Could the preceding decisions be surpassed in silliness, we think that the proposition that, plaintiff having refused a tender of "three times the sum," plaintiff must be nonsuited, would clearly surpass them. Since the days of Father Moses, a tender has never quite discharged or destroyed a debt. The utmost it can do is to discharge all or any interest and costs that would have accrued subsequent to the tender. Neither is a grandiloquent offer by a by-stander, friend, or claquer of one party to the other of "three times the sum" a tender in any known or legal sense of the word. However, it would have doubtless been in the power of the court below to have suspended proceedings at this juncture, that any reasonable offer of compromise or settlement should be heard, when the by-stander could have (through the proper channels) reduced his inclination to compromise the case to a formal and regular offer. Courts of justice always look favorably upon settlements. "It is public policy that there should be as little litigation as possible," is a very fundamental maxim of every known jurisprudence. But especially has it been the spirit of Italian jurisprudence since when the memory of man runneth not. . . . .

Plaintiff, therefore, was entitled to a tender if defendant had seen fit to make it. Nor can he be prejudiced either by the informality in which (if made in good faith) it was made, or by his own refusal to accept it.

Such being our decision, we sent the case back with every ruling reversed, and ordered a new trial on the merits. A new trial was had with the court constituted as before, the same delegate Amicus Curiæ delivering the judgment. With submission to the rulings above quoted, Portia gave judgment at once for the plaintiff in the sum of 3,000 ducats, with interest and costs, but coupled it with the following:

> "Tarry, Jew:
> The law hath yet another hold on you.
> It is enacted in the laws of Venice
> If it be prov'd against an alien
> That, by direct or indirect attempts,
> He seek the life of any citizen;
> The party 'gainst the which he doth contrive
> Shall seize one-half his goods; the other half
> Comes to the privy coffer of the State,
> And the offender's life lies in the mercy
> Of the Duke only; 'gainst all other voice:
> In which predicament, I say thou stand'st."

Of Portia's prior judgment we endeavored to speak decorously. But the present branch it is difficult to characterize consonantly with a due sense of the dignity and decorum of this high court. To say that Portia is as reckless and shameless in her construction of statutes as she was densely ignorant and puerile in her comprehension of the common law, is, perhaps, too mild a statement. Certainly there is a Venetian statute to the effect that an alien conspirator against the life of a citizen shall be (upon proper apprehension and indictment thereunder, and trial and conviction had) sentenced to death and confiscation of his goods, a moiety to the State and a moiety to his proposed victim. But penal statutes cannot be applied *ex parte* and *ab initio* by a civil court sitting in a civil suit—on its own motion and at its own discretion. The usual processes of charge, arrest, indictment, arraignment, trial, with opportunity for defence, can hardly be dispensed with entirely, even by a delegate Amicus Curiæ of the feminine gender. The effrontery of the present dispenser of justice—her civil rulings being reversed as fast as uttered—recouping herself, as it were, for the disgrace, at one fell swoop, by citing a penal statute and pronouncing a litigant guilty thereunder,—nay, in the same breath sentencing him to death in the pleasure of the State,—is certainly not paralleled in the history of Europe, whatever in other grand divisions of the globe may have been attempted. That Portia did not at once proceed to execute her judgment, and decapitate the plaintiff with an axe, is perhaps to be wondered at. Certainly the function of headsman is the only function she has not usurped. She has made the charge, arraigned the prisoner, presided at his trial, testified against him, found him guilty on her own testimony, and pronounced his sentence, all in ten lines. She has been informer, arraigner, witness, judge, and jury. . . . .

But we think the sublimity of impudence is yet to come. Having in crescendo pronounced sentence of death, Portia now begins in diminuendo to arrogate to herself the pardoning power, and to assume that the condemned man would prefer life—minus worldly goods and the religion of his race—to death. She therefore, upon her own application, proceeds to commute the death sentence to a judgment—(1), that plaintiff make a deed of gift of his property, real and personal, to his daughter; and (2), that he himself presently "become a Christian." No court nor State has power to compel a party to alienate by deed his property without consideration. Still less does the power anywhere obtain to confiscate a man's religion. We are of opinion that nothing would be more desirable than that the plaintiff below should become a Christian. Socially, it would be a most happy consummation, for he is of that patient and long enduring race of which—as he himself says—sufferance is the badge. But it does not seem to have occurred to the extraordinary young jurist who invokes mercy (which is a kind of irregular equity) for the Christian but forgets it for the Jew, that the faith of a man's fathers may possibly be as dear to him as life itself, and that it will be ample time for Shylock to become Christian when he himself covets the preferment. Suffice it to say, however, that plaintiff's religion, no more than his worldly goods, have ever come under the jurisdiction of the delegate Amicus Curiæ who poses below, or within reach of her decree. A man's religion, provided that in the actual practice of the rites and ceremonies thereof there be nothing contrary to the public peace, or that injures his neighbors, or works perpesture or nuisance, is as much his possession as any other estate, thing, easement, right, or chattel, choate or inchoate, that is his; nor can a deprivation of one's religion or religious liberty ever be or compose a sentence or parcel of a sentence of a court of justice even after a conviction for crime. Had plaintiff below been legally sentenced to death, and the Duke seen fit to pardon him, this court could not have inquired into the motives or considerations moving the Duke to extend his pardon (and had one of the inducements been a change on plaintiff's part of the religion of his fathers, no record would have been made for this court to review). But not even the Duke of Venice, nor his delegated authority, has yet acquired power to compel an apostasy in open court. If, in the history of the jurisprudence of this planet it has come to pass that it is left to this court to declare that a human being (even though he be a despised Jew) has a right to the accumulations of his own labor, thrift, and economy, and that if he has loaned 3,000 ducats, or any other sum, he has the right to expect the assistance and not the hinderance of courts in recovering it if it be withheld: I say, if it is left to this court, and at this stage of the world's history to so declare, this court, at least, will not be found unequal to the emergency.

All the proceedings in the court below are hereby ordered to be, and they are, peremptorily set aside, except the judgment directed by this court in the former appeal; and it is further

ORDERED: That so much of the judgment of the court below as decrees an escheat and penalties against plaintiff be set aside.

ORDERED: That the court below enter judgment absolute for plaintiff in the sum of 3,000 ducats, with interest, costs of both trials and appeals, together with an extra allowance on the entire recovery, of five per cent.

All concur.

MARTINI (concurring): Since the brazen offer of 3,000 ducats to the delegate Amicus Curiæ as the price of her partisan efforts is not called to our judicial notice, we are unable to punish the acceptance of the reward of champerty and malfeasance here. But the court below is directed to hear and grant a motion to disbar the said Portia permanently, and to direct payment by her into court of the 3,000 ducats aforesaid, if received by her. Had Bellario or even Portia been merely a referee or master in chancery, to whom the case was referred, the payment alluded to by the associate justice above might not be irregular. If so, the Duke's speech, "Antonio, gratify this gentleman" (that is, pay him for his services), is properly explained, as I understand the custom of a referee's fees being paid by the prevailing party to be one so old that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary.

Julian Hawthorne.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1846.

THE METAMORPHOSIS OF ARCHIBALD MALMAISON.

[*Archibald Malmaison.* 1878.—1884.]

IF Pennroyal had been twenty years younger when this catastrophe fell upon him, it might merely have had the effect of enraging him; but he was near fifty years of age, and old for his years, and it seems to have overwhelmed and cowed him. He sat still in his house, like a rat in his hole, saying nothing, and noticing nothing, but drinking a great deal of brandy. The fiery stuff did not excite him; it merely had the effect of keeping him from sinking into unconsciousness of his misery. He knew that he was a ruined man, and that it was too late to retrieve his ruin. Means and energy were alike lacking, and could never be supplied. He sat in his chair, and brooded over all his life, and realized the utterness of his failure; and nothing could rouse him—not even the intelligence that his enemy, Sir Archibald, having by the death of his aunt, Miss Tremount, come into an inheritance of upward of seventy thousand pounds, was buying up the mortgages, and would probably foreclose on him when he got him thoroughly in his power. Archibald had beaten him, and he would fight no more. Let him enjoy his triumph, and push it to the utmost. There was one point, at all events, on which Richard had the better of him, and this thought brought with it the sole spark of comfort that these evil days afforded him. He had his wife—the woman to win whom Sir Archibald would have given all his lands and fortune, and his soul into the bargain. Yes, Kate was his, and his only; and it was the resolve to keep her his, and thus spite his enemy as long as possible, that withheld Richard from seeking relief in suicide at this juncture. So Providence leads men from agony to worse agony, with intent, doubtless, to torture out of them the evil which they will not voluntarily relinquish.

One winter evening, Richard sitting brooding and sipping brandy as usual, with a lamp burning on the table beside him, and the embers of the fire flickering on the broad hearth at his feet, there came a light, measured step and the rustle of a dress, and he knew that his wife was in the room. He raised his haggard visage and looked at her. What a goddess of beauty she seemed! How young, graceful, lovely! How pure and clear were the tints of her face, how lustrous dark her eyes, how soft her ample hair! How peerless she was! and all she was—all this treasure of fragrant womanhood—was his, and not another's. Ay, and his willingly; she really loved him, he thought; she had shown it of late; she cared for him, old, ruined, and degraded though he was. It was a strange thing; it was a pleasant thing. Perhaps, he thought, if he had had such a creature to love him in earlier days, he might not have been where he was now. But then, in earlier days, he was not a ruined and wasted man.

"Kate!"

"Yes, Richard."

"Oh, never speak so formally! Am I not Dick, thy own dear old Dick—eh?"

"I did not mean to be formal."

"Come and sit here beside me—no, here, on the arm of my chair. It was good of you to come in here. I was getting lonesome. I wanted my Kate to tell me she loved me—eh?"

"I only came in to say good-night. It is late."

"Late?—pooh! It's not nine o'clock. Stay and be sociable a bit. There, I won't touch another drop if you'll stay."

"I'm tired; I have a headache. You don't want me."

"Not want you! Ay, but I do though! Without you, Kate, I should have been a dead man weeks ago. Not want you!"

"Nonsense! what do you mean? You have drunk too much already, I fear."

"I mean that, but for you, I'd have blown my brains out the day of the trial—after I'd blown out his, the scoundrel! But since I have you, I know a way to worry him better than by blowing his brains out. To know that you are mine is hell to him. And in that hell I'll keep him, as long as my body and soul will hang together!"

"What should he care whether I am yours or not?"

"Because he loves you—that's why he cares! Ay, you needn't start. He loves you, and it's hell to him to feel that another man has you. How many thousand pounds do you think he'd give to kiss this little hand as I kiss it now. I wish he could see me do it!"

"Nonsense, you are crazy. . . . And so you only care for me to spite him?"

"No, not that. God knows—if there is a God—I love you, Kate, with all there is left of me—except what hates him! That's my life—love for you and hate for him! And I believe I hate him less than I love you, though that's saying a great deal!"

"Oh, I think you love that brandy better than you do me."

"You do? If you say so, I'll never touch it again!"

"Oh, I don't care. I don't want you to give up anything that makes you comfortable."

"Ay, you do love me, don't you, Kate?"

"Come, Richard, our courting days are over. And I must go. Good-by!"

"No, don't go! I feel, somehow, as if I couldn't spare you to-night."

"Shall I pour you out another glass?"

"Yes—no! I'll drink no more to-night. Kate . . ."

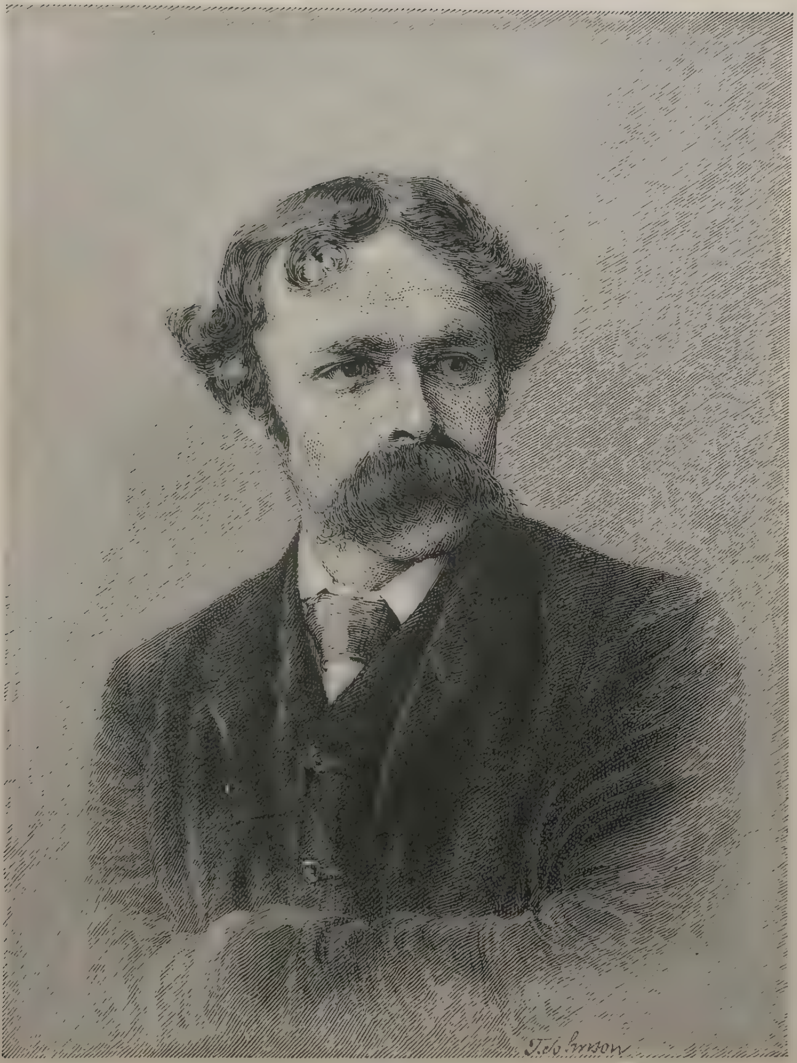
"Well?"

"I'm getting old. In the natural course of things I should die long before you. I shan't die yet a while—but some time, you know. Will you promise something?"

"I'll promise nothing to-night. I dare say you'll outlive me."

"Promise, come what will, you'll never marry him; eh, Kate?"

"Really, Richard, I—I never heard anything so foolish! I can't stay



Julian Hawthorne

to hear any more such talk. You are not your right self. There—let me go!"

"Go?—go where? Gad, I've a mind to say you shan't go! Well, yes, I didn't mean it; forgive me, Kate! Only you're my wife, you know, and I'm your husband; and I love you; and somehow I feel afraid to let you out of my sight—as if I might not see you again. Well, then. . . . But one thing you shall do—you shall give me a kiss before you go! Else you shan't go at all!"

Thus compelled, Mrs. Pennroyal kissed her husband, or let herself be kissed by him; and then she escaped from the room, with a shudder and a sinking of the heart.

Richard Pennroyal sat there alone; the embers of the fire were now gray and lifeless. He stirred them with his foot, and they fell into ashes. He felt cold. How still the house was; how lonely! And he had no pleasant thoughts to keep him company now that his wife had left him; but many thoughts, many memories that were far from pleasant, were lying in wait for him in the dark corners of his mind, ready to leap out upon him if he gave them a chance. Among them, why did the foolish face of crazy old Jane, his wife of many years ago, persist in obtruding itself? Why did it wear that look of stupid, unreasonable reproach? yes, unreasonable; for how was he to blame? He had but let things take their course; no more than that . . . well, scarcely more! And yet that face, that silly old face, that dull, lifeless, drowned old face, kept meeting his in the dark corners, turn where he would. If he closed his eyes, it was still visible through the eyelids, and seemed nearer than ever.

So he opened his eyes; and there hovered the face, in the gloom beyond the lamp. What an expression! Was it signalling him to come away? Was it mocking him for fearing to come? Fearing? He was not afraid. He was a Pennroyal; he had noble blood in his veins; though he was now a bit old and shaky, and had, perhaps, been taking a little too much brandy of late. But—afraid! not he. Why, he would follow the thing, if it came to that; follow it to . . .

He rose slowly from his chair, still keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon it, and moved toward it, with his hands outstretched. He did not get any nearer to it; it was retreating before him, like a will-o'-the-wisp. He kept on, crossing the length of the room; it seemed to pass through the substance of the door, and yet he saw it beyond. He opened the door softly; yes, there it was in the hall. A pistol was lying on the little table beside the door, which Richard knew to be loaded. Mechanically, and without looking at it, he took it up as he passed. Then down the hall on tiptoe, the shadowy, unmeaning face marshalling him the way, and leering at him if he hesitated. Ay, he would follow it to the end, now. Fortunately, the house-door stood open; there would be no noise in getting out. Out they glided, pursuer and pursued, into the cold stillness of the night. There was a moon, but it was dim and low down. The shadows seemed more real than the light. There was no snow to betray footprints. But whither would this chase lead? It seemed to be heading toward the northwest—toward Malmaison; ay, and toward the pool that lay on the borders of the estate. Richard shuddered when he thought of that pool, and of the grisly significance of his being led thither by this witless, idiotic old phantom of his dead wife's face. Stay, the face seemed to have got itself a body within the last few moments: it was a gray figure that now flitted on before him; gray and indistinct in the dim moonlight, with noiseless, waving drapery. It was going the very path that old Jane had gone that day, many years ago—her last day on earth; and yet, was she not here again to-night? And she was leading him to the pool; and what then?

Swiftly she flitted onward, some seventy paces in advance apparently, now lost in shadow, now reappearing in the light. She never turned nor beckoned, but kept straight on, and Richard had much ado to keep pace with her. At length he caught the gleam of the dark pool some little distance beyond. He set his teeth, and came on. The gray phantom had paused at last. But was that Jane after all? Not Jane's was that tall and graceful figure. This must be some other woman's ghost. Was it a ghost? And if so, was that another—that man who issued from behind a clump of bushes, and came toward her? The two figures met; the man took the woman in his arms, and kissed her many times on the lips and eyes. Kisses! ay, those were kisses indeed! Now they seemed to be conversing together; his arms were round her waist. The moonlight revealed his features; it was the enemy—it was Archibald Malmaison! And the woman was not the dead wife, but the living one.

"We are perfectly safe, my darling," Archibald was saying. "The room was all prepared for you, and there is no possibility of discovery. There will be a great outcry and confusion for a week or so, and they will search for you, dead and alive; and I along with the rest, the better to disarm suspicion. It will be settled, at last, that you must have escaped to some foreign country; or, maybe, Richard himself will fall under suspicion of having made away with you, as he did with his first wife. Sooner or later, at any rate, they will give up the search; and, whether or not, we shall always be free to each other. You could not persuade any one at Malmaison to so much as put his nose into the east chamber, and as to the other, you and I are the only living creatures who even dream of its existence. Darling, you will not mind being a prisoner for a little while, since love will be a prisoner with you?"

The woman clung to him tremulously. "I did not know it would be so hard to leave him," she murmured. "I hate him, and yet it was hard. He is so wretched; and he is all alone. What will he do now? He kept saying that he loved me and asking me to love him, and to call him Dick; and . . . he made me kiss him. Oh, Archie, I feel that kiss beneath all yours. I shall always feel it!"

"No, this shall make you forget it"——

"Hush! I hear something!"

"You are nervous"——

"Ah! look! It is he. Now God have mercy!"

Sir Archibald looked; and there, indeed, stood the tall figure of the Honorable Richard Pennroyal, without his hat, and with an expression on his face that was a living curse to behold. And yet that face smiled and bowed with a hideous politeness.

"Good-evening, Sir Archibald. Will you permit me to inquire whether you are armed?"

Sir Archibald put his hand within his vest, and drew out a pistol.

"Ah, that comes in very conveniently. Now, let us see. Mrs. Pennroyal, since you are my wife, perhaps you will be good enough to give us the word?—No, she insists upon fainting. Well, then, we must manage the best way we can. But let me entreat you to take your aim carefully, my dear Sir Archibald, for if you miss it will involve unpleasant consequences for Mrs. Pennroyal as well as for yourself. Now, I will toss up this pebble, and when it strikes the surface of the water we will fire. Is it agreed? Here goes, then."

He had the pebble in his hand, and was in act to toss it, when the baronet, breaking silence for the first time, said:

"Mr. Pennroyal, I am willing that this shall go no further."

"Scoundrel and coward!" snarled the other, his deadly fury breaking in a moment through the thin mockery of courtesy; "come up then, and be shot like the cur you are!"

There could be no more words. Sir Archibald raised his pistol; his antagonist threw the pebble high in the air, and as it smote the smooth surface of the pool in its descent, both pulled trigger. Richard Pennroyal's weapon missed fire; Sir Archibald's bullet passed through his enemy's heart; he swayed backward and forward for a moment, and then fell on his face, hurling his pistol as he fell at the prostrate figure of his wife, who lay huddled on the ground; but it flew wide, and struck Sir Archibald on the temple. Before the ripples caused by the pebble's fall had died away, Pennroyal had ceased to live.

Mrs. Pennroyal was still apparently insensible, but as Sir Archibald approached her she partly raised herself up, and looked first at him and then at the dead body.

"It was not worth while," she said.

"It's done," he murmured. "Are you hurt?"

"What shall we do?"

"We must get back to Malmaison."

"We cannot leave him here."

Sir Archibald bent over the body of his enemy, and turned the face upward. It wore a calm and happy expression.

"I will sink him in the pool," he said. "His will not be the first dead body that has lain there."

He stooped accordingly, and getting his hands beneath the arms of the corpse, dragged it to one of the flights of steps that led down to the water. Kate sat watching him with her hands clasped in her lap. She heard a splashing sound and a ripple. Sir Archibald came back, picked up the pistol, and flung it also into the pool.

"The water will freeze to-night," he said, "and the fishes will do the rest. Now, come!"

In a secret chamber at Malmaison lamps were burning softly in a dozen sconces of burnished silver round the walls. Their light fell on luxurious furniture, fit for the boudoir of a lovely and noble lady. The broad-backed ebony chairs were upholstered in delicate blue damask; cups and salvers of chased gold stood on the inlaid cabinet; the floor was covered with richly-tinted Persian rugs and soft-dressed furs; a warm fire glowed on the hearth, and upon the table was set out a supper such as might have awakened an appetite in a Roman epicure. A tall mirror, at the farther end of the room, reflected back the lights and the color and the sparkle, while in a niche at one side stood rigidly upright an antique suit of armor, its gauntlets seeming to rest meditatively upon the hilt of its sword, while from between the closed bars of the helmet one might fancy that the dark spirit of its former inmate was gazing grimly forth upon all this splendor and luxury, and passing a ghastly jest thereon. But it was as fair and comfortable a scene as perhaps this world can show, and well calculated to make the sternest ascetic in love with life.

Through the massive oaken door, clamped with polished steel bands, entered now two pallid and haggard persons—a man and a woman. The light striking on their eyes made them blink and look aside. The man led the woman to the fire, and seated her upon a low chair; and taking a blue satin coverlid from the bed in the recess, he folded it tenderly round her shoulders. She scarcely seemed to notice where she was, or what was being done; she sat with her eyes and face fixed, shivering now and then, and with her mind apparently preoccupied with some ugly recollection. The man then went to the table and poured out a glass of wine, and held it to the woman's lips, and after a little resistance she drank some of it.

"You are as safe here," said he, "as if you were in an island of the South Sea. I will see that you want for nothing while you have to remain here."

"What is the use?" she asked, with a kind of apathetic peevishness.

"Before long we shall be able to go away," he continued. "My darling, don't be disheartened. All our happiness is to come."

"I can never forget it," she said, with a shiver. "What is the use? I can never get away from him now. Do you think the water is frozen yet?"

"You must not think of that at all. When you are warm, and have drunk some wine, you will not feel this nervousness. Nothing has been done that is worth regretting, or that could have been helped. Kate, I love you more than ever."

"What is the use?" she repeated, in a dull tone. "It was not worth while."

There was a pause.

"I must leave you for a few minutes," he said gently. "It is necessary that I should show myself to Lady Malmaison and to the servants. No one knows that I have left the house. By the time I come back you will have got warm, and we will sup together. Don't be downhearted, my darling."

He bent forward to kiss her. With a sudden gesture of aversion she pushed him back. "There is blood upon your forehead!" she said, in a sharp whisper.

"Only a scratch—I had forgotten it," he answered, trying to smile. "Well, then, in half an hour, at the utmost, we will meet again."

She made no rejoinder; and, after standing a moment looking down at her, he turned and went out. He closed the oaken door behind him, and locked it, then felt his way along the stone passage, and let himself out by the concealed entrance. He put the silver rod in its receptacle beneath the floor, and walked toward the room adjoining. On the threshold of that room he paused a moment, leaning against the door-post. A sensation of sluggish weariness had come over him; his head felt full and heavy. He roused himself presently, and went on trying to remember whither he was going. By the time he had reached the top of the great staircase, the idea that he was in search of seemed to have come to him. He descended the stairs and went directly to Lady Malmaison's room. It was then about eleven o'clock. The good lady was playing cards with her companion, her spaniel sleeping on her knees. She looked up in astonishment, for Sir Archibald seldom honored her with a visit.

"Mamma," said he, going up to her chair, and standing there awkwardly, "where is Kate?"

"My son! what has happened?"

"Was she married to-day?" pursued the baronet, in an aggrieved tone.

Lady Malmaison and the companion exchanged a terrified glance.

"I think it is very unkind, then," declared the young man, reproachfully; "for Richard promised me I should be groomsman—and now they have gone and got married while I was asleep. It was unkind of Kate, and I don't love her; but I don't believe it was Richard's fault, because he is good, and I love him."

. . . .

"Ring the bell, Simpson," said Lady Malmaison, in a broken voice, "and tell them to send for Dr. Rollinson."

During all the months of consternation, speculation, and vague hue-and-cry that followed the mysterious disappearance of the Honorable Mr. and Mrs. Pennroyal, it never for one moment occurred to any one to suggest any connection between that unexplained circumstance and the equally curious but unpertinent fact that poor Sir Archibald had "gone daft" once more.

How should it? It was known that Sir Archibald had been in his room all that day and evening up to the time when he came into his mother's chamber without his wits. It was true that there had been no love lost of late between the houses of Malmaison and Pennroyal, but that was neither here nor there.

The notion that the vanished persons had met with foul play was never seriously entertained, it being generally agreed that Mr. Pennroyal had ample reasons for not wishing to remain in a place where his credit and his welcome were alike worn out. In all likelihood, therefore, the pair had slunk away to foreign parts, and were living under an assumed name somewhere on the Continent, or in America.

It was not surprising that they had gone together, for it was known that they were on very good terms with each other, especially during the last year. An idle story of a groom, who affirmed that he had been present at an interview between Mrs. Pennroyal and Sir Archibald, on horseback, a few weeks before the trial, when, according to this narrator, they had appeared to be rather friendly than otherwise, was not thought to be in any way to the point.

So the months passed away, and the years followed the months; the house and the lands of the Pennroyals were sold, and their very name began to be forgotten. The daft baronet and his aged mother went on living at Malmaison in a quiet and uneventful manner, seeing very few people, and doing nothing except allow their large property to grow larger. Yet, in spite of their retiring inoffensiveness, a shadow seemed to brood over the ancient house.

The old story of Sir Archibald's past exploits in the magical line, and of his ancestors before him, were still revived occasionally round evening firesides; and it was submitted whether his present condition were not a judgment upon him for having tampered with forbidden mysteries.

In the opinion of these fireside juries, there was a curse upon Malmaison, especially upon that part of it which contained the east chamber. That room was haunted, and had never been haunted so badly as during the few days immediately following Sir Archibald's loss of memory.

It may have been a demon's carousal over the sad plight of the poor, foolish young baronet. At all events shrieks had been heard, faint and muffled, but unmistakable, proceeding from that region, when everybody knew that no living soul was there or could be there; but all the servants at Malmaison could swear to the sounds. Ay, the place was accursed.

Late on the night of the 22d of January, 1833, Sir Archibald found himself mounting the staircase of Malmaison, with but an indistinct idea of how he came to be doing so. He could not recollect whether he had seen his mother and the servants or not. No wonder if his thoughts had been a little absent, with such a dark and burdensome secret as that which lay upon his soul. But, of course, he must have seen them. He had left Kate with the intention of doing so, within this very hour; and how should he be coming up-stairs, unless from the execution of that purpose? His mind was busy with many projects. It would probably be thought that Mr. and Mrs. Pennroyal had left the country to escape creditors. If only the pond froze, and the cold weather held on for a week or two, there would be no trace that could lead to a suspicion of anything else. For himself, he would find no difficulty in proving an alibi, if it came to that. And after all, he had but acted upon compulsion, and in self-defence, and upon equal terms. He was guilty of no crime, except—well, call it a crime; he was willing to bear the brunt of that. So they would be able to get away soon, and in Italy, Spain, somewhere, anywhere, they could live and be happy many years. Perhaps after a time they could venture to marry and return openly to England. There were numberless and indefinite possibilities in their favor. Life was all they wanted, and life they had. They were both young; the gloom of this unlucky tragedy would soon be dispelled. Kate had been nervous and distraught when he left her, and no wonder, poor love! but wine, and food, and warmth would soon bring the color back to her cheeks and the light to her eyes. Lovely Kate! sweet, wayward, tender, haughty, but his own at last—his own in spite of earth and heaven! Yes, he and she would have their will and take their pleasure in spite of God and man; and if God would kill them, then, at any rate, they would die together, and in each other's arms.

With these and many like thoughts flying through his mind, Sir Archibald Malmaison reached the east chamber, struck a light, and lit the candle that stood on the table beside the door. He looked at his watch—half-past eleven; he was within his time then; he had been absent less than half an hour. What was Kate doing? he wondered. He stopped a moment, picturing her to himself in some luxurious attitude; but his impatience would not suffer him to delay. He quickly got the silver rod from its receptacle, opened the concealed door, and went in, carrying the lighted candle in his hand. In a moment he was at the inner oaken door; it resisted his attempt to open it. Then he recollected that he had locked it for additional security. The key was in the lock; he turned it, and entered.

An involuntary cry of surprise escaped him. Instead of the soft blaze of light that he had expected, the room was full of a heavy darkness, that seemed to rush out to meet him, and almost overwhelmed the feeble glimmer of his wretched candle. And why was it so deadly cold? Where had gone that cheerful fire which was burning so ardently on the hearth half an hour ago? Could Kate have put out the lights and gone off? Impossible, since the doors were fastened. Ah, there she was!

She was kneeling with her face bowed forward on her arms, which rested on the seat of one of the low chairs. Her attitude was that of passionate prayer. Her thick brown hair was unfastened, and fell over her shoulders.

She made no movement. It was strange! Was she praying? Could she be asleep?

He took a step or two, and then stopped. Still no movement.

"Kate!" he said in a hushed voice; and as she did not answer, he spoke more loudly: "Kate, I have come back; and I've a mind to scold you for letting the fire go out, and startling me with this darkness. What are you doing on your knees? Come, my darling, we want no prayers to-night. Kate . . . will you give me a kiss now?

"Perhaps she may have fainted. Poor darling, she must have fainted!"

He went close up to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder: he seemed to grasp nothing but the empty stuff of the dress. With a terrified, convulsive motion, he pulled her round, so that the head was disturbed from its position on the arms, and the ghastly mystery was revealed to his starting eyeballs. The spectacle was not one to be described. He uttered a weak, wavering scream, and stood there, unable to turn away his gaze.

I must confess that I do not care to pursue this narrative any farther: though it is just at this point, according to my venerable friend Dr. Rollinson, that the real scientific interest begins. He was constantly with Sir Archibald during the eight or nine months that he remained in life after this episode; and made some highly important and edifying notes on his "case," besides writing down the unhappy baronet's confessions, as given from time to time. After his death, the Doctor made an autopsy of the brain, and discovered—I care not what! It was not the mystery of the man's soul, I am convinced.

Ina D. Coolbrith.

Born near Springfield, Ill.

WHEN THE GRASS SHALL COVER ME.

[*A Perfect Day, and Other Poems.* 1881.]

WHEN the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying;
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing:
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom;
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet small voices, odorous,
Tender pleaders in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, belovèd, in my sorrow
Very patient, I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow:
When your heart will moan: "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!

A PERFECT DAY.

I WILL be glad to-day: the sun
  Smiles all adown the land;
The lilies lean along the way;
  Serene on either hand,
The full-blown roses, red and white,
  In perfect beauty stand.

The mourning-dove within the woods
  Forgets, nor longer grieves;
A light wind lifts the bladed corn,
  And ripples the ripe sheaves;
High overhead some happy bird
  Sings softly in the leaves.

The butterflies flit by, and bees;
  A peach falls to the ground;
The tinkle of a bell is heard
  From some far pasture-mound;
The crickets in the warm, green grass
  Chirp with a softened sound.

The sky looks down upon the sea,
  Blue, with not anywhere
The shadow of a passing cloud;
  The sea looks up as fair—
So bright a picture on its breast
  As if it smiled to wear.

A day too glad for laughter—nay,
  Too glad for happy tears!
The fair earth seems as in a dream
  Of immemorial years:
Perhaps of that far morn when she
  Sang with her sister spheres.

It may be that she holds to-day
  Some sacred Sabbath feast;
It may be that some patient soul
  Has entered to God's rest,
For whose dear sake He smiles on us,
  And all the day is blest.

Rose Elizabeth Cleveland.

Born in Fayetteville, N. Y., 1846.

ALTRUISTIC FAITH.

[*George Eliot's Poetry, and Other Studies.* 1885.]

CADIJAH! What image does the name evoke? The image, I venture, if any, of a very distinct and magnificent face—of eyes dark yet glowing, like a midnight full of stars, of flowing, silky beard, of turban folded over prophetic locks—the face, not at all of Cadijah, but of Mahomet. There is no biography of Cadijah, and no portrait. All that we certainly know of her is that she was Mahomet's first wife, a noble and wealthy widow, whom he wedded when he was twenty-five and she much older, and to whom he was singly devoted and faithful up to the time of her death.

How, then, may this woman, standing in the darkness which gathers around the vestibule of the Middle Ages, offer from her poverty of resource anything worth our while to consider, we

> "The heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time"?

Years after the death of Cadijah, when Ayesha, the beautiful girl, the pet child-wife of Mahomet's old age, arrogant with the arrogance of a beauty and a favorite, attempted to rally her now illustrious and powerful husband upon his loyal love for his first wife, and said to him, "Was she not old? and has not God given you a better in her place?" Mahomet replied, with an effusion of honest gratitude, "No, by Allah! there can never be a better. She believed in me when men despised me."

"She believed in me!" From Mahomet's own lips we have our question answered. Cadijah offers to us a splendid and immortal example of the effectual, fervent faith of one soul in another. And this it is of which I have to speak. Not of the Mahomets, except by implication, but of Cadijah, whose faith has wrought out Mahomet, since ever the world began—whose faith must still evolve him so long as the world lasts and Mahomets survive. . . . .

By the term, abstract altruistic faith, I mean to imply that general attitude of mind which is hopeful and expectant of humanity; a faith in human nature's intrinsic worth and capability; a faith which beholds man, as in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, sadly and mysteriously mixed of things precious and things base, but which beholds as clearly the head of fine gold and the breast of silver as the feet of iron and clay; a faith that the race is steadily gravitating toward a goal of final good rather than evil; a faith that, when the averages of the ages are accurately struck, the leverage will be found to be constantly upward, not downward; a faith that humanity is persistently electing itself to honor, glory, and immortality by a majority which secures to the same party all future canvasses; a faith which wavers not an instant before the question, however cleverly put by the pessimist, "Is life worth living?" but responds with an immediate and hearty, "Yes, a thousand times Yes! Life is infinitely worth living!" A faith which looks into poorhouses, and idiot-asylums, and penitentiaries—ay, and into the darkness of great cities by night, and still believes in humanity reclaimable, however marred or fallen, and infinitely worth saving. . . . But the abstract faith is subordinate—an effect rather than a cause. For generalities and abstractions do not demand our prolonged consideration. Our lives are not laid out in vast, vague prairies, but in definite domestic door-yards, within which we are to exercise and develop our faculties. Altruistic faith in the abstract is most valuable, but it is, at best, but a passive rather than an active possession. We cannot touch humanity at large except as we touch humanity in the individual. Altruistic faith must exercise itself upon concretions, not abstractions, if it be a real power for good. One may possess a whole Milky Way of vague general belief in humanity, and yet it may be of less avail to the benighted traveller than a single rushlight put sympathetically into his hand. We must focus our faith upon the individual in order to get or to give the good of it.

This concrete altruistic faith does not require for its exercise that its possessor belong to the female sex. The contrary idea is, I fear, deeply rooted in the public mind. There is a very general impression that it is in the *nature of things* that woman should walk principally by faith, and that this faith should be principally altruistic. I myself confess to a lurking suspicion that it is oftener a woman than a man who is a Cadijah. It may be easier for a woman to believe in somebody else than for a man to do so. Men, as a rule, are very much occupied with believing in themselves. Woman is confessedly altruistic, but not exclusively so. Carlyle had his Cadijah in his wife; George Eliot had hers in her husband.

But this faith, though not inconsistent with the estate of holy matrimony, is yet not dependent upon that estate. I use the name Cadijah to represent the character of an efficient believer in somebody else; but Cadijah could have exercised her faith in Mahomet to its full effect on his fortunes without having been his wife. The exercise of Mrs. Carlyle's faith in her husband had nothing to do with the exercise of her hands and feet upon the Craigenputtock kitchen-floor. Cadijah may or may not have a passionate personal love for her Mahomet, but she will not be so "in love" with him as to induce the blindness of that undesirable condition. Pascal said: "In order to know God we must love Him; in order to love man we must know him." I am not sure that all love for individual man depends upon knowing him; there is love and love, but the rational, lasting love must admit, at least, if not demand, for its persistence, some real acquaintanceship. To all love that rightly culminates in marriage there is, doubtless, an irrational phase, a normal abnormality that may or may not outlast the honeymoon, and then gives place to something better. In this period no Cadijah can flourish; indeed, the conditions of concrete altruistic faith do not demand the conditions of courtship or of marriage. Cadijah-ism is not necessarily connubiality.

Nor is this faith hero-worship. We all have our heroes who are veritable heroes to us, frequently for no other reason than because we cannot be valets to them. And that is well and good. But the one to whom you are Cadijah will not be a hero to you. You will serve him, but you will not worship him. Cadijah never imagines, as do the worshippers, that her Mahomet can do or be anything he may please, or she may please. She perceives that he can do and be one thing, and possibly that this is the thing which pleases him not. She does not discover him to be a predestined prophet or a born poet because her love or ambition elects him to be such. It may be, rather, that her faith discerns in him supreme capabilities for a dry-goods clerk or a ranchman. No. Though my Cadijah love me as her own soul, and have set her whole heart on me, she cannot, this clear-eyed Cadijah of mine, persuade herself that I can be what I cannot be. She can only perceive me to be what I can be. Cadijah is a seer, but she is not a visionary. She wields a diviner's rod, but not a wizard's wand. The historical Cadijah was, I venture, greatly enamoured of her young and handsome lord. But I am not sure she thought him a great prophet or a spotless priest. What I am sure of is, that this shrewd, devoted woman perceived him to be a born predestined leader, a man of destiny, one to sway multitudes with the mighty magnetism of his personality; a man to beckon and be followed; a man to speak and be believed; a man to command and be obeyed. She saw the oak in the acorn with this sixth sense of hers. She believed in him when all men despised him, but she did not give him hero-worship.

It is clear that to Mrs. Carlyle her husband was not a hero. As an apostle of silence and several other things he was a great joke to her. But as a man of ideas, great, grotesque, forceful, propulsive, full of the vitality of immortal genius, worthy and destined to live in literature, as such she saw him when his fame was yet in embryo. And this faith of hers in his power to do never flagged until it became sight before all the world, a wisdom justified of her children. And this is not hero-worship. It is a far finer and usefuler thing.

To speak affirmatively, this quality of the Cadijahs I define as that faculty in my friend by which he discriminates in me what I am good for—nay, what I am best for. That one who comes to me, resolute for me when I stand irresolute for myself, at that point in my straight turnpike where by-roads fork out from it—that one who comes to me while I waver in view of the old highway and cast lingering glances at the new by-ways, and who, with hand uplifted and with finger pointed straight before, says to me, with emphasis of unalterable conviction, "This is your way; this, no other, the path which leads you to your goal!" this man, or this woman, is my Cadijah. He may or may not have vehement love for me, but if he has vehement faith in me, and gives me the benefit of its momentum, he is my friend, and "there can never be a better," for he believes in me when a worse than the despising of men has befallen me—the despising of myself! "*Quand tout est perdu, c'est le moment des grandes âmes,*" said Lacordaire. A grand soul is Cadijah; she comes to me when all is lost! How common to us all is the experience of meeting one who seems to have a peculiar insight into our character, so that we say, "He divined me." How often do we hear it said, "He seems to understand me better than any one else." "She appreciates me more truly than any one ever has." This quality of divination is the intellectual element of altruistic faith. It is not the whole of it, for another element lies in the will and is essential; but it is the extraordinary element, and far from infrequent.

Anna Katharine Green Rohlfs.

BORN in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1846.

THE STORM IN THE WOOD.

[*Hand and Ring. By Anna Katharine Green.* 1883.]

THOUGH unmindful of the storm, he was dimly conscious of the darkness that was settling about him. Quicker and quicker grew his pace, and at last he almost broke into a run as the heavy pall of a large black cloud swept up over the zenith and wiped from the heavens the last remnant of blue sky. One drop fell, then another, then a slow, heavy patter, that bent double the leaves they fell upon, as if a shower of lead had descended upon the heavily writhing forest. The wind had risen, too, and the vast aisles of that clear and beautiful wood thundered with the swaying of boughs, and the crash here and there of an old and falling limb. But the lightning delayed.

The blindest or most abstracted man could be ignorant no longer of what all this turmoil meant. Stopping in the path along which he had been speeding, Mr. Byrd glanced before him and behind, in a momentary calculation of distances, and deciding he could not regain the terminus before the storm burst, pushed on toward the hut.

He reached it just as the first flash of lightning darted down through the heavy darkness, and was about to fling himself against the door, when something—was it the touch of an invisible hand, or the crash of awful thunder which at this instant ploughed up the silence of the forest and woke a pandemonium of echoes about his head ?—stopped him.

He never knew. He only realized that he shuddered and drew back, with a feeling of great disinclination to enter the low building before him, alone; and that presently taking advantage of another loud crash of falling boughs, he crept around the corner of the hut, and satisfied his doubts by looking into the small, square window opening to the west.

He found there was ample reason for all the hesitation he had felt. A man was sitting there, who, at the first glimpse, appeared to him to be none other than Craik Mansell. But reason soon assured him this could not be, though the shape, the attitude—that old attitude of despair which he remembered so well—was so startlingly like that of the man whose name was uppermost in his thoughts, that he recoiled in spite of himself.

A second flash swept blinding through the wood. Mr. Byrd advanced his head and took another glance at the stranger. It *was* Mr. Mansell. No other man would sit so quiet and unmoved during the rush and clatter of a terrible storm.

Look! not a hair of his head is stirred, not a movement has taken place in the hands clasped so convulsively beneath his brow. He is an image, a stone, and would not hear though the roof fell in.

Mr. Byrd himself forgot the storm, and only queried what his duty was in this strange and surprising emergency.

But before he could come to any definite conclusion he was subjected to a new sensation. A stir that was not the result of the wind or the rain had taken place in the forest before him. A something—he could not tell what—was advancing upon him from the path he had himself travelled so short a time before, and its step, if step it were, shook him with a vague apprehension that made him dread to lift his eyes. But he conquered the unmanly instinct, and merely taking the precaution to step somewhat further back from view, looked in the direction of his fears, and saw a tall, firmly-built woman, whose grandly poised head, held high, in defiance of the gale, the lightning, and the rain, proclaimed her to be none other than Imogene Dare.

It was a juxtaposition of mental, moral, and physical forces that almost took Mr. Byrd's breath away. He had no doubt whom she had come to see, or to what sort of a tryst he was about to be made an unwilling witness. But he could not have moved if the blast then surging through the trees had uprooted the huge pine behind which he had involuntarily drawn at the first impression he had received of her approach. He must watch that white face of hers slowly evolve itself from the surrounding darkness, and he must be present when the dreadful bolt swept down from heaven, if only to see her eyes in the flare of its ghostly flame.

It came while she was crossing the glade. Fierce, blinding, more vivid and searching than at any time before, it flashed down through the cringing boughs, and, like a mantle of fire, enveloped her form, throwing out its every outline, and making of the strong and beautiful face an electric vision which Mr. Byrd was never able to forget.

A sudden sweep of wind followed, flinging her almost to the ground, but Mr. Byrd knew from that moment that neither wind nor lightning, not even the fear of death, would stop this woman if once she was determined upon any course.

Dreading the next few moments inexpressibly, yet forcing himself, as a detective, to remain at his post, though every instinct of his nature rebelled, Mr. Byrd drew himself up against the side of the low hut and listened. Her voice, rising between the mutterings of thunder and the roar of the ceaseless gale, was plainly to be heard.

"Craik Mansell," said she, in a strained tone, that was not without its severity, "you sent for me, and I am here."

Ah, this was her mode of greeting, was it? Mr. Byrd felt his breath come easier, and listened for the reply with intensest interest.

But it did not come. The low rumbling of the thunder went on, and the wind howled through the grewsome forest, but the man she had addressed did not speak.

"Craik!" Her voice still came from the door-way, where she had seemingly taken her stand. "Do you not hear me?"

A stifled groan was the sole reply.

She appeared to take one step forward, but no more.

"I can understand," said she, and Mr. Byrd had no difficulty in hearing her words, though the turmoil overhead was almost deafening, "why the restlessness of despair should drive you into seeking this interview. I have longed to see you too, if only to tell you that I wish heaven's thunderbolts had fallen upon us both on that day when we sat and talked of our future prospects and"——

A lurid flash cut short her words. Strange and awesome sounds awoke in the air above, and the next moment a great branch fell crashing down upon the roof of the hut, beating in one corner, and sliding thence heavily to the ground, where it lay with all its quivering leaves uppermost, not two feet from the door-way where this woman stood.

A shriek like that of a lost spirit went up from her lips.

"I thought the vengeance of heaven had fallen!" she gasped. And for a moment not a sound was heard within or without the hut, save that low flutter of the disturbed leaves. "It is not to be," she then whispered, with a return of her old calmness that was worse than any shriek. "Murder is not to be avenged thus." Then, shortly: "A dark and hideous line of blood is drawn between you and me, Craik Mansell. *I* cannot pass it, and you must not, forever and forever and forever. But that does not hinder me from wishing to help you, and so I ask, in all sincerity, What is it you want me to do for you to-day?"

A response came this time.

"Show me how to escape the consequences of my act," were his words, uttered in a low and muffled voice.

She did not answer at once.

"Are you threatened?" she inquired at last, in a tone that proved she had drawn one step nearer to the bowed form and hidden face of the person she addressed.

"My conscience threatens me," was the almost stifled reply.

Again that heavy silence, all the more impressive that the moments before had been so prolific of heaven's most terrible noises.

"You suffer because another man is forced to endure suspicion for a crime he never committed," she whisperingly exclaimed.

Only a groan answered her; and the moments grew heavier and heavier, more and more oppressive, though the hitherto accompanying outcries of the forest had ceased, and a faint lightening of the heavy darkness was taking place overhead. Mr. Byrd felt the pressure of the situation so powerfully, he drew near to the window he had hitherto avoided, and looked in. She was standing a foot behind the crouched figure of the man, between whom and herself she had avowed a line of blood to be drawn. As he looked she spoke.

"Craik," said she, and the deathless yearning of love spoke in her voice at last, "there is but one thing to do. Expiate your guilt by acknowledging it. Save the innocent from unmerited suspicion, and trust to the mercy of God. It is the only advice I can give you. I know no other road to peace. If I did"—— She stopped, choked by the terror of her own thoughts. "Craik," she murmured, at last, "on the day I hear of your having made this confession, I vow to take an oath of celibacy for life. It is the only recompense I can offer for the misery and sin into which our mutual mad ambitions have plunged you."

And subduing with a look of inexpressible anguish an evident longing to lay her hand in final caress upon that bended head, she gave him one parting look, and then, with a quick shudder, hurried away, and buried herself amid the darkness of the wet and shivering woods.

AT THE PIANO.

[*The Defence of the Bride, and Other Poems.* 1882.]

PLAY on! Play on! As softly glides
The low refrain, I seem, I seem
To float, to float on golden tides,
By sunlit isles, where life and dream
Are one, are one; and hope and bliss
Move hand in hand, and thrilling, kiss
'Neath bowery blooms,
In twilight glooms,
And love is life, and life is love.

Play on! Play on! As higher rise
The lifted strains, I seem, I seem
To mount, to mount through roseate skies,
Through drifted cloud and golden gleam,
To realms, to realms of thought and fire,
Where angels walk and souls aspire,
And sorrow comes but as the night
That brings a star for our delight.

Play on! Play on! The spirit fails,
The star grows dim, the glory pales,
The depths are roused—the depths, and oh!
The heart that wakes, the hopes that glow!
The depths are roused: their billows call
The soul from heights to slip and fall;
To slip and fall and faint and be
Made part of their immensity;
To slip from Heaven; to fall and find
In love the only perfect mind;
To slip and fall and faint and be
Lost, drowned within this melody,
As life is lost and thought in thee.

Ah, sweet, art thou the star, the star
That draws my soul afar, afar?
Thy voice the silvery tide on which
I float to islands rare and rich?
Thy love the ocean, deep and strong,
In which my hopes and being long
To sink and faint and fail away?
I cannot know. I cannot say.
But play, play on.

Alice Williams Brotherton.

Born in Cambridge, Ind.

PASSING.

[*The Sailing of King Olaf, and Other Poems.* 1887.]

"WHAT ship is this comes sailing
Across the harbor bar,
So strange yet half familiar,
With treasure from afar?
O comrades shout, good bells ring out,
Peal loud your merry din!
O joy! At last across the bay
My ship comes sailing in."
Men said, in low whispers,
"It is the passing bell.
At last his toil is ended."
They prayed, "God rest him well."

"Ho Captain, my Captain,
What store have you on board?"
"A treasure far richer
Than gems or golden hoard.—
The broken promise welded firm,
The long forgotten kiss,
The love more worth than all on earth,
All joys life seemed to miss!"
The watchers sighed softly:
"It is the death-change!
What vision blest has given
That rapture deep and strange?"

"O Captain, dear Captain,
What are the forms I see
On deck there beside you?
They smile and beckon me;
And soft voices call me,
Those voices sure I know!"
"All friends are here that you held dear
In the sweet long ago."
"The death-smile," they murmured,
"It is so passing sweet,
We scarce have heart to hide it
Beneath the winding-sheet."

"O Captain, I know you!
Are you not Christ the Lord?
With light heart and joyous
I hasten now on board.
Set sail, set sail, before the gale;
Our trip will soon be o'er;
To-night we'll cast our anchor fast
Beside the heavenly shore!"
Men sighed: "Lay him gently
Beneath the heavy sod."
The soul afar beyond the bar
Went sailing on to God.

THE RAGGED REGIMENT.

I LOVE the ragged veterans of June,
  Not your trim troop drill-marshalled for display
In gardens fine,—but such as dare the noon
  With saucy faces by the public way.

Moth-mullein, with its moth-wing petals white,
  Round Dandelion, and flaunting Bouncing-Bet,
The golden Butter-and-Eggs, and Ox-eye bright,
  Wild Parsley, and tall Milkweed bee-beset.

Ha, sturdy tramps of Nature, mustered out
  From garden service, scorned and set apart,—
There's not one member of your ragged rout
  But wakes a warmth of welcome in my heart.

William Young.

BORN in Monmouth, Ill., 1847.

SCENES FROM "PENDRAGON."

[*Pendragon. A Tragedy in Five Acts. First performed at McVicker's Theatre, Chicago,* 5 *December,* 1881, *with Lawrence Barrett as King Arthur. Reproduced, February,* 1882, *at the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York.*]

ACT III. SCENE: The Queen's Closet.

[*Stage discovered, dark and waiting. Lightning, thunder. The door C. is thrown violently open, and enter* GUINEVERE, *breathless from her flight. A blaze of lightning, through window, halts and dazzles her.*]

GUINEVERE. [*Falling to her knees*] Shield and preserve me! Have I here a shelter?
Am I outcast? Doth Nature too condemn me,
Adding her voice to this yet wilder storm,
Here, here, within? [*Rising.*] Alack! and what is this
That I have wrought? But, sure, he dare not follow,
Or if he should!—What do I fear? What then?
Ay, if he should! Is it so much I ask?
Only to know, for the last time— O friend!—
Is it so much? Or, measured but by thine,
O faultless King, is then my guilt so great
That thou should'st rise from every darkened corner
To haunt me thus? Art thou so faultless, truly?
That which I am hast thou not served to make me?
Hast thou not glory to thy mistress?—Nay
To wedded wife! For what am I to thee?
When hast thou looked upon me save with eyes that pass

Through and beyond, to her, my hated rival?
As well were I the beggar of the lanes!
Wilt thou have all?—both this world, and the next?—
Be served and feared, and yet drag after thee
Love, as a captive, but to dally with,
When grown aweary of the greater sport
Of crowns and sceptres? Nay, but if thou wilt,
Dwell with thy phantoms! Lights, there! Vivien!
I will not see him. [*At door C.*] Vivien!—How now?
Not yet returned! But have I then so far
Out-speeded her? Or hath some evil hap—
That scarce could be.—So! so!—What's this I think on?—
But yester-eve with Modred did she walk,
In the long corridor—nor seemed at ease,
But when I faced them——
[*A reverberating clang without.*]
Hark! The thunder? No—
The great portcullis falling in its grooves!
And all without the sound of trumpet blown!
And now—the tramp— Hark! Ay—the tramp of horse!
[*The clatter of a cavalcade without, R.*]
Within the gates—Nor one alone, but many,
And at full speed! O, am I then the dupe,
The very plaything of mine enemies?
A plot! a plot! Yet if he be not crazed,
Hath he not heard? Hath he, too, not been warned?

[*Springing to door R. F., she throws the bar across it, and turns toward door C. At the same instant, enter, door C.,* LAUNCELOT.]

Ah,—Launcelot! What dost thou here? Fly! Fly!
LAUN. My Queen——
GUIN. O, fly!
LAUN. But am I not expected? [*Advancing.*]
GUIN. Approach me not!
LAUN. Or dost thou now repent?
Nay, but too late.
GUIN. Thou art entrapped.
LAUN. Entrapped?
GUIN. Quick! while thou canst!
[*The secret door L. F. opens. Enter* VIVIEN.]
VIV. Then let me be thy guide,
Or else too late most truly shalt thou find it,
Forevermore.
GUIN. [*To* VIVIEN.] O, traitress!
VIV. Even so!
But not to thee I answer. [*To* LAUNCELOT.] Good my lord,
Sir Launcelot of the Lake, 'tis like my words
May seem to thee not over-maidenly;
But I have such a little time for choice,
And needs must say my say—and thou must hear.
Sir, I have loved thee—though without return,
As well I know—and thou hast chosen, Sir,
To seem to know it not. And now I come,

To prove to thee what woman's love may do,
Even when scorned; for know there is but one
Can save thee from these toils, and that is I.
GUIN. O, vile!
LAUN. [*At her side.*] Peace! peace!
VIV. I speak all truth, or none.
Before, behind, they lie in wait for thee—
Twelve oath-bound men, of Arthur's trustiest,
And thou with nothing but thy naked sword.
And still, because I will not have it so—
Because I rather choose to lay on thee
The burden of a debt thou canst not pay,
Nor yet forget, one door is left unguarded.
This have I done for thee.—Ask me not how—
Thou know'st the why. [*Points to door through which she has come.*]
There, at the turret's foot,
Thou'lt find my palfrey saddled. Mount, and ride,
I care not whither—Only take this with thee,
That unto Vivien thou ow'st thy life,
And unto her thy shame. And so, my lord,
Thanks, or no thanks, I am thy creditor,
Till death shall make us quits.
LAUN. Go! Christ forgive thee!

[*Exit* VIVIEN, *door C., her gaze fixed triumphantly upon the* QUEEN. *The latter reels.* LAUNCELOT *supports her.*]

GUIN. [*Covering her face.*] O, hath she gone?
LAUN. O, Guinevere! My Queen!
GUIN. Queen? Queen no more! Let me not look upon her!
But hath she gone?
LAUN. Nay, rouse thee. [*Extricates himself from her grasp, hurries up stage, throws bar across door C.*]
GUIN. O, my friend,
What wilt thou do? What, now, are bolts or bars?
But fly! She loves thee. Trust her, Launcelot.
O, save thyself!
LAUN. [*Returning to her side, his hand upon her lips.*] Wilt thou be silent? Hist!
Mark now my words—nor answer, but obey,
Without a question. True it is, I think,
That she doth love me. Therefore will I trust her;
And therefore, through this door which she hath opened,
'Tis thou shalt fly.
GUIN. I——
LAUN. Thou! Dost understand?
Then hear me well, and let each syllable
Of what I speak be graven on thy brain.
'Tis but three little leagues, by beaten ways,
Which well thou knowest, to a sanctuary,
But once beneath the shadow of whose towers,
Not all the violence of maddened men
Or kings can harm thee. Hast thou not, ere now,
O'er thrice that distance ridden to the death

Of fox or stag? So ride to-night, for life,
And never doubt we'll smile at this hereafter.
To Almesbury!
GUIN. To Almesbury?
LAUN. Ay! Courage!
There trust the abbess only with thy secret,
And bide until I come.
GUIN. Until thou comest?
LAUN. Have I not said? Delay, and thou art lost.
Here will I tarry but a little space,
To turn aside the currents of pursuit.
GUIN. "A little space"?—Ah, tell me not, my friend—
Thou—all unarmed——
LAUN. Unarmed? With this? [*Hand to sword.*] Unarmed?
GUIN. Beset with odds thou knowest not!
LAUN. What then?
Hast thou forgot the fords of Celidon?
Or pass of the White Horse? And dost thou think
In such a cause, free-armed, and unencumbered—
But O, what wait we for? One only kiss,
To seal my strength.
GUIN. Ah, no, no, no! I dare not.
I dare not.
LAUN. Dare not?
GUIN. Ah, my God! the darkness!
The long, long, dreary way!
LAUN. What! thou, afeard?
GUIN. And thus to part with thee—O, cease, my friend.
Though thou art Launcelot, art thou not mortal?
In vain! in vain! Why wilt thou trouble me?
Here let me die. [*Sinks to floor.*]
LAUN. And do I hear aright?
Is this that Guinevere whom once I loved?—
GUIN. O, pity me!
LAUN. That once proud peerless Queen,
Who with her eyes first taught me scorn of peril?
GUIN. O, pity me!
LAUN. I do. I pity thee.
And thus I prove it. Since thou durst not choose
To win this certain safety for us both,
Why then, bide here; and here, too, will I bide,
And here be hewn in pieces at thy feet.
I swear it. Hark! They come!
GUIN. [*Springing to her feet.*] Enough—Farewell!
Take, then, thy kiss! [*They embrace.*]
LAUN. Dear love!
GUIN. The last!
LAUN. Not so!
GUIN. The kiss of death; and O, condemn me not
That I have given it thee.
LAUN. What words are these?
Thus do I answer them—May Heaven defend thee!

GUIN. And thee! and thee! O, God protect thee, Love!
Was it for this?
LAUN. Yet though we die to-night,
This have we known.
GUIN. And canst thou, Love, forget?
LAUN. And wilt thou, Love, remember? Haste!
GUIN. Yet stay!
LAUN. But for thy sake!
GUIN. One little moment more!
O, Launcelot, and wilt thou let me go?
And was it but for this? No more than this?
LAUN. O, haste! No more!
GUIN. No more, forever, then!
LAUN. I tell thee nay.
GUIN. Forever!
LAUN. [*Urging the* QUEEN *through the secret door L. F., closes it behind her, and throws his back against it.*] And forever!

ACT IV. SCENE: A paved court-yard surrounded by massive and gloomy walls and towers. In wall C., at back, gates swinging inward, and revealing when open a passage, at the further extremity of which a grated portcullis is arranged to fall. In tower, R., oblique, great doors, approached by steps. Chime of bells, and chant heard within, at curtain.

[GUINEVERE *discovered, descending steps R., clad in the robe of a nun, with a breviary in her hand.*]

GUIN. [*Reads.*]
Ave, Regina cœlorum!
Ave, Domina angelorum!

Over and under tolls the convent bell,
Like a gray shuttle through the woof of sound—
Under and over, and the flying web
Tangles and ties itself about my heart—
Tangles and lifts me heavenward, and snaps;
And through the silence, down from gloom to gloom,
I fall to utmost hell. O sisterhood
Of Almesbury, your prayers were made for saints,
Not sinners. What a fool of fools am I,
To breathe my supplications in a tongue
I know not, to a Heaven that knows not me!
"Queen among angels!" Ay, by so much more
Hath she forgot the little frets of earth
And all its voices. O conceit most vain!
That my poor plaint, of all the woful many,
Least heeded here, shall so on high prevail,
Above the clamor of the universe!
Why, e'en the daws about the turret-tops
Outshriek me; and doth not all nature go
Wrangling from dawn till even with one cry:
"Help! Save!"—And who shall answer? Who shall lay
The all-forgiving hand upon my head?
Shall ye, my sisters? Deftly though ye lift
Your skirts above the drabble of the ways,

Do I not know the plague-spots in your hearts?
The small self-righteousness, the lust, the greed,
And spite of your small station? Had ye worn
My purple, and my limbs been clad upon
With your dull hodden gray—who knows?—Or thou,
Dubric—High Saint of Britain—with thy flock
Of aping acolytes, wilt thou assure
My soul's salvation—thou, that art not sure
Whether thine own soul yet shall pass the gates—
Dismiss my great temptation, with a waft
Of thy sleek hand, and bid me sin no more?
O, thou, the Highest, Ruler over all,
To whom alike the cowl'd and crownèd dead
Must answer on that day, desert us not,
Whate'er thy gracious purposes may be,
Unto each other's pity! That were woe
More to be dreaded than the doom of fire.
Behold how all these myriad pygmy tribes,
That swell the mingled hum from holt and glebe,
Do mock thy greatness! Whether we be clad
In serge or samite, each doth vaunt himself
The vilest of God's creatures—save his neighbor—
Sins while 'tis summer—pranks about the fields,
And ere the winter of his life doth learn
His proper "Miserere," which he chirps
Like a belated cricket i' the sedge,
And dreams that straightway from the gates of bliss,
Above the desert spaces of the wind,
The whirlwind, and the thunder, and the storm
Of prayers and curses blown about the world,
All Heaven stoops to listen.—Nay, but this
Is heresy. Come, scoffer, to thy task!

[*Reads.*]
Salve radix,
Salve porta,
Ex qua mundo
Lux est orta!
Gaude, Virgo gloriosa!

THE FLOWER-SELLER.

[*Wishmakers' Town.* 1885.]

MYRTLE, and eglantine,
For the old love, and the new!
And the columbine,
With its cap and bells, for folly!
And the daffodil, for the hopes of youth! and the rue,
For melancholy!

But of all the blossoms that blow,
Fair gallants all, I charge you to win, if you may,
This gentle guest,
Who dreams apart, in her wimple of purple and gray,
Like the blessed Virgin, with meek head bending low
Upon her breast.

For the orange flower
Ye may buy as ye will; but the violet of the wood
Is the love of maidenhood;
And he that hath worn it but once, though but for an hour,
He shall never again, though he wander by many a stream,
No, never again shall he meet with a flower that shall seem
So sweet and pure; and forever, in after years,
At the thought of its bloom, or the fragrance of its breath,
The past shall arise,
And his eyes shall be dim with tears,
And his soul shall be far in the gardens of Paradise,
Though he stand in the shambles of death.

Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

Born in Andover, Mass., 1847.

IN THE CHAMBER OF CHARLEMAGNE.

[*Passe Rose.* 1889.]

SEEING the attention of all diverted and the bronze doors momentarily deserted, Passe Rose pushed the heavy panel far enough to slip within, and without pause or deliberation ran up the broad stairs she saw before her. At their summit extended a long corridor, down which she advanced hurriedly, till the clamor of many voices and the metallic ring of dishes caused her to retreat. Passing thus quickly from the noise and light without into the gloom and solitude within, she heard every heart-beat, and felt her courage desert her. At the sound of approaching footsteps, she began to run, and at the first door she met glided behind its tapestry screen. This door gave access to the great hall where the noble youth of the kingdom assembled to listen to the teachings of the school of the palace, and adjoined the private apartments of the king. Passe Rose had no sooner lifted the curtain than she saw a page, who, sitting on the floor at the entrance of the passage to the king's chamber, was amusing himself with a parchment, from which hung a multitude of tasselled strings. Seeing that she was observed, she went forward timidly, gaining courage, however, at sight of the pretty face of the boy. The latter, whose duty it was to summon the chaplain when the king had finished his reading, occupying himself with no business but his own, evinced only a lively curiosity in the young girl, whose presence promised to relieve the tedium of his waiting. Passe Rose, on her side, having no fear of a boy, approached with all the unconcern she could affect, smiling, her eyes fixed upon the silken fringe, but alert for every sound.

"What hast thou there?" she asked, stooping over the parchment in the boy's hands.

"The Oracle of Truth," he replied, looking up into her face.

"The Oracle?" whispered Passe Rose, glancing sidewise through the doorway. "Pray, what is that?"

"Choose one of these strings," said the boy. Passe Rose reached out her hand. "Nay, shut thine eyes, then choose, and I will tell thee what will befall."

"Canst thou read?" asked Passe Rose, observing the characters on the parchment.

"Nay, but I know the answers by heart. This one with the blue string reads thus: 'Beware: after honey, gall!' But choose; only close thine eyes."

Forgetting for the moment her purpose, and fascinated by the mysterious parchment, Passe Rose shut her eyes, and, first signing herself, touched one of its pendent strings. "What is it?" she asked, opening her eyes and bending forward with anxiety.

The boy clapped his hands, laughing. "The yellow, the yellow! What luck! See,"—pointing with his finger,—"'A great happiness is on its way to thee.'"

Passe Rose stood up, her eyes dilating, her bosom swelling. She could not speak. This great hall was not large enough for her to breathe in. Stooping quickly, she kissed the boy's face, then disappeared in the corridor which led to the chamber of the king.

"Ho! Knowest thou not he is within?" called the page. Passe Rose neither paused nor turned. "Ho, I tell thee!" he called again, springing to his feet. But Passe Rose had already disappeared. "Seigneur!" cried the boy, terrified by such audacity, and running across the hall to tell the chief of the pages that a strange girl had entered the sleeping-chamber of the king.

On emerging from the obscurity of the passage-way into the light, Passe Rose was still smiling. She paused a moment on the threshold of the chamber, then stepped upon its mosaic floor, and stood still again. The room was empty, yet, as when gazing at the altar in the chapel of Immaburg, sure of some invisible presence, she searched its length and breadth, her heart beating fast with expectation, and her members numb with awe. Before her was the king's bed, low and wide, with its ermine cover and pillows of broidered silk, partly concealed by curtains hung from swinging rods. On the floor beside it stretched the red skin of a fox, and upon the table stood the king's cup and the candelabrum, whose six candles of wax indicated the hour of the day; for the king had not yet received the famous brass water-clock, damaskeened with gold, presented to him by the Caliph Aroun-al-Raschid, whose falling balls sounded the hours night and day. Three of these candles were already consumed; it would therefore be more than an hour before the king would send for his chaplain. From the bed Passe Rose's eyes followed the tapestry which hid the wall to the height of her shoulders, and above which a carved shelf made the circuit of the apartment. Behind the objects upon this shelf the walls displayed flowers, painted in red and yellow and other colors, of such marvellous forms and hues that Passe Rose could think of nothing but the beautiful fields of Paradise. Moreover, above the door opposite her she saw an image of the blessed St. Martin, who divided his cloak with a beggar; and the face of this image, rudely carved though it was, certainly smiled upon her, while its lips, albeit of wood, moved visibly, as if saying, "A great happiness is on its way to thee." Persuaded that the saint really addressed her, she approached, her two hands crossed upon her bosom, when she perceived that the sounds came from within the door, and suddenly——

"Turn over some pages," said a clear voice, as it were at her very side.

She started back, but catching sight again of the encouraging countenance of the saint, murmured a quick prayer, and advancing to the door laid her ear close to the golden lions of the tapestry. Some one was speaking. She held her breath, and listened.

"But now as regards loftiness of place, it is altogether ridiculous to be so influenced by the fact that the demons inhabit the air, and we the earth, as to think that on that account they are to be put before us; for in this way we put all the birds before ourselves. But the birds, when they are weary with flying, or require to repair their bodies with food, come back to the earth to rest or to feed, which the demons, they say, do not. Are they therefore inclined to say that the birds are superior to us, and the demons superior to the birds? But if it be madness to think so, there is no reason why we should think that, on account of their inhabiting a loftier element, the demons have a claim to our religious submission."

This passage excited in Passe Rose so lively an interest that she forgot everything. Her face flushed redder than the fabric next her cheek, and in her eagerness to catch every word she parted the fringe, revealing to the reader a pair of dark eyes, which glistened like dew-drops among the silk marigolds of the tapestry. Disconcerted by this apparition, the clerk paused.

"Read on," said the king sharply.

The clerk would have obeyed, but the place was lost; in vain did he seek it with his finger, for he could not wrest his eyes from the girl's face; so that the king, following his gaze, and turning quickly, discovered Passe Rose standing terrified in the doorway.

Whether because his face inspired confidence (for in the presence of some we are at our best, as in that of others every good quality deserts us without reason), or whether because her courage rose when put to the proof, no sooner did the king's eye meet hers than her terror left her, and with a firm step she advanced into the room, rendering gaze for gaze. She had taken no thought of what she should say, but, going in, she remembered how, when a little girl dancing before Queen Hildegarde at the Easter fêtes, a young chamberlain came with a message, and, bending upon one knee, said, "In the name of God, who suffered for us, I salute you"; and how the queen made answer, "In the name of God, who was our ransom, hail." These fine words came back to her and were on her lips as she approached, when, just beyond the king's chair, she saw Agnes of Solier, and stopped, mute and staring. A hundred times the space in which Passe Rose stood thus trembling like a tense bowstring would not suffice to tell all she felt and saw in that moment of silence, though in reality it was but the length of two breaths. All which before had seemed sure and easy became suddenly hopeless and of no avail, while every evil fear she had once lightly set aside was uppermost. How could she contend with a king's daughter? She had killed the queen's favorite! What if, as the prior had said, the papers were of other matters? Who would then believe her? Where were her witnesses? It was perhaps a dream, and she made a little movement of the fingers to feel whether the wounds caused by the Saxon's knife were still there; seeing at the same time the white hands of Agnes of Solier and her own, brown with toil and stained with blood. A confused recollection of what the clerk had read crossed her mind. "Demon of hell," whispered a voice in her ear, "the abbot, the prior, the monk, will swear to it, and the captain also, whom thou hast possessed." "Ay, whom I possess," she replied; and she heard the page saying to her, "A great happiness is on its way to thee." She repeated the words softly, "A great happiness, a great happiness," as if they could conjure away her fears, clinging with her eyes to the king, and resisting with all her strength the challenging gaze of Agnes of Solier. The latter, no less surprised than Passe Rose, stared back in wonder.

"Who art thou, and what dost thou wish?" asked the king, astonished at her sudden appearance and agitated face.

At the sound of his voice, the words broke like a torrent from Passe Rose's lips: "This one I found by the fish-ponds,"—she had thrust the papers in his hand,—"and this the Saxon gave the monk for the prior. Read, read!" and drawing the cord through the wax seal with her trembling fingers, she spread the parchment on his knee. "I was in the tower; there came two, the prior and another,—then the Saxon maid who sat at supper at Immaburg. I heard what they said. Look! there are the prints of her knife! the knife was for thee."

"Peace!" exclaimed the king, rising to his feet, and crushing the parchment in his hand. It was a cry rather than a command, for incoherent as were the words he heard, they were sharper than any knife to his pride. He stood for a moment in doubt, and then, as if convinced by the girl's fearless manner, sank back into his chair, opening the papers slowly, and fixing from time to time, as he read, a searching look upon Passe Rose. Her heart was beating violently, but her fear was over, and she watched the king's face boldly. Every trace of anger and distress had fallen from it, as a mantle falls from the shoulder to the ground. He neither started nor frowned, as she had thought to see him do; nevertheless, she was content, for his eyes were good to look at, and she felt the happiness of which she had been foretold running, as the tide runs in the sea-meadows, to her finger-tips. She wished to laugh aloud, to dance, to sing, and at the same time tears of which she could give no account dimmed her vision, causing the garnet in the clasp of the king's cloak to swell and glisten like a bubble of blood. She heard the clerk closing his book and retiring softly behind her, but when the king turned to Agnes of Solier with a sign that she should go also, Passe Rose reached out her hand.

"I pray thee let this lady listen," she said entreatingly.

Surprised beyond measure, the king knit his brow, looking from Passe Rose's eager face to the flushed countenance of Agnes of Solier, who had risen to her feet, and stood beside his chair, her hand resting upon his.

"Speak on," he said, feeling the hand trembling upon his own.

Anxious lest his patience should be exhausted, divided in her mind as to what was trivial and what important, Passe Rose began, relating her meeting with Gui of Tours in the wood of Hesbaye, her adventure in the abbey and consultation with the sorceress (though this were a forbidden thing), and then her return to the abbey at midnight to tell Friedgis what the gospels had said, and how the captain had promised to seek the Saxon maid in the household of the king. "It was going down the hill after the prior was gone that I found the paper," she said, pointing to the parchment, "for the moon came up while I was hid."

So candid was her speech and so eager her haste that the king listened in silent wonder, though he saw her oft bewildered between two stories, one for him and one for Agnes of Solier. But here she paused, and a sob rose in her throat.

"Father and mother have I none," she continued, "because of the pest; and they being dead, I went wherever the wind blew, with dancing-girls and jugglers,—it was then I danced at Chasseneuil, before Queen Hildegarde,—and afterwards with merchants. But I parted from these at the fair of St. Denis because of a certain Greek,"—here Passe Rose looked full at Agnes of Solier; "for love is like God's winds, coming at no man's bidding and dispelled by no command, except it be the Christ's, as told in the gospels. Afterwards, till now,"—for the first time she hesitated,—"I lived with Werdric, the goldsmith of Maestricht, and his wife, Jeanne, till—till I came to Immaburg."

"What brought thee to Immaburg?" interrupted Agnes of Solier quickly.

The question was rude, and Passe Rose grew hot and cold by turns. A defiant light flashed in her eyes, but she kept them fixed upon the king. "If one should mock thee to thy face, what wouldst thou do?" she said, lip and voice quivering together.

"By the Lord of Heaven!" cried the king, startled by this unexpected question, but liking well her boldness, "were I the stronger"——

"Nay, the weaker."

Perplexed, the king observed her in silence.

"When I returned from the abbey," continued Passe Rose in a hard voice, "the night was far gone, and the goldsmith met me at the garden gate. 'Wanton!' he said. For that reason," looking at Agnes of Solier, "I left my home, wandering two days in the wood of Hesbaye, and came to Immaburg, as thou sawest, not knowing where I was. There it was I first saw the

Saxon maid. She came by stealth into the strangers' hall, and gave these papers to the monk as he sat by the fire, bidding him deliver them to the prior. Why I took them from him I know not, except it were God's will, for I thought no more of them till yesternight, being distraught at what the page told me."

"What did he tell thee?" asked Agnes of Solier.

"That thou wert a king's daughter, and betrothed to Gui of Tours."

The king's face flushed red, but Agnes of Solier, pale as the holy napkin, neither spoke nor stirred.

"What happened at supper thou knowest," continued Passe Rose.

"But what happened afterwards I know not!" cried Agnes of Solier, torn between her jealousy and her pride.

"I am come to tell thee," answered Passe Rose with dignity. "When thou wert gone, I said to the captain, 'Though I were the meanest slave in the kingdom, what God hath given the king's daughter he hath given to me, and I yield it to none except at his altar.' With that I ran to the chapel to pray and seek counsel of the priest. But because in my anger I had cast down the image of the Virgin above my bed, God would not listen to me; the priest at Immaburg is witness that he took away my senses, and when I got them back I was in the wagon on the high-road. Dost thou remember how the stream was swollen at the ford? I was there, and while they sounded the water I heard the voices of women in the wagon next to mine. One said that the heart of the captain was plainly mine, and could not be had of me for all the gold of the Huns."

"Insolent!" murmured Agnes of Solier, tightening her fingers on the king's hand. But the king, chary of words, waited.

"Another," pursued Passe Rose, "replied that it were easier for a dancing-girl to give herself to a captain than for a king's daughter to forget an injury. 'Mark well what I tell thee,' she said: 'one hath his heart; the other will have his head.' 'Liar!' I said to myself. 'What a king's daughter will do I know not, but what a dancing-girl can do I will show thee.' So, when the ford was passed, I cut a hole through the skins with my knife, and went mine own way."

A gesture of surprise escaped the king, who had risen from his chair, and was pacing slowly to and fro between the door and the window. At this moment the troop was filing through the archway into the square, and the Gascon, followed by the prior, was opening the wicket gate leading to the room where the body of Rothilde lay.

It were idle to deny that Passe Rose was conscious of the greatness of her action, for even the angels serve God with pleasure; and if it be that they rejoice over the sinner's repentance, some echo, as it were, of this rejoicing is borne to the soul which doeth well, for its encouragement and satisfaction. Yet so little did Passe Rose think to win applause that she mistook the king's gesture for a sign of impatience. "I am coming to it fast," she said, pointing to the parchment, and hurrying on to tell how she hid in the sheepfold, how Jeanne came bereft of reason and without the power to know her own, and all she saw and heard from the tower while Jeanne slept.

Not once during this recital did the king cease his walk or lift his eyes from the floor till Passe Rose told how Friedgis was slain; "I heard a sword drawn, and the rustle of leaves under foot; afterwards, from the wood, a cry —and then the Saxon maid said"——

She stopped short. The king stood before her, his brow knit as with pain and his face gloomy with suppressed passion. "Well, what said she?" he asked, fixing upon Passe Rose his piercing eye.

"'Bring me now thy Greek, and I will show him the way to the king's bed.'"

The king drew himself up to his full height. For a moment he was silent, his eyes shining with points of flame. Then he struck his palms together, whispering a few words to the page who at this signal came in haste from the adjoining room, and, returning to the window, gazed thoughtfully into the court.

Passe Rose, motionless, stood speechless. It was one of those silences which one does not dare to break. "Continue," said the king at length, in a calm voice.

"When the Saxon was gone into the wood, the prior concerted with his companion how they should get the papers from the captain that night, by fair means or foul," pursued Passe Rose, stealing a glance at Agnes of Solier. "'Ask her where this captain lies,' said the soldier. 'Nay,' replied the prior, 'it will alarm her. Hist! she comes.'"

"Aye, she comes," murmured the king, beckoning to Passe Rose. "See."

Obeying his motion, she approached, holding her breath with the presentiment of impending shock. The throng had followed the troop into the square, and the court was empty. From the farther angle a litter, borne by soldiers, issued from the shadow of the gallery. Over the litter a cloth was spread, and on the cloth a cross glittered in the sun.

Passe Rose, leaning forward, drew a quick breath. "The Saxon!" she whispered.

"Slain, yesternight, by the monk."

"By the monk!" gasped Passe Rose.

"Yonder, in the square."

"Nay, it was I!" she cried vehemently, grasping the king's arm. "Look, the marks of her knife! My mother spake in her dreams when the prior was gone. I laid my hand to her mouth, but it was too late. Before I could get to my knees, she"—pointing to the bier—"was on the stair. I caught the blade in my hand as her blow fell, and then we locked, without breath to speak, she above, and I below. God is my witness I had done her no harm but that I knew she or I must die, and die I would not till the captain was warned, for the prior's words were in my ears. Time was lacking to pray, but I saw the stars, and strained leg and arm till her fingers gave way and my throat was free. Then I stood up alone—how it happened I know not, but I heard the waters splash, and, once, a cry." She stopped, her bosom heaving, her eyes fixed upon the litter. "Jesu!" she murmured, her voice falling to a whisper, "it was I."

The king regarded her in a stupor of wonder and admiration. He strode back and forth from wall to wall, looking now at Passe Rose, and now, uneasily, at Agnes of Solier, who, pale and speechless, stared back with eyes of stone. Suddenly, with an abrupt gesture, he stopped before Passe Rose.

"If the King of heaven gave thee thy heart's wish, what wouldst thou ask?"

"The reason of my mother Jeanne," said Passe Rose.

The king started. "I will ask it this day in my prayers. And of me"—his voice trembling—"what wouldst thou?"

"To give me leave to go in peace to Maestricht, and then to send thither my mother, whom I left in the house by the gate at Frankenburg; for if she see me in the garden combing wool, in my own attire, her reason will return."

"Afterward," said the king, a shadow of vexation passing over his face. Indeed, it were hard to say which was suitor to the other, for his voice faltered, and hers was firm and clear. "That is not all. Afterward," he repeated impatiently.

The color deepened on Passe Rose's cheeks, she trembled violently, and, no longer able to support his gaze, she turned her shining eyes to Agnes of Solier, and threw herself at her feet.

"By the Mother of God!" exclaimed the king, taking Agnes of Solier's hand and seating her in his own chair, "thou art right. She is a king's daughter. Ask her, and thou shalt see what a king's daughter can do." And stooping to Agnes of Solier, he kissed her on the forehead, and left the room.

If love and death could be made subject to will and reason, so that instead of loving love and fearing death, as nature and instinct compel us, we should love death and fear love, then had Passe Rose never gotten from her knees when the Saxon's knife threatened her, nor thrown herself at the feet of Agnes of Solier. But in concerns of love and death nature is stronger than reason, and impulse will countervail consideration; and though at the king's going Passe Rose felt shame drying the source of her tears, and pride nipping the buds of her heart's promise, yet, "If I rise," she said to herself, "all is lost"; and thus bowed down by the weight of her love, before lesser motives could sway her she felt warm arms pressed about her neck, her face was drawn upwards, and she saw two eyes shining in tears like her own. No word was spoken. They thought no more of their grief and joy than of the coarse wool and silken tissue which clothed them, but like two naked souls fresh from God's hands gazed at one another.

"Thou hast seen him?" murmured Agnes of Solier. Passe Rose's eyes answered. "And he loves thee—he has told thee"— Passe Rose buried her face in the broidered dress, her shoulders shaken with sobbing. It seemed to her that she could not bear the kiss she felt upon her hair, nor the arms' tender pressure.

"By the Blessed Jesus," she exclaimed, struggling to her feet, "would I might die for thee!"

Henry Augustin Beers.

Born in Buffalo, N. Y., 1847.

BUMBLE-BEE.

[*The Thankless Muse.* 1885.]

AS I lay yonder in tall grass
A drunken bumble-bee went past
Delirious with honey toddy.
The golden sash about his body
Could scarce keep in his swollen belly
Distent with honeysuckle jelly.
Rose-liquor and the sweet-pea wine
Had filled his soul with song divine;
Deep had he drunk the warm night through;
His hairy thighs were wet with dew.
Full many an antic he had played
While the world went round through sleep and shade.
Oft had he lit with thirsty lip
Some flower-cup's nectared sweets to sip,
When on smooth petals he would slip
Or over tangled stamens trip,
And headlong in the pollen rolled,
Crawl out quite dusted o'er with gold.
Or else his heavy feet would stumble
Against some bud and down he'd tumble
Amongst the grass; there lie and grumble
In low, soft bass—poor maudlin bumble!
With tipsy hum on sleepy wing
He buzzed a glee—a bacchic thing
Which, wandering strangely in the moon,
He learned from grigs that sing in June,
Unknown to sober bees who dwell
Through the dark hours in waxen cell.
When south wind floated him away
The music of the summer day
Lost something: sure it was a pain
To miss that dainty star-light strain.

HUGH LATIMER.

HIS lips amid the flame outsent
A music strong and sweet,
Like some unearthly instrument
That's played upon by heat.

As spice-wood tough, laid on the coal,
Sets all its perfume free,
The incense of his hardy soul
Rose up exceedingly.

To open that great flower, too cold
Were sun and vernal rain;
But fire has forced it to unfold,
Nor will it shut again.

THE SINGER OF ONE SONG.

HE sang one song and died—no more but that:
A single song and carelessly complete.
He would not bind and thresh his chance-grown wheat,
Nor bring his wild fruit to the common vat,
To store the acid rinsings, thin and flat,
Squeezed from the press or trodden under feet.
A few slow beads, blood-red and honey-sweet,
Oozed from the grape, which burst and spilled its fat.
But Time, who soonest drops the heaviest things
That weight his pack, will carry diamonds long.
So through the poets' orchestra, which weaves
One music from a thousand stops and strings,
Pierces the note of that immortal song:—
"High over all the lonely bugle grieves."

William Henry Bishop.

Born in Hartford, Conn., 1847.

A LITTLE DINNER.

[*The Brown Stone Boy, and Other Queer People.* 1888.]

I REGRET to have to use so unpleasant a description,—and nothing in the world would induce me to do it outside of this confidential circle,—but Juliet Scatterbury—who afterwards became Mrs. Bang—was one of the most superlative of liars. Oh, it was so admitted. You should hear the gentle irony of Sam Lambert's remarks about her! His wife checks him, it is true, as to the particular case here to be described, believing that to have been largely her own fault, but the fact remains that Juliet was an egregious follower of Ananias and Sapphira.

There was wide range and ingenuity in her inventions; no one ever appeared to take a more genuine comfort in mendacity than she. It often seemed as if she would rather employ it than truth, even when the latter would have answered the purpose better. She sometimes wore a rapt and imaginative air as if she thoroughly believed in her statements herself. She would romance, for instance, about her early life, tell you of journeys she had made, thrilling adventures she had met with, priceless jewels and wondrous ball-dresses she had worn, and unmeasured social attentions that had been showered upon her. She would make small scruple, if it suited her whim, of claiming she had owned the largest steam-yacht in the world, had written, anonymously, the last popular novel, or had sometimes played the parts of Ristori or Bernhardt, appearing under proper disguise. With all this, she was young, pretty, possessed the art of dressing well, and was accomplished in several ways.

Her career in the large Western city of—let us say—Minneapolis was but a brief one. Her family were not in affluent circumstances; they had moved about a good deal; her father had something to do with contracts. But they were much respected, and as for Juliet she was the associate of the leading people. While there she was not thoroughly found out. There were always some who believed in her, thought her a very sprightly and entertaining person, and confidently expected her to make a great match. The young men in particular did not credit all the ill they heard of her, but laid a good part of this to the natural jealousy of their sisters and cousins, her rivals. It was probably not till individuals from different quarters of the country began to meet casually and compare notes about her that the full measure of her iniquities came out.

Now, Juliet Scatterbury also confidently counted on making a brilliant match. When she removed to New York, and, in some unaccountable way, made one of quite the opposite sort instead, she was still anxious that an impression to that effect should go out among the denizens of the place she had left. The view, in fact, prevailed there, from some artful hints let fall in a few letters she had sent back, that, though the marriage had been a very quiet one, it was due to a recent death in Mr. Bang's family; that it covered in reality a good deal of solid magnificence, and that her position in the world was a highly enviable one.

She had, in truth, married a club man, and the son of a club man, a fellow of good intentions enough, but not at all enterprising and with no very definite means of support. They lived in a small flat, in a respectable neighborhood, where everything was, as it were, something else. Their bedstead, for instance, when off duty, was a mantelpiece; their piano a refrigerator, and the principal arm-chair a coal-box. About the only genuine piece of furniture was an easel, holding some photo-engravings. This gave an air of elegant space, and served no extraneous purpose save to suggest to Mr. Bang his standing pun as to the facility with which it also might have been something else.

This manner of living was Juliet's own doing; she was still brimful of vanity and active social push.

They had some prosperous acquaintances who befriended them; among these, a Mrs. Lambert, a former schoolmate of Juliet's, a friend of her husband, and a person, it would seem, of quite phenomenal good-nature.

"Poor little thing!" said Mrs. Lambert. "And her husband has the makings of such a good fellow about him, and they have so much to contend with."

Many the quiet dinner, therefore, they had at her house, and many the comfortable drive had Juliet in her carriage.

As to Mrs. Bang's peculiar trait of invention, she probably employed it outside of the house, at this time, as briskly as ever, but she did not employ it at home, having found out from Jim, in very emphatic form, soon after their marriage, that he did not approve of it.

One afternoon she rushed in, in a state of much excitement, and said to Jim:

"I have just met the Gradshaws of Minneapolis—a mother and daughter, you know—the most prominent people there. They were at Arnold's, and are staying in town a short time, at the Bolingbroke. I hardly knew how I should get away from them, but I made a great palaver about intending to go and see them immediately, and escaped under cover of the confusion."

"Oh," said Jim, with but a languid interest, looking for a fresh cigar in a Japanese jug on the mantelpiece.

"I wish we could think of some way of entertaining them without letting them come near us. Our fate is in their hands; whatever they report, when they go back to Minneapolis, will settle it. I told them we were all upset with house-cleaning. If they should once see how we live"——

"Well, we haven't any patent on it, and can't expect to keep it to ourselves always. I don't know as there's any invention of ours they'd want to steal very much, unless it's the way that piano plays sonatas on the butter and eggs, when you touch the keys."

"Jim, you don't quite understand. I guess you'd want to produce a good impression too, in the place where you used to live and were brought up. They seem to think I've made a—a rich marriage; that we are great swells, you know, and rolling in luxury."

"They've got left, haven't they? Well, then, I see nothing for it but to pretend to be such swells we couldn't possibly associate with anybody so much beneath us. We must cut their acquaintance."

Mrs. Bang repeated this same source of anxiety to her friend Mrs. Lambert, when she happened to drop in upon the latter the next morning.

"They live a thousand miles away, and will not turn up here again in nobody knows how long," she recited complainingly. "Why can't I think of something to do for them? If I could only give them a little dinner in such a charming house as yours. Why cannot such things be done? Why could not one go to a friend and say, 'Here, just lend me your beautiful house for one evening'? It wouldn't be such a very great tax upon them, and might do such an enormous amount of good to somebody else."

"It can be done," said Mrs. Lambert, whose amiability sometimes ran to quixotic extremes. "You shall have my house for any evening you may select—provided it be within the week, for after that, unfortunately, I expect visitors."

"Beware, I may take you at your word."

"That is just how I mean to be taken," said her hostess, warming with the idea. "It will not incommode us in the least. Mr. Lambert is at the South, and the date of his return is indefinite, and my parents, whom I had been expecting this week to begin their annual visit to us, have written to say that they have put it off a few days longer. I will go to the opera on that night, and take care not to return too early."

"It is too kind of you. Of course I shall only say that we are in the house of one of our friends for a short time," said Mrs. Bang. "If they happen to think that our own is just as good, and is closed for repairs or something of the sort, why, we can't help that, can we?" To this extent alone Mrs. Lambert became a sharer in the proposed deception.

"Oh, here, no nonsense!" said Jim, when he heard of the plan.

"I will do it," responded Juliet.

She explained it to him, and began with feverish energy to carry out her preparations for it. It was necessary to manœuvre somewhat for the proper date. The best would be that just previous to her intended guests leaving town; otherwise they might turn up again, in some awkward way, at her supposed residence, and then all would be lost. She discovered that they were to go on the 24th, and that their tickets and sleeping-car berths were already taken, and, accordingly, invited them for the 23d—addressing to them somewhat the following discourse:

"It has been the greatest grief to me ever since you have been here that we are so upset that we could not receive you at our house; but, thank heaven, in a day or two everything will be in order, and you positively must dine with us on the 23d. I cannot think of letting you go back without a glimpse of our interior, modest as it is. It will please my dear friends at Minneapolis to know that you have seen it and broken bread with us. And my husband as well as myself will be inconsolable if you will not promise to make us a long visit on your next coming to town."

By such hospitable insistence she managed to secure the Gradshaws on her own date. They had not intended to go out at all that evening, but rather to reserve themselves for the fatigues of their long journey, which was to begin at a seasonable hour on the following morning.

A cab deposited them before a handsome house in West Thirty-seventh street. All, both without and within, accorded with what they were prepared to expect of the good fortune of Juliet Scatterbury.

Mrs. Juliet met them in the hall and went upstairs with them herself. The door below being heard to shut again, she left them and hurried down to say a word, by way of warning to Jim. It was characteristic of that rather slow-moving person that he had only at this moment arrived, leaving himself no time to become more familiar with his surroundings.

"Of course you will take care to sustain me in all that I say, Jim," she said. "We may have to make a few harmless little—a—efforts, to carry out our position."

Jim began to grumble, but, at this moment, the guests were heard coming downstairs.

Mrs. Gradshaw had a bustling, assertive way with her, and was evidently a person used to much consideration. Her daughter was of the quieter sort, yet quite ready to echo all her opinions, the more especially in the present case as she wholly agreed with them. The two professed themselves delighted with everything.

"Such comfort, such good taste! We thought we had a good deal, but I begin to see now, we don't half know how to live," explained the elder. "Everything is perfect. You really must excuse me if I stare round a little." She put up her eyeglass, first at one wall of the parlor, then at the other. "You say there is a separate bath-room for each sleeping-apartment?

And, then, all this patent ventilation, and hot-air supply, and electrical attachments, and the sliding shutters—it is perfect, perfect."

"There is one thing poor Jim insists upon; I don't know that he is such a particularly selfish individual, but he will have comfort."

Fortunately, at this time, Jim had led Miss Gradshaw to the front window, and they were gazing out of it at the dimly discerned architecture of the neighborhood.

"What does the vapor-bath attachment connect with? It seems so convenient. We must have one too," continued Mrs. Gradshaw.

Juliet was a little flustered. "The—the elevator, I believe," she said, and then launched out into a torrent of words, intended to mystify her visitor and carry her over this tight place. "And all the furnace-pipes, and electric bells, and range, and burglar-alarms, and stationary tubs, and everything, are hydrostatic, pneumatic, interchangeable, and self-acting. We wouldn't be without them for anything."

The rugs, portières, astral lamps, an elaborate piece of statuary, and the pottery, even to a choice collection of old lustre-ware, were a subject on which she was much more nearly at home. She drew attention to some of these things of her own accord, and deftly invented the occasions on which they had acquired them. The portraits were a more difficult field. Still, Juliet had thought it quite probable she might have to respond to some comments about them, and—though her answers were left chiefly to the inspiration of the moment—she did not shrink from the ordeal. She had hurried round just before the arrival of the guests, and put away most of the small family photographs, porcelain-types, and the like that bestrew the usual American household, and replaced them from an album full of similar mementos of her own; but the framed pieces were naturally too heavy to be treated in this summary fashion. She proceeded to account for the large heads of the Clamptons, Mrs. Lambert's father and mother, by saying they were a dear old great aunt and uncle of her own, who had always been extremely devoted to her. They had sent their portraits on their last birthday as a token of their warm regard,—the birthdays of both occurring, by a singular coincidence, on the same date.

Mrs. Gradshaw paused before a painting of Mr. Lambert, in Huntington's best bank-president manner, including a red curtain, a column, a table, and a globe.

"Who is this?" she asks.

"Jim's—that is, Mr. Bang's father." To have made it any more remote connection she thought would have necessitated too elaborate an accounting for the principal place given it.

"Mr. Bang's father, so young?"

There was in reality but little difference in the ages of the two men.

"Oh, it was taken a long time ago, you know; and it really is remarkable how young he does look for his age. It is noticed by everybody."

"And who is this?" She stops now before the likeness of the Lambert's boy, now absent at boarding-school, painted with an orange and a hoop in either hand.

"Oh, that is only a fancy piece," replies Juliet, nonchalantly.

"Oh, I thought it *must* be a portrait; it's so very like one."

"It's Louis XIV. at the battle of—how execrable my memory is!—Of course I mean before the battle. It's from some old painting. I forget what—but I want you to look at *this*."

She escaped in this way similar inquiry as to the likeness of Lambert's daughter, diverting her guests' attention to a valuable picture of the Munich school that hung near by. She thought good to affect to scorn it.

"I have never had any patience with it," she said. "Did you ever see such sheep and peasants? Jim sat at Leavitt's sale like grim death till he got it. It cost him ten thousand dollars. Perhaps I'm wrong, but I actually cried the night he brought it home."

Jim, coming up, had caught the last words of this, and his eyes opened widely, but a maid, of a veteran air, now appeared at the portière announcing dinner.

"We have had to let our butler go for to-day; one of his family is sick, and we shall have to try to put up with the girl," whispered Juliet, confidentially, as they went in. "We are so fortunate in our servants; we have had the same ones, either in Jim's family or mine, almost always. Entertaining as much as I do, even in my quiet way, you can appreciate what an incalculable blessing it is."

There were indications, upon this, in the figure of Jim, who was going in first with Mrs. Gradshaw on his arm, as if he were about to kick backwards in some alarming way, or even to burst.

Nevertheless—for the memory of the prevaricator must be a good one—Mrs. Juliet was soon mistaking repeatedly even her long-tried servant's name.

"Miss Gradshaw is not drinking her wine; won't you see if you can find some Apollinaris water, Susan?" she said. Again, "The terrapin is a little under-flavored; will you just mention it to the cook, Susan?"

"Jane, ma'am," corrected the woman, in a stolid way, not too respectfully, it must be admitted, but she was secretly resenting the invasion.

At table, in the cosey, rich dining-room, not too large, Juliet romanced about the plates, reconciled discrepancies in the monograms on the silver and linen, and fabricated striking origins for the handsome screen and carved, high-backed chairs. These were a few of the "harmless little efforts" they were to make, to carry out their position. Jim was a person of so little imagination that all this adapting of one's self in detail to the small intimacies of another's household had never once occurred to him as a necessity of the situation, but he could not now retreat, and he endeavored to distract himself from it for the time being, by opening a little flirtation with Miss Gradshaw, who was comely, and did not show herself wholly averse to something of that sort.

Whenever anything inconvenient was trenched upon, Mrs. Juliet began to ply Mrs. Gradshaw with more sweet-breads, or mushrooms, or red-head duck, or the delicacies of dessert. That lady was fond of her dinner, and the policy was generally successful. As to Lucy, she plied her with questions upon the current state of society at Minneapolis, asking her who was married, who were the belles, who was giving parties, who leading the germans, and the like. In spite of all this management, however, there was presently an inquiry that fell like a thunderbolt.

"By the way, who is the portrait over the mantel, in your room?" broke out Mrs. Gradshaw, addressing herself to Jim.

"In my room?" murmured Jim, taken extremely aback.

"Yes, the door of the adjoining one where we were stood ajar, and we really couldn't resist the temptation of peeping in, to see what the retreat of the lord and master was like. Of course it was wholly inexcusable."

"Do try some of the vegetables," hastily interposed Juliet. "Speaking of vegetables, Mrs. Hedges, who has lately returned from San Francisco, was telling me the other day what a wonderful market they have for vegetables there. Do you know, I want to see San Francisco so much." And so forth, and so forth, and so forth.

But without avail, for though diverted from the subject for the time being, Mrs. Gradshaw kept an air of having something on her mind, and returned to it again.

"Such an unusual face and such an excellent piece of crayon work," she said; "we were both intending to speak to you about it."

It was, in fact, that of Mrs. Lambert herself.

Now, Jim had never been in the chamber thus ascribed to him, and Juliet could not, for the life of her, remember the likeness, nor even whether it was that of a man or a woman. Jim, driven to the necessity of saying something, was about to open his mouth for a reply that would certainly have been their utter ruin, but Juliet snatched the words from him, and manœuvred for time. Could she have got at the key controlling its electric lighting, she would have suddenly extinguished all the gas. As it was, she meditated tipping over her bottle of claret, to escape the topic under cover of a calamitous crash. There was a long-drawn moment of suspense, when Miss Lucy let fall a further word or two giving, as Juliet thought, a clew to the sex of the person. Upon no more basis than this,—in which she was mistaken,—she launched out intrepidly:

"Oh, yes, that is Colonel Toplift—in citizen's dress. He is one of the most gentlemanly men and best fellows that ever was. He comes in on my mother's side,—my mother was a Toplift, you know. Jane, I think there is a draught; just draw the screen a little more. I am sure you must feel it, dear Mrs. Gradshaw; these New York dining-rooms are so draughty, do what you will."

"Not at all, I assure you. But the one I was speaking of was not a man's face; it was a woman's."

"Yes, such a really charming expression," echoed the daughter.

"To be sure! How stupid I am! Colonel Toplift was sent to the framemakers', for repairs, only a few days ago. I couldn't think for the moment just which one you meant. It is a Mrs. N—Neufchatel, a cousin of Jim's. There's the most romantic history connected with her life. I wish I had time to tell it to you with all the details. She was a great beauty. The family lived in Portugal. All the men at the foreign legations and consulships and everything were wildly in love with her. They say whenever she left St. Petersburg to visit this country, it was like a perfect funeral. She and Jim were wrecked, on the same steamer, once, and saved each other's lives. It was near Havana. That was before she married, of course. I suppose I ought to be jealous about leaving her up there for Jim to gaze upon all the time, but, you know, they were always like brother and sister together; and then, if there's one thing I do abominate, it's having your own portraits all around the house, so one must fill up with something."

Furthermore, on the retirement to the drawing-room, the budget of the Lamberts' small effects which Juliet had meant to put away, but, in reality, had only absently laid down instead, turned up again and fell into the hands of the visitors, necessitating new prodigies of invention. She met them, as she thought, to a marvel. The greatest absolute awkwardness, if not danger of detection, after so many miraculous escapes, arose from her unfamiliarity with so innocent-seeming a bit of furniture as a coal-scuttle. It was of a new ornamental pattern, which would not give out its contents, when she undertook to throw coal on the fire, without pressing on a certain spring. Again, Jim, in order to give himself an easy air of proprietorship, after remaining by himself to smoke as long as possible in the dining-room, undertook to kindle in the library grate a fire of ostensible logs, which turned out to be only a cunning imitation in cast iron, designed to be illuminated by gas—though this, with a sickly kind of smile, he managed to turn off as only his humor.

However, even these episodes passed safely over, and the evening came to an end without disaster. The Gradshaws made their farewells in the friendliest manner. They may have felt that Juliet, as of old, was a little absent in her replies and not always governed by the strictest accuracy of statement—perhaps they did not thoroughly believe, for instance, the story of the romantic shipwrecked cousin of Jim's, with its numerous variations of scene between Portugal and St. Petersburg—but what seemed certain was that Juliet had a most comfortable home. She appeared a person of decidedly important and luxurious position in the world, and to that, as we all know, much may be forgiven. As to Jim, he was an honest soul, without an atom of pretence about him.

Hardly had they taken their departure when the Bangs—Juliet first gathering up her photographic mementos—followed them. Jim was exceedingly grouty, declaring he would rather spend an evening in the infernal regions than another such as this. Juliet comforted him, and defended the case on the plea that once in they had to keep it up. But it was all over now, it was a great success, the Gradshaws were immensely pleased, and there was no telling how much good it might do in the future.

A few minutes after they had gone Mrs. Lambert returned from the opera. She found the house quiet and everything pretty much in its usual order. The first object on which she set eyes, after entering her room and tossing about a few light articles on the dressing-table, was a valuable ring.

At an early hour the next morning she ordered her carriage and drove away. While she was out, it so happened that the elderly Clamptons and

Mr. Lambert himself unexpectedly arrived. The former had changed back to an original plan once countermanded, and now calmly proceeded to install themselves. Lambert, like a true business man, hurried out again on some affair, the very moment he was at home, leaving word he would return to lunch.

This being the new situation in the house, about eleven o'clock a hack loaded with travelling-trunks drew up before it in a hasty way, and Mrs. Gradshaw, followed by her daughter, alighted and ascended the steps.

"Is Mrs. Bang at home?"

"She don't live here, ma'am."

"You don't quite understand: I said *Mrs. Bang*," repeated Mrs. Gradshaw blandly. "We dined here last evening, you remember. Will you ask her to step here a moment? it is about something important."

"Those ones went away last night, and Mrs. Lambert is out," returned the maid.

"Went away last night? went away?" catching her breath in amazement at this unforeseen rebuff. "Well, where did they go?"

"They might 'a' went home, ma'am; I couldn't say."

"In goodness' name? you mean to tell me they went home? Where *is* their home, if not here?"

"I disremember, ma'am. You might inquire next door," suggested the servant; "I ain't livin' very long in this block."

"Can it be that we have somehow mistaken the number, Lucy?" Mrs. Gradshaw said, gazing round in an unsettled way at her daughter. "I was so absolutely sure of the place."

"No, mamma, it *is* the right number," replied Lucy. "Here is the same carved oak chest—from the royal palace at Dresden, you know—and the chairs—from the Cologne cathedral." And they proceeded to identify many other objects immediately under their eyes, in the entrance hall.

"Let this stupidity cease instantly," now exclaimed Mrs. Gradshaw, to the flurried maid. "Go at once and tell your mistress we would like to see her. We must catch a train at Forty-second street, and have but little time to spare."

With that, she pushed on into the drawing-room, as having a perfect right to do so. She heaved a sigh of relief at seeing there the alleged portrait of Mr. Bang's father, the little Louis XIV., and the rest of the well-known objects of the night before. But, as they entered, the maid who had waited at dinner, and who had heard something of the altercation at the door, came up to corroborate the other, and said:

"Mrs. Lambert, the lady's name as lives here, is out, ma'am, and Mr. and Mrs. Bang don't belong to us at all."

"Oh, this is a gross conspiracy, Lucy," cried the matron, flushing red with indignation. "This girl is probably the one who has stolen your ring, and the family being away from home, she has formed a plot with the other to evade us in this brazen way, at least until she has a chance to escape. I think I ought to have our driver bring a policeman at once. You stay here, Lucy, to see that she does not leave the house."

"Is it me steal a ring, me that was with the Lambert family for twenty years? Oh, my! Oh, my! but the poor girls do have their characters easy took away."

She gave a hysterical gasp and then a scream that hastened the advent of the elderly Clamptons, who were already coming down.

"Thank heaven! the 'dear old great aunt and uncle'!" Mrs. Gradshaw exclaimed, at sight of them; "now we shall see."

But Mrs. Clampton, far from being conciliatory, sailed in with the majesty of a seventy-four-gun ship.

"What is the meaning of this invasion of a peaceful home, this browbeating of our servants?" she demanded, full of trepidation, shared by the old gentleman who attended at her side.

"I asked only for Mrs. Bang. I presume you have but lately arrived and do not know the circumstances," said Mrs. Gradshaw, bristling in return. "My daughter unfortunately lost a valuable ring when we dined here last night. If Mrs. Bang is not at home, will you kindly look on the dressing-table upstairs, where the ring was left? We discovered the loss only as we were starting for our train, and have driven here on our way."

"We know nothing about Mrs. Bang. You have certainly mistaken the address."

"Mistaken the address? and here is Mr. Bang's portrait before our eyes, and there your own, Juliet's great aunt and uncle!"

"Great aunt and uncle? ha, ha!" hysterically; "we are Mrs. Lambert's father and mother. Lester,"—to her husband,—"perhaps they are burglars and want to rob the house; you must certainly bring a policeman."

"It is a shameless conspiracy to defraud us of our property, Lucy. Who could have suspected it in such a place? Or else they are all mad. But I will not be done out of it so. I insist upon going upstairs. I know just where the ring was left. And do you see that none of them leave."

She made a bold push to go up the stairs, but, being a stout woman, and her way being barred by somebody, this was not effective. There was general hysteria among the women. The suspected servant, pale with fright, was almost fainting. Lucy Gradshaw leaned, weeping, against the wall. A policeman had, somehow, actually been brought, and, instigated by the Lambert servants, even went so far as to confront Mrs. Gradshaw in a sort of official way. Mrs. Lambert, now returning, followed almost upon his heels. In the midst of all the confusion, the two visitors recognized her as the heroine of the multifarious adventures of which they had heard; they turned upon each other wild eyes of wonderment, and Mrs. Gradshaw gasped:

"The beautiful cousin from Portugal!"

Next Lambert rushed in, and sustained pleasing Lucy Gradshaw in his arms—by some unconscious mental process selecting her as the most worthy object of sympathy. But he made a vigorous effort, at the same time, to dissipate the misunderstandings that had settled down upon all the group like an obfuscating fog.

"In heaven's name, what does all this mean?" he ejaculated. "Anita,"—to his wife,—"explain it."

"It means, it means," breathed Mrs. Lambert faintly, "that—that they dined here last night, and—and Juliet must have represented this as her own house. I did not think she would do that. And—and some one left a valuable ring. So I drove right down to their flat, after breakfast, to give it to Juliet. She was not at home,"—addressing the visitors,—"and I left it for her with a very particular note. I *thought* it might belong to her guests."

"Pray, where *is* this flat?" demanded Mrs. Gradshaw grimly.

The others were all so occupied in offering her profuse apologies, with which by degrees she allowed herself to be somewhat mollified, that she could not for a while procure the address. Why dwell upon the long conversation and comparison of notes about Juliet Scatterbury that followed? Mrs. Gradshaw persisted in her demand for the address, wrote it down, and departed to find it.

"I will go there myself; we have now lost our train, and there is plenty of time," she said, with the same ominous grimness.

"The deceitful, deceitful, deceitful little minx!" ejaculated old Mrs. Clampton. "What punishment is bad enough for her?"

Mrs. Lambert made a feeble attempt to say something for her quondam friends, but was easily put down.

"A quarter of an hour with Mrs. Gradshaw will be a very good beginning," responded Lambert, his wonted cheerful flow of spirits quite restored at the prospect. So, indeed, it proved. Mrs. Bang had sallied forth that morning, after an earlier breakfast than Mrs. Lambert. After performing various errands, she bethought her that it would be becoming and polite to go and thank the friend who had so kindly loaned her house the night before; the more so as the visit was, more likely than not, to be accompanied by an invitation to stay to lunch. She was in the vicinity of Thirty-fourth street, going up Madison avenue, when she saw the carriage containing the Gradshaws, coming down. Not that she would have noticed it, except that they two had their heads out of the window, their eyes glaringly fixed upon her. They waved her to stop, and drew up close beside the curbstone, where she met them. She suspected some unusual circumstance, of course, from an excited air worn by the inmates, but supposed it would be only some travellers' delay, and, seeing the baggage piled high behind, had no idea of any change of plan that could interfere with the successful consummation of events as they had been left. Mrs. Gradshaw in her eagerness thrust the door ajar. Both women opened their mouths at once, but Juliet, with traditional glibness, got in her effusion first.

"What a delightful surprise! Not off yet? It is such a pleasure to see you again. Now, why will you not postpone your going and come and make us a nice visit? I declare! I am going to tell your coachman to drive around to Thirty-seventh street at once." And she bobbed her pretty head aside as if about to do so.

Good Mrs. Gradshaw fell back, all but in an apoplectic fit, at this unheard-of attempt to renew the imposition.

"You wicked, disgraceful, brazen girl, get right into this carriage," she exclaimed, straightening herself again. "Oh, what a cheat and humbug you are! You always were, from a little child. We know all about you; you never lived there; all those people you described were utter fictions. We have been there. It was all owing to the blessed circumstance of Lucy's ring. She left it, and Mrs. Lambert took it round to your—abode, and we are going after it. Produce it instantly, or get into this carriage and drive with us to where it may be found."

She even laid her hand on Juliet's shoulder to enforce her commands.

"I haven't got it," murmured Juliet feebly, overwhelmed by a torrent so violent that it was useless to think of stemming it; she offered no resistance, but entered the carriage with them.

"*This* shall go to Minneapolis; *this* shall be related to your old acquaintances," resumed the Nemesis, with high and mighty sarcasm; "this is what is called keeping up appearances, I suppose—I don't know why I don't expose you to the people in the street."

Juliet essayed some other feeble fabrications—that she and Jim had had a wager; that some people had different ideas of hospitality from others; that it was a joke, and she had meant to tell them all about it; but all was overborne in Mrs. Gradshaw's indignation.

"Mam*ma!*" expostulated the daughter, from time to time. Her own way would have been much better "form,"—to treat this person with dignified silence, and simply keep clear of all such entanglements hereafter.

Finally, "You had a good dinner, at any rate," declared Juliet, trying open bravado; but immediately after she broke down, put both hands before her face, begged her accusers not to relate the affair in Minneapolis, and threw herself back among the cushions sobbing.

"*Mamma!*" exclaimed Lucy Gradshaw, this time with even greater energy—touched by her tears.

Mrs. Gradshaw was fond of describing the "tongue-lashing" she gave the reprobate, but they rode the rest of the way in silence.

They mounted the stairs to the flat, and found the "very particular" note, with the ring. Mrs. Gradshaw surveyed with a supercilious air all the economic make-shifts in the place, which, had it had a straightforward mistress, she would have considered a trim and attractive little domicile. Delivering a parting homily in the same severe strain, she withdrew, leaving the culprit in a cowed attitude, overcome with chagrin.

Juliet did not dare tell her husband, but he could not fail to hear of it. This particular offence was condoned, but the circumstance became the starting-point of a final rupture. Juliet Scatterbury went abroad to reside, and Jim—having in the mean time done well in the financial way—as yet sends her money to maintain existence in the Riviera.

Blanche Willis Howard.

Born in Bangor, Me., 1847.

AT THE PARDON.

[Guenn: A Wave on the Breton Coast. 1883.]

THE Pardon was a ceremony centuries old—a festival that would have taken place had never a strange foot trod Nevin streets, had never a stranger's eye rolled in a fine frenzy before Nevin picturesqueness. But the young men in brown velveteen, and the young women in Rubens hats and Velasquez frills, mingled with the folk with amiable condescension, smiling graciously upon the motley costumes and the rough sport. "For us these attitudes, for us these colors, for us this naive display of the habits of a primitive people. How picturesquely historic, how vividly antique!" So with a cormorant power of appropriation the strangers swallowed the Breton Pardon.

Guenn was everywhere present. A score of voices asked: "Who is that beautiful girl with the bold eyes and the graceful movements?" The peasants answered: "It's Guenn Rodellec, of course; who else could she be?" The painters: "It's Hamor's model; lucky dog!" . . . .

Guenn was staring in a friendly way at them all, her hands on her hips, swinging herself gently to and fro in time to the enlivening strains of the carousal, where Nannic, dizzy but ecstatic, was soaring proudly aloft, taking his seventh aerial excursion upon a foaming wooden charger with scarlet ears.

"Your name is Guenn?" asked the artist, merely to prolong the conversation.

"Yes, I'm Guenn," wondering if Hamor liked a plain gray dress and linen collar, and wishing she could see the lady's hands ungloved.

"But you do not know me?"

"Oh, yes, I do: you are Monsieur Staunton's sweetheart."

The stranger blushed deeply. She and Staunton were still in the stage of vague and pleasurable uncertainty, and she was not prepared for this uncompromising directness.

The young Englishman came promptly to the rescue: "But, Guenn, you wear no end of pretty things; why have you more than anybody else?"

"Because I am the favorite, to be sure," raising her eyebrows with some surprise, as if everybody ought to know that self-evident truth. "Good-day; I'm going."

"I should like to see you again," remarked the young lady, recovering her composure.

"Oh, you'll see me dance, of course," Guenn said brightly; "everybody'll see me dance. You'd better get a good place soon," she said eagerly to Hamor, "so that you can see me wherever I go. Hark! Don't you hear?

Blanche Willis Howard.

That's the call: we're going to begin." She clasped her hands above her head, and giving him one intense look of excitement, joy, and devotion, she sprang rapidly through the crowd, pushing and elbowing her way freely towards Alain, who was spinning along with equal momentum from the opposite direction. Smiling broadly upon the three judges with a deliberate intention of prejudicing their opinion, she took her place in the line; but such audacious wiles were superfluous; for, had her feet been less light and untiring, her movements less elastic and graceful, where was the man who could resist her lovely face?

The gavotte began. The bagpipes shrieked their monotonous shrill tune. Back and forward, balancing, turning, passing on, wreathed the interminable line of couples—peasants in the distinctive dress of their villages and districts; heavy young men and women taking their pleasure soberly, not knowing what to do with their feet, but pushing on with stolid endurance; awkward and grinning youths and maidens taking their pleasure shyly, but yielding gradually to its intoxication; handsome sailors from the Merle, dancing easily with a superior air of worldliness, giving one another knowing winks in the midst of their rustic conquests; peasant heiresses, conscious of their prerogative and of much silver embroidery, and over-careful of their steps—such were the dancers springing, shuffling, moving on and on, as a rule with more good faith than grace, to the indefatigable shriek of the bagpipes and their own ever-increasing laughter and noisy talk.

Perfect in rhythm, exquisite in the free grace of her motion, Guenn Rodellac danced with a passionate abandon which captivated the painters and turned the elderly brains of the rustic judges. Her small head erect, her smiles by turns mocking and sweet, her cheeks flushed deliciously, her light little figure balancing, swaying, retreating, beckoning the enamoured Alain on, her clear eyes seeking Hamor's with a kind of proud pleading—the girl was a breathing poem.

The music stopped. They called her name. She went forward to receive the prize for the best dancing. It was a long light silver chain. She took it with a little cry of pleasure. Hamor, smiling kindly at her, was standing near. "Let me put it on for you," he said, throwing it lightly over her shoulders. Guenn's eyelids drooped till the dark lashes shaded her cheeks, and her heart beat faster from his attention than from all her rapid exercise.

"Aha," laughed a Nevin artist. "You flirt with them, do you?"

"Never," returned Hamor with dignity. "I am merely kind to them."

After a pause, of inhuman brevity it would have seemed to most people, the musician sounded the call, and the same couples for the most part formed for the more important trial, the longest continued dancing.

"This is the greater honor," Guenn confided to Hamor in an excited whisper.

"Then I hope you may get it."

"Ah, now I have no fear," she said sweetly.

She took her place, smoothed her coiffe, already as smooth as glass, repinned her red kerchief, and patted her skirts, as if some unforeseen looseness, some stray end or fold in her extremely compact little costume might impede her movements or lessen her powers of endurance. This was going to be a very different kind of contest, she well knew. It was not speed or lightness this time, and other girls were sound of wind and strong of limb. She straightened herself and looked very much in earnest. "We must not laugh and talk at first, Alain," she warned. Alain assented, as deeply impressed as she with the vastness of the moment. Guenn turned and cleverly measured her foes. "There's that proud thing from Trévignan. She tossed her head at me. She thinks she's going to win."

"Toss yours"——

"Why, I did, simpleton. I've tossed it at every good dancer in the line. Alain, I shall *die* if we don't win! Wait"——

She had spied Nannic leaning on a cider-keg in a corner. In an instant she was near him. "Nannic—Nannic, is it luck?" bending over the pale face of the self-appointed oracle. "Quick," she begged softly, "is it luck?"

"It is luck, this time," croaked the child with mysterious emphasis.

Back she flew to Alain just in time to begin. "Luck, luck!" cried the bagpipes, "Luck!" echoed her happy heart, and she heard an emphatic "Luck!" in every stamp with which honest Alain marked the time—self-contained reserved stamps indeed, now since breath was precious. She saw Hamor's face and Nannic's; her own grew white with excitement as she moved at first with measured gentle step. On went the monotonous hornpipe or jig; round and round moved the long circle of the gavotte, after a half-hour growing perceptibly smaller. The Trévignan heiress was crimson to the temples, and panting audibly. Many an honorable rival had retreated to gasp for breath outside. Then Guenn threw prudence to the winds. "Allons!" she cried, and danced as she never danced before. "Faster!" she called to the last relay of musicians, then laughingly beckoned them to descend from their perch. Wondering, steadily playing, they slowly obeyed. Every eye was on her. Her magnetism controlled the room. Not a trace of fatigue showed itself in her brilliant little face or in her buoyant movements. Imperious, lovely, audacious, laughing, she led the dancers with a sudden bound out of the building into the village-street, where, in this vital moment, the free air and sunshine summoned her with irresistible force. By the booths and the hurdy-gurdies back and forth went the line, now reduced to ten or fifteen couples, and followed by the crowd with the intense interest which a genuine race of any description always inspires. Again Guenn's clever eyes took account of the weaknesses of her adversaries. "Brigitte has her hand on her side, and Marie is pale about the mouth. O joy!" Towards the church where the Pardon ceremonies that morning had begun with the procession of chanting priests, and the train of men and women with tall tapers, and gold and white banners, moving three times round the graveyard, this charming little imitation of the Pied Piper was now leading them, with a refinement of strategy, up hill. But the exhausted nature of the whole assembly could endure no more. One after another, the couples retired to private life. Last of all the bagpipes expired with a wheeze of fatigue. Alain, whether from gallantry or want of breath, had already stopped, and Guenn stood facing the crowd alone and victorious.

She extended her arms wide and threw them back, as if to exhibit beyond a doubt to all mankind the veritable person of the victor, then let them slowly fall, her lips parted, breathing fast more from excitement than fatigue. It was the zenith of her glory. She raised her impassioned eyes towards the sky; she saw the green hill-slopes and tree-tops beyond the narrow village-street, and the small stone houses and the waiting crowd with all the familiar faces watching her. Her father and Loïc and Hoël; the handsome sailors of the Merle; Meurice and André smiling broadly at her; the girls she had always known; and all the fish-wives of Plouvenec. It was her world witnessing her triumph. She could lay it now at Hamor's feet. These poor laurels, fairly won, were the best she knew. Trembling with emotion, her whole ardent soul called to Hamor's. Her beautiful eyes sought his with a passionate yet childlike prayer. "Your smile too, O my master!" they pleaded, "your smile, to crown my joy."

Hamor had watched her steadily and with extreme pleasure, but at this moment he happened to be discussing a moral point with considerable animation. The Danish girl had remarked that it would be a pity little Hélène should grow vain and spoiled—posing so young, and continually hearing her beauty discussed in detail. Hamor argued that she was far better off, serving as a useful study to the painters, whatever the stimulating effects upon her self-esteem, than if she should grow up in utter unconsciousness of her beauty to toil and become coarse and ugly with sardine-packing and rough work.

Guenn saw his face turned from her—his face alone, in this great moment—his face alone in this great crowd. She pressed her hand suddenly to her side. What she felt was akin to strong physical pain. There was, with the cruel disappointment, a look of startled incredulity in her face. She stretched her head forward. Her eyes dilated. He would surely look. Bending easily towards the young artist, Hamor was fluently expounding his comfortable sophistries. Guenn made one impetuous step towards him. Her nature instinctively prompted a fierce attack of the lady and a storm of open reproach to Hamor. But love and pain had begun their work of discipline. She turned to Alain and Jeanne, who were nearest, and, moving heavily, as if all her strength and buoyancy had left her, said with a strained look about the mouth: "I shall never dance again!"

What was it all worth! The long waiting; the glowing anticipations; the sacrifice of her soft, shining hair; her eager hope to please him with the poor little gown so dearly bought; the admiration in the bold eyes of the Merle sailors; the envy of the girls; the stirring call of the bagpipes; the rapture of the circling gavotte; the joy in being young and strong and lightest of foot and prettiest of face; and all the exuberance of life and pride and ambition that had caused her in the intensity of her triumph to face the whole village and the whole unknown world beyond in tacit challenge—imperiously demanding, "Is there then anything more glorious than this, to be Guenn Rodellac and win both prizes in public contest with the best dancers of all Cornouaille?"—what was it worth? What was life itself worth? He had turned away his face. If she could flee into dark woods and crawl into a cave and lie upon the ground and die! It was too light here, and the people made a cruel noise.

"Take me away," she cried hoarsely to Alain.

"But the prize, Guenn, the prize!" exclaimed Jeanne. "They are waiting to give it to you. Oh, it is beautiful! Oh, how glad I am! Oh, I knew you would win!"

"Have I won?" Guenn shivered from head to foot.

"Are you mad?" laughed Jeanne.

"It is fatigue. She must have one swallow of grog—no more," Alain said authoritatively. "Jeanne, you wait here with her. I will bring it."

"And you can wear the beautiful silver embroidery when you dance at the next Pardon."

"I shall never dance again," Guenn repeated with a pitiful wail in her voice.

Patient Jeanne shrugged her shoulders. Was not Guenn always odd?

But Nannic, who unperceived had limped up to them, stood looking at his sister, nodding his head in slow, solemn acquiescence, not with his mocking air, but as if something akin to pity were stirring in his ugly face.

"O Nannic! O Nannic!" Guenn grasped his arms convulsively.

"Go and get the prize," said the boy in a curt tone. "All the fools are watching. Go, Guenn."

THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF KRONFELS.

[*The Open Door.* 1889.]

ADELHEID, Countess of Kronfels, was in the habit of rising between ten and eleven A. M. This event was accompanied by the vehement pealing of electric bells, and by the breathless hurrying up and down stairs and through long corridors of her own maid, the second maid, the first housemaid, and the corpulent butler. Although from one year's end to another there was slight variation in the ceremonies of the Countess of Kronfels' morning toilet, although her slaves and vassals had never failed to produce the requisite bath-tubs, the hot and cold water, the toast and tea, the morning post, and to regulate heat and ventilation, and consult thermometers, all in the desired sequence, she invariably presupposed something was about to be wrong in the matutinal rites, and began each day with a jealous suspicion that her fellow-creatures might underrate her importance.

Her methods, however open to criticism, had the advantage of securing praiseworthy speed and punctuality in her service, for none knew when her habitually cold and imperious manner would resolve itself into violence. Until her attendants were aware that she had advanced from her exclusively personal observances to the toilet of her little yellow dog, Mousey, their vigilance was unremitting, and they dared breathe freely only when she was enveloped in a voluminous wrapper, surrounded by Mousey's ivory brushes and tortoise-shell combs; Mousey's towels, embroidered with his own monogram; Mousey's sponges, flannels, and rugs; Mousey's bath of warm, scented water, and the object of her adoration snarling on his blanket stretched across her knees.

For if the countess tyrannized over her quaking household, Mousey enacted the role of god of vengeance, and for every affront which she offered harmless human beings in her power, the insolent, bad-tempered little cur exacted retribution. Let philosophers determine the nature of the attachment between the old lady and her mongrel pet, whose every snap and snarl were her laws. Indeed a tradition existed to the effect that the first and only time that the countess attempted to chastise Mousey for some breach of canine etiquette, he turned fiercely and bit her. Happily his teeth were poor. But the countess grew pale with fright and remorse, and tearfully entreated the sulky little brute, who was far too clever not to recognize his crime and was guiltily backing under a chair, expectant, no doubt, of capital punishment, to "come to his mamma," which, after a long period of coaxing, and extravagant endearment, he finally consented to do. The reconciliation was complete, but who ruled the villa after that was no secret. The second maid, who ventured to say, "Why, I thought they always killed 'em when they was nasty enough to bite their masters," was discharged on the spot for impertinence.

Mousey was tiny, flaxen-blond, shaggy and silky, with the cleverness of a fiend peering out of his wicked black eyes. He had a pampered body, an undeniable malformation of the hind legs, and no tail. He was ugly, vicious, unfaithful, hypocritical, and of nameless race. Men were apt to raise their eyebrows with an amused expression when the countess descanted volubly upon his "points," but if a guest was so reckless as to imply a doubt of Mousey's pedigree, never again did he have the honor of dining at the villa. Better discover a blot on the Kronfels scutcheon than on Mousey's. He slept in the countess's bed. He feasted at her table. She did not love animals. To her there was but one dog, and she was his prophet.

The moment of the countess's descent to her son's rooms was nearly as absorbing to her retainers as were her first bells and commands. Large, corpulent, pale, with cold light eyes, a thin and severe mouth, a small straight nose with flat nostrils, and the conspicuous whiteness which, according to the erudite interpreters of this feature, denotes "cruelty," yet altogether what is called a handsome presence, she came slowly down the marble stairway, panting slightly with a suggestion of asthma, and holding her treasure under her left arm, above which Mousey's sagacious, diabolical eyes gleamed through his silky, overhanging yellow locks. The procession was headed by the portly butler to fling open the doors, while behind the majestic, slowly advancing figure the countess's own maid followed with a breakfast-shawl, and a second maid with Mousey's ball, doll, and white lamb's-wool rug brought up the rear.

Such was the train which, heralded by occasional irrelevant yelps, approached the wing occupied by Count Hugo, and happily remote from the countess's precincts. He was lying on his sofa, weary from his unwonted exertion, and wearier from his painful thoughts, which seemed to revolve continually in a fatal circle. The unutterable melancholy of his eyes filled Lipps's heart with discomfort, and the poor fellow, whose strength lay not in book-lore, was blindly groping in the recesses of his memory for the name of the volume over which he had seen the count smile some days previous, when the butler's knock announced the approach of the countess and her suite.

Bidding her son good-morning, she extended her large, well-shaped hand, which he mechanically raised to his lips, rejoining:

"Good-morning, mamma. How are you to-day?"

The butler and second maid had withdrawn. The countess's own maid waited, in case Mousey should express a wish. Lipps, with a non-committal mien, stood with his shortness well drawn up behind his master's sofa, prepared for offensive or defensive possibilities as circumstances should demand.

"Oh, I am sadly fatigued," sighed the countess, "and my neuralgia scarcely allowed me to sleep an hour. My breathing is troublesome, again, too. Isn't it, Mousey, *mon bijou?* Come to your own mamma. Did it want to play a little, the dear little sportive lambkin? Well, it should." What the sportive lambkin chiefly wanted was to snarl and snort and snap at the head of the white bear skin flung over Hugo's low, broad sofa, and it gave full vent to its inclinations.

"Do you still take a few glasses of curaçoa and some sweet biscuit before going to bed?" the count inquired coolly.

"But I feel so faint, Hugo; I require it."

"It would make the boniest lieutenant begin to get puffy."

"Bony! Puffy! What expressions, my son! You know very well I cannot fast. I am too sensitive."

"I know simply this: you eat too many sweets and take too little exercise. Any doctor would tell you that. Walk regularly every day and your breathing will be all right."

"Any doctor!" exclaimed the old lady, mounting a hobby. "No doctor here understands my constitution. In fact I never met but one physician who suited me. That dear Pressigny in Paris! What a man! What a manner! What a voice! And what broad shoulders! What insight and intuition! 'My dear, dear madame,' he used to say, 'you, with your sensibilities, can never be treated according to ordinary rules!' Is your doctor capable of that, Hugo?"

"Emphatically not."

"I prefer then to be my own doctor, so far as possible following his footsteps. Poor dear man! So tender, so discriminating! We wept when he died, did we not, Mousey, my angel?"

The angel was up on the window-seat, barking angrily at a dog he perceived at a safe distance. For reasons which did credit to his intelligence if not to his valor, he was never known, unless protected, as in this instance, by the window-pane, to insult an animal of his own size, but greatly enjoyed snarling at the heels of some great good-natured mastiff who would regard his petulant ebullitions with dignified surprise.

"Do you feed Mousey with curaçoa and sweet biscuits, too?"

"A wee crumb of biscuit now and then, for he loved it. Didn't you love it, pet?"

"Because he is asthmatic too. Hear how stuffed and strangled his bark sounds."

"Hugo! How cruel you are! Do you want to frighten me?"

"Not in the least. I merely say the dog is overfed."

"His poor little stomach was rather distended last night. I rubbed it with sweet-oil and gave him three globules of nux-vomica. But I know it is not his food. It is a little fever. He is so sensitive. He is going out with his mamma to take a little airing after lunch, and then he will feel better. Won't he? Yes, he will, poor little suffering, sweet thing! Babette," she called, with a sudden change of tone, "when you see that Mousey wishes to play ball, why are you not more attentive? Roll it for him nicely, Babette."

"Give him nothing but water and a bone for two or three days, and his sensitiveness will be all right," the count said carelessly.

"Since I find you in this unsympathetic mood, my dear Hugo," she began rapidly in French, "I can of course leave you. I came in with the kindest intentions. For I think it is in every respect proper that a mother should sit a while every day with her invalid son. But of course, if you desire, I can go in now to my lonely lunch. Come, Mousey, my comfort, my only friend! Lipps," she said sternly, "when Mousey's ball rolls under the book-case near you, can't you get it for him?"

Lipps stood as if riveted to the floor, his eyes fixed upon his master's face.

Hugo nodded, and the man took a ruler from the writing-table and pushed the ball towards Mousey, who received it with engaging growls and gnashings.

"I had no intention of being unsympathetic," Hugo said, without looking at his mother.

"I know—in your state"—she began.

"Kindly leave my state out of the question," he interrupted with a quick flush.

"I know," she persisted, "that one must make allowance for your condition. But Hugo, if you would only cultivate resignation!"

He closed his eyes and did not reply. Lipps watched him uneasily.

"Because," she continued, always in French, "after all, what God does is well done."

"I presume so," he returned with a sneer.

"Hugo," she began, rising with dignity, "one thing which I will not permit in my presence is irreverence. You know my principles."

"Yes, yes, I think I know them. Suppose we don't discuss them just now. What did you wish to say to me? And won't you send off your woman, and Mousey? His bell is rather distracting when one is dead tired. Lipps can go too. I can listen better, and we are a more harmonious family party without so many spectators."

"Of course, if you insist, although it is a mystery to me how you can be so hard-hearted to Mousey. He wears his little bell because he was out for a frolic with Röschen, and is going out with his Mumsey directly after lunch.

Blessed little sweetheart, come to your Mumsey!" making a dive after him with some difficulty, as her velvet gown was tight in the waist and sleeves.

The gifted Mousey's human contemporaries unanimously attributed to him comprehension of every word in all languages spoken in his presence, as well as a proficiency in mind-reading which would put most popular psychic experts to shame. With an undeniable snap at the countess's persuasive hand, he dodged it easily, and retreated beneath Hugo's sofa, snarling *sotto voce,* and promenading himself tantalizingly beyond her reach. Kneeling, breathing loud, she coaxed and pleaded in vain.

"Come here, you fiend!" said Hugo in a low voice.

Mousey with a bound came up over the back of the sofa and stood upon Hugo's breast with a sardonic grin on his countenance and a plain intimation that if he had had a tail he would have wagged it.

"How he jumped!" exclaimed the countess, panting as she reseated herself; "and the roguish little love always makes me lift him."

"You demon!" said Hugo in the same low tone, parting the silky hair falling over the dog's eyes and looking at him attentively.

"Singular, that he lets you touch his head," she said jealously; "why he scarcely bears my hand on it. But don't call him names. It hurts his feelings. Do you know he would have come when I called him, only he is a little vexed with me, aren't you, sweet pet? because I wouldn't give him another lump of sugar; but it was for your good, you darling doggums."

"Here, Lipps, take him out," and Hugo put the shrinking animal into the man's arms.

Again a striking metamorphosis took place in Mousey's eloquent personality. Small as he was, he seemed to diminish bodily and become the most harmless of inanimate flaxen balls as soon as Lipps touched him. His expression was meek if not pious, and he subtly conveyed the impression that he was drooping the tail he had not.

"Be attentive to Mousey, Babette, and entertaining. Ask him if he would like a run in the garden. Adieu, my precious," throwing kisses to him as Lipps with unwonted rapidity left the room.

"I am convinced that Lipps is a bad man," the countess began when they were alone. "I frequently urged your father to discharge him."

"But my father didn't," observed Hugo dryly.

"No,—your father was peculiar in some things," she said with a sigh. "But I wish you would send the man off. Mousey's behavior is so singular. He positively shrinks before him. And when he hears Lipps's step, he often runs and hides. His more delicate perceptions teach him what is hidden to our duller senses."

Hugo privately suspected that Mousey's delicate perceptions had more than once come in contact with Lipps's indelicate boot. For when the dog's nervous patter and the incessant tinkling of his bell were heard too near the invalid's quarters, Lipps would steal out, and after a somewhat excited though hushed colloquy, in which Mousey tenaciously defended his position, certain unequivocal sounds were heard, which resulted in the sudden diminuendo of the tinkling, while Mousey, as fast as his too long legs could carry his too fat body, pattered down the corridor and up the stairway, to the flesh-pots of Egypt which always awaited him in his own apartments. It was under these circumstances that the countess hearing him imperiously demand admittance was apt to cry in rapture:

"He wants his own Mumsey, yes he did, the dear faithful heart! He loved his Mumsey, and his Mumsey loved her Mousey! Yes, so she did!" whereupon she would rain showers of kisses upon him, even upon his rather warm nose.

"I think I will keep Lipps for the present," Hugo replied with a slight smile; "Mousey is welcome to his estimate of the man's character, but you know he happens to be in my personal service, and as Mousey did not engage him, it strikes me that it is little less than a liberty for Mousey to interfere."

"How absurd you are, Hugo! I do not quite see how you can care to joke so much. One would think you would feel sad and dignified."

He tugged at one of his cushions and finally pushed it violently until it fell.

"I was never good in private theatricals, you remember. I always refused to play the role assigned to me. And you see that I am inordinately merry and full of jest."

She sighed. It was hard to reconcile so much levity with a recumbent position.

"If I had found you in a different mood, I should have talked with you about Gabrielle."

"What, again?" he returned in unfeigned surprise.

"I have been reconsidering"——

"Then I am sorry," he said quickly. "I thought we had settled all that."

"But, Hugo"——

"Mamma," he said, raising himself upon one elbow, and speaking impetuously, "why discuss the matter? Have we not exhausted every detail? You know my opinion. I know yours. You shared mine at one time. You decided not to have her come. That you begin again is conclusive evidence that somebody has influenced you. Doubtless, the Frau Major," and he looked at her sharply.

"She was considerate enough to think that a bright, sunny young girl would cheer me when I was low-spirited," the countess admitted uneasily.

"And who will cheer your bright, sunny young girl when she is low-spirited?" he demanded hotly. "And have you intimated to the Frau Major what *dot* you intend to settle upon your sunny young girl, in case she suits your whims and Mousey's?"

"Hugo, you forget yourself"——

"I beg your pardon," he said, falling back wearily. "Do me the justice to remember that I tried to avoid the conversation."

"It seems to me very proper to discuss a step of so much importance with one's only son."

"But if one's only son has already declared himself unalterably opposed to the step?"

"So unreasonable," she murmured, "so obstinate!"

"It is possible. I admit the question does not concern me materially. Your sunny young person will not disturb me. But still I protest. Why must you do it, mamma? Why add a new name to the sad old list? You never were satisfied with one of them. You suspected them of a thousand meannesses. No, I don't intend to be rude. But remember, there was always, sooner or later, an open scene after a long smouldering quarrel; then complaints, tears, recriminations, and the rapid exit of the companion. We have tried relatives, strangers, German, French, and English girls. There was Cousin Marie, a widow—a pleasing, gentle little woman—musical—cheerful—practical"——

"Don't talk to me of her, Hugo! Deceitful little cat!"

"Precisely. Let us for the sake of argument admit that they were all deceitful cats. In that case I don't see what is going to prevent this Gabrielle from also being a cat, and deceitful. You will adore her and caress her and call her 'Moonbeam' if she is fair, and 'Twilight' if she is dark, and there will be peace for fourteen days—for three weeks provided she is a miracle of patience; then her fall from favor will be more rapid than her ascent."

"One would think, Hugo, that I was a"——

"I am not analyzing the reasons of things, but merely sketching their outward sequence. You have made fifteen trials of companions, have you not? Or is it sixteen?"

"I have been singularly unfortunate, I admit. I am too trusting. Then Gabrielle will not be like a companion. A girl of good family—a baroness—a distant relative of ours,—she will be like a daughter of the house."

"It sounds well," Hugo returns sceptically. "But she is poor, and young, and will be in your power. Our servants have at least their Sunday out, and can ridicule us and abuse us royally down in the basement. But what vent to her feelings has the companion of a fashionable woman? Particularly if she is a poor relative. Her dignity forbids her to complain, until she grows desperate and throws up the situation. She could not, for instance, even confide to me that she found bezique a bore and hated Mousey."

"You are complimentary—as usual, Hugo," she retorted displeased, "and yet you know well that my ideal is the companionship of a true friend," she continued in a curiously sentimental manner. "All my life I have longed for sympathy, and in vain. Why should my son wish to deny me the possibility of finding it?"

When the countess was sentimental she always had him at a disadvantage. For thin, empty, and transitory as her feeling was, he believed it to be not wholly insincere. He dreaded the little conscious smile so foreign to her hard features, and the school-girlish talk of the ideal woman-friend. Whether her own fault or not, it represented her sense of dissatisfaction with her life, her longing for something she had never had; it meant a note of unhappiness, which seemed real and human to him, and when he heard it he was sorry for her.

"I wish I need not offend you," he said gently. "What I mean is that your personality is so—so—so dominant, so engrossing, I do not think you adapted to the intimacy which you always seem to desire with another woman. Friendship necessitates some kind of equality. You are used to the constant society of servants, whose smiles and lip-service you buy; and you are accustomed to superficial intercourse with women of the world, whose smiles and lip-service you also buy in a certain sense; at least you exchange yours for theirs; but in both cases thoughts are free and well-disguised, and I do not believe any other relationship would satisfy you. Above all, this child from the country. For the last time, I say let the girl stay where she is."

"But I intend to make her happy. I have always wanted a daughter. A daughter would have understood me." On the cold face was still the thin mask of sentimentality.

"I have heard you frequently say so. But the fact remains, this girl is not your daughter. She will have no freedom, she will have no rights. If she is animated, you will call her pert. If she is quiet and deliberate, you will find her not *prévoyante*. Whether pretty or ugly, she will be in your opinion coquette. Whether she will or not, she must drive with you, pay visits, go shopping, as if under military orders."

"And is that a hardship for a young girl from the country, I should like to inquire? To go where I go and do what I do?"

"I don't know," he replied curtly. "It depends upon the girl. If she is a toady, she will enjoy it vastly for a time, because she will be playing her own game. But if she has an atom of honesty in her composition, she would rather go out on the road and break stones."

He moved his hands restlessly; his cheeks were hot.

"You have a singularly unamiable way of presenting your views," she complained, hesitated a moment, then with increasing coldness, "For my part I anticipate only agreeable experiences with Gabrielle. I have had the rose-room prepared for her."

Hugo threw back his head, rolled up his eyes toward his frescoed ceiling, and stared at a flying swallow under a cloudy sky.

The countess was never calm under disapproval.

"Well?" she said, in peevish interrogation.

He stared persistently at the bird and did not open his lips.

"I meant it as a pleasant surprise for you. She arrives to-day."

Still no response from Hugo.

"Have you nothing to say, Hugo? Why do you do that?" she demanded with great irritation.

"I congratulate the Frau Major," he said at length.

"Nonsense! You do her injustice. I sometimes think she is the only faithful friend I have."

"There is safety in your 'sometimes.' Should you always think so—*væ victis!*—And mamma, when she has decided upon your course another time, pray dispense with my superfluous reflections. I have not over-abundant vitality. Why should I waste it attacking your foregone conclusions? I suppose she means Lorenz and Egon to run? I bet you five to one on Lorenz. Just give me a hint from time to time which leads. And otherwise, mamma, leave me out of your calculations. Don't ask me to burn incense when the girl comes, or fling brickbats when she goes. Once for all, I wash my hands in innocence."

"Hugo," said the countess rising, "I consider some of your remarks coarse."

"It is the nature of man," he returned uncompromisingly.

She was angry he saw by her increased paleness. The black lace of her coquettish French cap with its crimson rose trembled wrathfully, and so did the smooth white hands. She was a handsome woman still, he thought, with her regular features, her delicate, wonderfully preserved skin, and her gray hair of exquisite quality, and beautiful enough to frame the pure and serene countenance of a typical aged saint. He watched her with his flashing, unpleasant smile. Whatever self-command she had she was apt to use in his presence.

"I really ought to go," she said; "I have worlds to do, and it must be nearly two o'clock."

"I will call Lipps," and he raised his whistle.

Her cold eyes looked uneasy and wandering. She stood by her son resenting his disapproval. Lipps came in and held the door open for her. "Oh, I saw you on the lawn, this morning. You bore it well, I hope."

"Well enough, thanks."

"I am glad to hear that," she remarked formally. "And you are sleeping well?"

"Well enough, thanks," he said again, still with the smile that made her uncomfortable, and reminded her of the late count.

"That is more than I can say. My neuralgia"—she murmured, "and Mousey is so restless—and those horrid workmen begin now before seven. You are fortunate that they are not on your side of the house."

"Very fortunate."

"Well, a pleasant day to you, Hugo. I am glad to be able to give so good an account of you to your friends. As you are determined not to approve of Gabrielle, I presume I need not hasten to present her."

"No, that ceremony can be indefinitely postponed." She extended her hand, which he again raised mechanically to his lips.

"The gracious countess is served," announced the fat and solemn butler at the door. Presently Mousey's bell and her voluble endearments were heard in the hall.

"I wish to be alone," said the count to his man. "Leave me."

An hour later Lipps stole softly in, and found the invalid asleep. Two bright spots glowed on his cheeks, and from time to time his hands twitched nervously. In a distant corner the little black book lay spread out on its face, as if flung by an impatient hand. Lipps solicitously smoothed its crumpled leaves.

Edgar Fawcett.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1847.

TO AN ORIOLE.

[*Fantasy and Passion.* 1878.—*Song and Story.* 1884.]

HOW falls it, oriole, thou hast come to fly
In tropic splendor through our Northern sky?

At some glad moment was it nature's choice
To dower a scrap of sunset with a voice?

Or did some orange tulip, flaked with black,
In some forgotten garden, ages back,

Yearning toward Heaven until its wish was heard,
Desire unspeakably to be a bird?

THE MEETING.

I SAW in dreams a dim bleak heath,
Where towered a gaunt pine by a rock,
And suddenly, from the earth beneath,
That rent itself with an angry shock,
A shape sprang forth to that wild place,
Whose limbs by chains were trenched and marred,
And whose sardonic pain-worn face
Was grimly scorched and scarred.

He waited by the spectral pine;
Aloft he lifted haggard eyes;
A woman's form, of mien divine,
Dropt earthward in seraphic wise.
Chaste as though bathed in breaking day,
And radiant with all saintly charms,
She flew toward him till she lay
Close-locked in his dark arms!

I heard a far vague voice that said:
"On earth these twain had loved so well
That now their lives, when both are dead,
Burst the great bounds of Heaven and Hell.
Alike o'er powers of gloom and light
Prevailed their fervid prayers and tears;
They meet on this bleak heath one night
In every thousand years!"

THE SPHINX OF ICE.

WITH dark, with frost, with silence for her shrine,
Girt by her ghastly realms of dearth, despair,
She reigns in solitude, contented there,
A goddess beautiful and saturnine.
Round her vast huddling bergs of frozen brine
Jut spectral from the bitter North's gray air;
Above her, weird auroras leap and flare,
And like swords' points the acute stars ever shine.

And venturous mariners, through weary years,
Push up their bold barks, eager to discern
Her great pale shape, her secret to entice,
Till wrecked, numb, doomed, with half insensate ears
They hear long terrible laughter pealing stern
In arctic mockery from the Sphinx of Ice!

THE GENTLEMAN WHO LIVED TOO LONG.

[*Social Silhouettes.* 1885.]

WHAT man who has ever gone into the whirl and glitter of his first ball does not clearly remember it? I remember mine. I was about twenty-three, and I appeared in a room filled with lights, flowers, music, dancing or sitting guests, hilarious festivity, and yet I did not know a soul with whom I could exchange a single authorized word.

True enough, I was Mark Manhattan. But who knew or cared for that? I was young, and I had never been seen before. I had bowed to my hostess, and passed on. Other people, I perceived, were bowing and passing on. But nobody passed on as I did, without finding somebody else whom he could pause beside and talk to. I could not find a soul. I roamed hither and thither, *en martyr*.

And yet every one was staring at me, or so I felt. I sidled near an alcove, and found that my back had come into contact with two male and female beings seated there. I blundered away, murmuring an apology, which was perhaps unheard above the brisk and dulcet waltz. I discovered a small knot of observant gentlemen, and shrank behind one of them, whose shoulders were shieldingly broad, and whose general physical height and bulk offered a most tempting ambuscade. But suddenly this gentleman, just as I had cleverly ensconced myself in his rear, made a dash forward for the purpose of joining some passing lady, and I was once more left mercilessly and glaringly revealed. It seemed to me that the wide critical stare at once began again. Was I quite sure that there was nothing in my costume out of order? Had I given sufficient attention to my white necktie? Might it not have drooped, sagged, grown demoralized? Did my new coat fit me rightly? Were my trousers bagging at the knees? Had my chaste oval of shirt-bosom become wrinkled? Some of the beautiful young girls, with their milky necks and arms, and their ethereal dresses, seemed to pass me in a sort of lovely disdain. "Why do you come here at all, you horrid young hobbledehoy?" their red, smiling lips seemed to inquire. I wondered whether it would look very strange if I slipped out of the rooms by a back door, thence upstairs, and thence, after procuring my wraps, down again to the street. Of course such a proceeding would be noticed at this early hour of the evening, and especially as my appearance had caused so universal and extraordinary a scrutiny. But, even if it *did* make them talk a little, why should I care? I meant never, never to go into society again. I was not fitted for it; perhaps I was above its flippancies, perhaps I was below its graces and felicities. However this might be, I had emphatically seen my last evening of mirth and melody, of revelry and roses.

While this gloomy resolution was shaping itself within my spirit, I found myself affably addressed by a person standing at my elbow. He was an elderly gentleman, and he then appeared to my grateful mind the most charming elderly gentleman in all the world. It was so delightful to be noticed at last in a conversational way—to feel one's self an appreciable unit in the ignoring throng. I looked into the face of my companion while he spoke, and at first decided that he was a *personnage.* His pure white mustache flowed toward either pink cheek in rippling fulness; his white hair, still abundant, gleamed above a pair of restless hazel eyes; his form was compact and of good apparent capability. He had a bunch of violets in the lapel of his coat, and he posed his arms with a jaunty curve. He was clearly old, and yet a most elastic and potent vitality still dwelt in him. You felt that his foot was planted upon the floor with a firmness to which his actual age did not correspond.

But closer observation soon resulted in a new judgment. His impressiveness was wholly physical and facial. It was indeed hardly even the latter; for when you looked well into his countenance you saw there a certain vacancy that matched the inane quality of his words. Later it became plain to me that he would just as soon make himself audible in my society as in that of any one else. He had really nothing to say; it was all a stream of copious, artless prattle. It was about the weather, about the heat of the rooms, about the temperature desirable at a ball, about a ball last night where the temperature was just high enough, about the new way in which young girls wore their hair, about the prevalence of white dresses causing the whole festival to lack gayety. And sometimes it was about absolutely nothing, in so far as I could ascertain, while he babbled on in his short, jerky sentences, and in his guttural, monotonous, but entirely genial tones.

I noticed that he bowed often, as the ladies with their escorts moved past us, and that many bows were given him in return. He appeared to know everybody, as the phrase goes. I had said very little, myself, thus far; but feeling that he doubtless had it in his power to make me acquainted with at least three-quarters of the assembled guests, if so disposed, I ventured to sound his good nature on this important point. I began by telling him that I had hoped to meet a few of my relations there that night, but that none of them chanced to be present—a circumstance which I was compelled to regret, as it prevented me from securing an introduction to any of the attractive young ladies whom I saw on all sides. "And to-night," I finished, "is really my first appearance in New York society."

"I know nearly everybody," he secretly gladdened me by saying, in his rapid, spasmodic, cordial way. "I guess I could fix things for you. Let's see—you said your name was"——

I had not said what my name was, but on hearing it the gentleman grasped my hand and declared himself on the best of terms with about fifty of my relations. He talked so much of the large Manhattan family, flying from members of it who lived to members of it who had long ago been dead, that I conceived a fear lest he should quite forget his previous offer.

But he did not forget it; or rather a gentle reminder on my part stopped the ample current of his reminiscences, and I was subsequently made to know several of the ladies present. I owe to him my launching, as it were, upon the social stream. And I soon learned just who the gentleman was by whose kindness I had benefited.

His name was Billington, and for years he had been called Old Beau Billington. His age was estimated to be seventy, if a day, though he might even have been older. There was a time when he appeared in the exclusive circles of New York, and received many sidelong looks of distrust. Few strangers ever crossed, in those days, our quiet Knickerbocker limits. Mr. Billington was reported to have come originally from an Eastern State, but he had lived several years abroad. It was such a picturesque thing, then, to have lived several years abroad! But a great deal of suspicion at first attached to the brilliant newcomer, who danced the antique cotillion with so ravishingly graceful a pigeon's-wing, who wore his stock with so modish an elegance, and who whispered compliments garnished by so novel an embellishment of dainty French idiom. But for some time Beau Billington had to carefully work his way. Our grandmothers remember being cautioned against him in their girlhood. Bowling Green was then the Madison Square of our little, provincial, semi-Dutch New York, and more than one pretty girl was instructed by her sedulous mother to turn her face in another direction when she met Mr. Billington strolling in beflowered waistcoat and with nicely-poised cane along the streets bordering on that miniature park. The Amsterdams, Ten Eycks, and Van Twillers for the most part disapproved of him. He lived on an income of his own, and did no business. It was such an unprecedented thing for any young gentleman, at that time, to do no business! It seemed quite shocking that he should haunt the breezy Battery of an afternoon, while all the scions of respectable families were poring decorously over ledgers and accounts in the offices of their merchant parents.

But the blooming daughters of Knickerbockerdom did not all obey the parental behest. Some of them rankly and daringly disobeyed it. They found Beau Billington, whose clothes fitted him to such perfection and whose foreign touches were so irresistibly winsome, a great deal more interesting than their brothers and cousins and friends, who held it disreputable to be seen smoking a cigar in "business hours," and who cared as much for a verse of poetry as for the Koran or the Talmud. Beau Billington cared for poetry, and could write stanzas of it that were simply adorable. He had met Lord Byron abroad, and had once spent an evening in his company. There was a fascinating wickedness about this fact—if fact it could really be termed. His stanzas all had the most romantic ring. They were full of phrases like, "Fair lady, at thy shrine I lay my heart," and

> "When silver Dian beams above,
> And summer dewdrops glisten clear,
> I drop, in memory of my love,
> A tender but respectful tear."

Certain copies of Mr. Billington's poetic tributes went fluttering like little insidious doves among the genteel maidens of old New York. But, unlike doves, they carried trouble instead of peace below their sly literary wings. And one day society woke to the alarming news that Miss Elizabeth Manhattan (very probably one of my own direct ancestresses) had openly braved the wrath of both her parents, and declared that she would either marry Beau Billington or live and die a spinster. The young lovers had been caught, one spring afternoon, together, wandering in sweet converse far out into the country. They had crossed the sluggish little canal that is now Canal Street, and before the cruel destroyers of their peace pounced upon them they must have reached those leafy, rural regions which lay where Union Square now lifts to an unmindful public its libellous statue of Lincoln.

But they were dragged apart, and a great scandal followed. Beau Billington, deluged with sentimental sympathy from one source, and pelted with animadversions from another, remained majestically constant to his aristocratic sweetheart. Popular feeling ran high ; everybody took either one side or another. The entire Van Horn family cut every member of the Schenectady family, one Sunday morning, at the door of Old Trinity, just after church, in consequence of different opinions on this mighty and absorbing subject. There was even some talk of a duel between Beau Billington and a fiery young brother of poor Elizabeth Manhattan. The duel was to take place somewhere "across the river" ; report even named the precise historic spot in which Burr had killed Hamilton. But I believe there is no doubt that the duel failed to take place.

Something sadder took place, however. Elizabeth paled, faded, and drooped in her captivity. Her parents continued relentless. She was a great heiress—great, that is, for those days ; she would probably inherit, if she lived, the massive sum of $50,000. Her father was a very rich man ; he had four children, and it was confidently expected that they would receive a fortune of at least $200,000 between them.

But poor, love-lorn Elizabeth inherited nothing. It is stated that she died literally of a broken heart. I am writing of generations ago. Hearts were more brittle in New York society then than now. They broke then, sometimes ; now they get sprained a little, like a wrist or an ankle, and ultimately recover.

Beau Billington's fidelity survived the death of his Elizabeth. He never married. He went to Boston and lived there for two or three years, and at length returned to New York. All the slanderous stories about his being a moneyless adventurer were slowly and thoroughly refuted. He had been in every respect what he had represented himself. His attachment to the young heiress from whom he was so mercilessly torn clad him with a new charm, melancholy and delicate, as years slipped on. His fealty to her memory kept his popularity forever fresh. He was still young, and still unusually handsome. He wrote new verses for the albums of many devout feminine friends. But they were all tinged with the same hue of sadness. "The loved and the lost" recurred again and again amid their funereal iambics.

And here comes the real pathos of my history. Beau Billington gradually grew old. But he grew old in the most unskilful and injudicious way. If he had died at forty his fame as a new Abelard of constancy might have been preserved intact. If he had retired from the world at forty-five, there might still have remained a rich chance for his future poetic and legendary coronation as hero and martyr. Years of gout and rheumatism, passed in seclusion, would still have left his chivalrous renown untarnished. But he chose to linger in drawing-rooms until every vestige of youth had departed from him. His superabundant physical health, and his undying love for the pomp and glitter of fashion, had ruined him as a type of manly devotion. He became a senile bachelor, whom every one tolerated and laughed at.

Thus he stood on the evening we met. The grandchildren and the great-grandchildren of all those who once made his name a sort of social war-cry lazily recollected his old prestige while they yawned at the dreary figments of his wandering brain. He was like a theatre from which the audience have departed and in which the lights of the auditorium burn no longer, while, strangely enough, the performance on the stage still continues, but with what mockery of its old alertness, vigor, and vivacity! How tame and thin it looks and sounds beside the energy and ring of the old entertainment!

The romance lingering about this plaintive little story of the old Beau's past devotion appealed to me at once. I don't pretend to declare why. I suppose it was because one has grown to expect nothing of this sort in our big, hard, cold city, which imports its sentiment as it does its *bric-à-brac*. I have always had a tenderness for Bowling Green, too, and the Battery. Any affair of the heart which occurred there a good many years ago was like finding, when I heard it, a pretty picture to fit a quaint frame long in my possession. I tried to forget that Beau Billington had been displumed as a potential gallant of song and story; that he had played his *beau rôle* quite too continuously; that he resembled a tenor whose "Gennaro" and "Manrico" have once drawn forth wildest plaudits, but who has long outsung his prime and gets the bitter wage of silence where golden enthusiasm cheered him. I tried to forget this, and very fairly succeeded. Instead of encouraging such disillusionment, I dipped the brush of fancy, as one might say, into Colonial coloring, and saw the lovers strolling together on the airy Battery—he with a ruffled shirt-bosom and she in a poke-bonnet and mitts. I saw the rows of prim houses near by, with their plain black iron railings and their white arched doorways and the dormer windows standing forth from their sloped roofs. Beau Billington and his sweetheart were so much more agreeable to think of than if they had been two modern lovers promenading along the brownstone smartness of Fifth avenue, she with French heels that hurt *her* and he with an English collar that hurt *him!*

I was very kind to Beau Billington for a year or two after that. And sometimes being kind to him meant being talked to by him for perhaps twenty good minutes in some such strain as the following:

"Yes, that little thing over there in blue (or is it pink?—yes, pink—I declare I forgot to call the color by the right name—yes, really I did). Well, now, what was I just saying? Oh, yes, you needn't tell me" (Beau Billington hated an interruption as though it were a troublesome insect), "for I recollect perfectly well. It was about that little thing over there in blue—I mean pink—yes, pink. Who'd ever suppose she could be Margaret Cartwright's great-grandchild ? I—I do believe there must be some mistake. I used to know Margaret Cartwright as *well!* Why, bless my soul, she married a man old enough to be her father—Colonel Preston, a Southerner, who'd been all through the Revolution. Made her an excellent husband, though. Poor fellow, he died long before she did. But not of old age—died from one of his wounds—caught cold in it, going, one very cold night, to the firemen's ball. We used to have firemen's balls in those days, and some of the biggest folks in the city would go to 'em, too. You see, the whole fire department was different then from what it is now. They didn't have any horses hitched to the engines, you understand—no horses at all—and"——

Perhaps I would break in just here with a polite statement that I knew well how the old fire department in New York had been managed (or mismanaged, should I have said ?) ; and then, backing away with a smile or a wave of the hand, I would leave Beau Billington to find some other recipient of his garrulity. For, on the whole, being kind to him was by no means always a sinecure. . . .

At length I awoke one evening to the fact that I had not seen the old gentleman for several weeks. Learning his residence, I called there. I found him lying back in an arm-chair, quite alone. The chamber bore no signs of poverty, but it was grim and stiff in all its appointments. It needed the evidence of a woman's touch. I thought of the dead-and-gone Elizabeth. How different everything would have been if— But, good heavens ! of what was I thinking ? Elizabeth, even if she had married Beau Billington, might have lived to a good old age and still long ago have been in her grave.

The old invalid smiled when he saw me, but while I sat down beside him and took his hand he gave me no further sign of recognition. His old voluble tongue was silent forever. His paralysis had affected him most of all in that way. Every morning he would be dressed and go to his chair, walking feebly, but still walking. And there he would sit all day, never speaking, yet smiling his dim, vacant, pathetic smile if the doctor or the landlady or his valet addressed him.

He was quite deserted by all his friends. No ; I should say that he had no friends left to desert him. He had lived too long. There was no one to come except me. And I, strangely enough, was a Manhattan—a kinsman of his long-lost Elizabeth ! Of course, if he had had any kindred here it would have been otherwise. But there was not a soul to whom one could say : "Old Beau Billington is dying at last, and the tie of blood makes it your duty to seek him out and watch beside him." As for his kindred in other cities or States, no one knew them. And if any had been found there, they would doubtless have been perfect strangers to him—the children and grandchildren of vanished cousins.

He had lived too long !

Often during the days that followed, while I sat beside his arm-chair, I told myself that there was infinitely more sadness in a fate like his than in having died too early! The gods had never loved any human life of which they were willing to make so lonely and deserted a wreck as this!

At last, one spring evening, at about six o'clock, I chanced to be sitting in his chamber. He had dozed much during the day, they told me; but I fancied that, as I took his hand and looked into his hazel eyes, there was a more intellectual gleam on his face than he had shown for weeks past. A window was open near his arm-chair; the air was bland as June that evening, though as yet it was only early May. I had brought some white and pink roses, and had set them in a vase on the table at his side, and now their delicious odor blent in some subtile way with the serenity of the chamber, the peace and repose of its continual occupant, the drowsy hum of the great city as it ceased from its daily toil, and the slant, vernal afternoon light.

Suddenly he turned and looked at me, and I at once saw a striking change in his face. I could not have explained it; I simply understood it, and that was all.

I bent over his chair, taking his hand. It occurs to me now, as I recall what happened, that I could not possibly have been mistaken in the single faintly uttered word which appeared to float forth from under his snow-white mustache. And that word (unless I curiously underwent some delusion) was—"Elizabeth."

The next instant his eyes closed. And then, only a short time later, I stood by his arm-chair and smelt the roses as they scented the sweet, fresh spring twilight, and thought, with no sense of death's chill or horror—

"Perhaps there is a blessing, after all, in having lived too long, if only one can pass away at the end as peacefully as Old Beau Billington."

THE OLD BEAU.

HOW cracked and poor his laughter rings!
How dulled his eye, once flashing warm!
But still a courtly pathos clings
About his bent and withered form.

To-night, where mirth with music dwells,
His wrinkled cheek, his locks of snow
Gleam near the grandsons of the belles
He smiled on forty years ago!

We watch him here, and half believe
Our gaze may witness, while he prates,
Death, like a footman, touch his sleeve
And tell him that the carriage waits.

THE DYING ARCHANGEL.

[*Romance and Revery.* 1886.]

BEYOND the sense or dream we know as man's,
In heights or deeps where time and space are one
And either as the mote that specks a ray;

At fountain-head of mystery, force and rule
Whose funds of calm are causes of all worlds,
Ended, begun or yet to roll and shine,—
A being, a child of light and majesty,
Did evil, sinned a terrible sin, and felt
His immortality tremble, while a Voice
Whose mandate was creation and whose wrath
Extinction, spake the doom he feared must fall.

"So near wert thou to natal roots of good
That almost thou wert I, as I was thou;
And hence the incomparable deed devised
Of thee, sin's primal enemy, hath sent
A shudder among the voids where systems wheel
And made the soul of order rock with threat.
Great is thy sin, as thou, bright subaltern,
Art great; and therefore great must be thy shame.
Death is that shame; and yet a loftier death
Should take thee, as befits thy place and power.
So shall thy passing into emptiness
Be archangelic for its dignity,
As thou, archangel, shouldst in grandeur die."

Then he that heard with anguish raised his eyes,
Dark as two seas in storm, yet dared not speak.
And while he stood, with glory and ruin each
Blent in his mien, like some wild shattered cloud
That lightning rends and leaves, once more the Voice:

"Thou knowest of how among my million stars
One beautifully beamed for centuries, yet
Hath aged at last, and nears its fated close.
That star I love as I loved thee; for both
Served me in radiance as my vassals, both
Shone the exemplars of obedience, both
With memories of proud loyalty shall haunt
Eternity through all its domes and zones.
Go, therefore, thou, imperial in thy pain
Of exile and of punishment, to lay
The shadowed splendor of thy limbs and brows
Dying upon that dying star! A world
Of melancholy as mighty as thine own
Shall compass thee, and while it fades and dims,
Thy spirit in unison shall wane. Farewell!"

Then sought the Archangel, plaintless and alone,
This ancient star whose orb should be his tomb.
Once its wide continents had swarmed with man,
But now the torpid life of toad or worm
Reigned sole among nude fields and spectral woods.
No beast was left, no hint of leaf on bough,
No delicate wraith of flower, no glimpse of vine,
Or yet, through many a year, no trill of bird;

But all was dreariness and desuetude,
Fatigue, affliction, languor and decay!
The star had been a planet, allegiant
To a vast sun that glimmered at this hour
Wan as a wasted ember from its heaven.
In bends of rivers that had shrunk to streams,
On coasts of seas that flashed a glassy gray,
Phantoms of cities reared their roofs and towers,
With streets that swept by mouldering palaces,
With monstrous parks, where crumbling statues loomed,
With temples, mausoleums and monuments
In pathos of debasement; with long wharves
Where sick, monotonous ripples ever lapped
On towering hulls of rotted ships that once
Had scorned the ire of tempests,—nay, with all
To attest a race of such magnificence,
Dominion, empire and supremacy
As knowledge wed to wisdom nobly breeds.

Then, drooping low, the accursed Archangel spake:
"O star, I knew thee in thy luminous prime,
And loved thee not alone that thou wert fair,
But for the attainments and the victories
Wrought of thy peoples till they rose like gods!
For slowly did they climb, while æons passed,
From brutish aims to deeds of golden worth.
I watched and loved their leaders of high thought,
Their stealthy change of laws from vile to pure,
Their conquests over tyrannies and wrongs,
Their agonies, hopes, rebellions, and at last
The white dawn of their peace! But most of all
I loved, O star, the poets upon thy sphere,
And found in these melodious prophecy
Of dreams thy future waited to fulfil. . . .
But now thy future and thy past are one,
And I, who am fallen from immortality,
Shall rob thy dissolution, to my joy,
Of death's worst pang, being come to lay myself
In thee as in a sepulchre sublime!"

So, while the dimness gathered gloom, and night
That had no morning shrouded these lone lands,
The Archangel bowed his head and screened his face,
And died in silence with the dying star!

A DEAD BUTTERFLY.

IMMORTAL were you named when earth was young,
  Yet here, with wings where florid fire still stays,
On the cold strand of death I find you flung,
  Blent with its desultory waifs and strays!

Ah! blithe and lovely Bedouin of the air,
  Once to such revelling life so richly wed,
Well might I dream, while gazing on you there,
  That immortality itself lay dead!

Mary Hallock Foote.

Born in Milton-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., 1847.

HOME-LIFE IN MEXICO.

[*A Provincial Capital of Mexico.—The Century Magazine.* 1882.]

MORELIA, from the point of view of the Casa G——, is a very different experience from the same place viewed from the Hotel Michoacan. Instead of the bedside tray of coffee and rusks served by the waiter with the impenetrable head of hair, who never knocked at the door, one awakened to the luxury of a bath, a daintily served cup of chocolate or a bumper of hot milk, fresh eggs, fresh fruit, in the flower-scented dining-room, at whatever hour one chose to ask for it. The air of early morning was indescribably pure and cool—cool enough to suggest an open fire to an English or American constitution—but the sunny side of the corridor was a very good substitute. The flowers were freshly watered and fragrant. All the galleries in Mexico surrounding the inner courts are lined with flowers. It is one of the prettiest features of their domestic architecture. The vines festooned along the arches stirred a little in the breeze which lifted and let fall the heavy leaves of the banana tree near the dining-room door. Clear shadows slanted across the pale-tinted stone façade of the cloistered gallery. There was a hammock of Panama grass, swinging empty, or cradling the little daughter of the house, always attended by a fluffy white poodle, whom she addressed as "*Enrique! mi Alma!*" (my Soul!).

A man-servant, of the shade of complexion called *moréno*—chocolate with a little milk in it—and eyes of chocolate unmixed, in a white linen blouse, with a red sash girding the waist, shuffled listlessly about the gallery at this hour, watering the plants or sweeping the red-tiled pavement with a broom made of palm splints. There was a parrot, like a great jewel, on his perch in the sun. The gray turtle-doves are regarded by the Mexican servants as harbingers of evil to the house where their soft guttural note is heard, but the Casa G—— rejected this superstition of the country, and gave shelter to the doves. The noises of the house were very pleasant; loud, harsh voices or footsteps were unheard; no bell ever rang. If the young mistress had need of a servant, she stepped into the corridor and clapped her hands. The signal was answered by Leonarda, or Rita, or Michaela, or the disconsolate Ascension, who did everything with a fine gloomy air, even to the carrying about on his shoulders of the little José, the child of Leonarda, the Camarista. Their mediæval associations reconciled one to the only loud noises of the house—the deep, echoing bay of the two gaunt young bloodhounds chained to the wall of the court below, and the stamping of the horses' feet on the pavement of their stalls under the arches. The rear court was called the corral. It was here the steeds—two saddle-horses, and a pair of very large and solemn white mules, who drew the family carriage to the *paséo* every afternoon—were watered, at the stone tank built against the high wall and overshadowed by a bamboo thicket—all smooth brown stems, leaning in graceful curves, supporting or letting fall a shimmer of pale-green leaves over the brown water. Ysabel, the coachman, with his *sarape* over his shoulder, sitting on the edge of the tank while the white mules drank, suited well this corner of the court, rich in color and shadow. A little community of fowls inhabit a part of the corral, and the care of them was one of my host's pastimes. There was not a plebeian among them; almost all were creoles of purest foreign blood; a few of foreign birth also, as the gallant English gamecock, the prince consort to a small clipper-built Spanish hen of flawless extraction. The most beautiful and valiant of the game-cocks were translated to the corridor above the corral—a kind of Walhalla, where, from the solitude of a hero's seat, they looked down on the domestic cares and small, bustling lives of their kindred below. The days began with much life and cheerfulness—the dogs baying in the court, excited by the coming and going of their master's footsteps; loud discussions among the hens in the corral; the cocks calling to each other in the corridor; the porters washing down the pavement of the courts. There was practising in the *sala*, or recitations, audible through the open doors of the school-room presided over by the German governess; my hostess in the "dispensary," giving out the household stores for the day to the women-servants, or inspecting the attractive basket Ysabel brings from the market—as picturesque as a fruit-and-game "piece" with its miscellaneously heaped contents, including fruits from the Tierra Caliente, brought on donkeys up the slopes of the Sierra Madre, strange herbs and vegetables, and always a mass of flowers for the table. The first ceremonious meal at which the family assembled was the midday breakfast, *almuerzo*. There was a succession of courses, chiefly meats, in surprising quantity and variety in a climate where a very little animal food is sufficient, ending with *dulces* and coffee. After the soup, rice, cooked in the Mexican fashion, was invariably served and eaten with bananas. The game and poultry had the advantage of the most perfect cooking over a charcoal fire. A spit is used in roasting, and every Mexican kitchen is well provided with a multitude of pottery vessels, even to pottery griddles, light and clean, which seemed to me far preferable to our heavy, unappetizing metal ones.

From time to time a national dish appeared, rather to humor the guests' fancy for their novelty than for a preference for them on the part of the family. One called *turco*, I was told, is of Moorish origin. It is composed of chicken, cooked slowly in a paste made of the flour of a very small and delicate dried pea, and served with a sauce of complex flavor. Raisins and olives are an incidental feature of it, and the whole dish tastes of the Arabian Nights. The famous sweetmeat of Michoacan, *guaravate*, made from the fruit of the *guayaba*, but less cloying than guava jelly, was generally a part of the dessert. There were *meringues* called *suspiros de la monja* (nuns' sighs), and a very rich custard, "golden cup," made by vigorous beating of eggs, sugar, and flour of almonds, which was said to be a fleshly temptation to the *padres*, and sometimes, alas! offered as such, by naughty little lambs of their flock who wished to be let off easy at confession. We made the acquaintance of several strange tropical fruits: the *chirimoya*, a delicate custard, with black seeds enclosed in a rough green rind; the *granadita*, which is eaten like an egg out of its beautifully colored shell. The contents is slippery, seedy, sweet, with a faint aromatic sub-flavor. The *almuerzo* corresponds to our dinner in social significance. One is not asked to dine in Mexico, but literally to "take soup at this, *your* house" (*su casa de Vd*), and you are told, with other complimentary phrases, that your host is your servant. The *siesta* follows the *almuerzo*. It was not the custom with the active ladies of the house, but my shaded bed-chamber opening on the corridor was very inviting, and the softness of the air, May following February, undermined the best resolutions in regard to letter-writing, sketching, and the study of Spanish. The light brass bedstead was exquisitely furnished with the finest of linen and the painful hand-embroidery of the country, taught originally by the nuns, and considered a necessary part of a Mexican lady's education. The long, narrow pillows were covered with "ticking" of crimson Chinese *crêpe*, which glowed through the sheer linen-lawn cases and the interstices of the embroidery and "drawn work" with which they were lavishly trimmed. The bed had a canopy of brass bars, but it was uncurtained; in Mexico as few draperies as possible are used, because of the constant warfare housekeepers wage against fleas, moths, and insects of all kinds.

Opposite the bed, with its dainty feminine fittings, hung a complete fencing outfit, arranged on a green baize-covered shield against the wall. It included both the light French foil and the heavy German-student sword. The door-way was flanked on one side by a tall case of weapons, containing some beautiful Toledo swords, an old blunderbuss with its bell-shaped barrel, all the modern rifles, elegant, wicked-looking duelling pistols; and among the mementos of warlike passages in my host's varied life was a box containing seven bullets that had at different times been taken from his body. The book-case on the other side of the door was filled with well-selected books in German, French, and Spanish—the remains of his fine library, the most of which, while being moved in boxes during one of the political crises of the country, went to make part of a barricade. The ladies in Mexico who "dress" always dress for the *paséo*—the public promenade where the youth and romance of the old city enact the subtle dramas of a society where mediæval barriers still exist. It is by no means permitted that young men and women should meet freely before marriage; they may look at each other on the *paséo*, or from convenient balconies.

You observe a youth sitting for hours motionless on a stone bench in the *plaza*, or leaning in a door-way, his eyes fixed on an upper window or balcony of the opposite houses. The object of his gaze is probably not visible, unless the affair has prospered and happiness already "blooms like a lusty flower in June's caress"; but, however coy the hidden eyes may be, they are doubtless cognizant of the patient figure of their adorer in the street below. This is Mexican courtship. The eyes of mamma and papa are also carefully cognizant, and this is Mexican marriage.

At five o'clock the carriage rolls out of the court, with Ysabel on the box in his best *sarape*, a gray, braided jacket, and a wide-brimmed gray felt hat, ornamented with silver cord and braid. Rubio, the ancient *portéro,* shuts the carriage-door, and Roberto at the gate rises and takes off his great hat.

Señor G——, who, after twenty years of the Mexican climate, keeps his northern habits of exercise, generally walks to the *alameda*, and meets the carriage at the entrance, where the vista of black-ash trees, the rows of stone benches, and the broad paved walk begin. As the white mules pace sedately down the roughly paved streets, the ladies keep a hand ready to make the customary signal of greeting from the carriage-windows to their friends at the windows and balconies of the street. It is an indescribably fascinating gesture—so swift and subtle, almost like a fleeting expression across the face. It is made by a quick flutter of the second finger, the hand being raised, palm inward, to a level with the eyes. How much its charm is enhanced by the beauty of those dark southern eyes it half conceals, it would take a very stolid observer to decide. It seemed to me excessively intimate; in Morelia I believe it is kept for one's friends only, but in the capital it is the usual greeting at a distance between acquaintances. I have seen nothing prettier in their social customs, except the way the ladies meet and lean their cheeks together, and pat each other softly on the back of the shoulder. The *paséo* bounds the *alameda* on either side, and joining beyond it, goes rambling through the wooded park of San Pedro, which gives it its name. If you are driving, it is very pretty to look in across the high-backed stone benches at the little parade of wives and daughters under the ash trees. All classes are there: the bare-footed Indian girls in *rebozos*, their long black hair smoothly braided or flowing loose over their shoulders, sit beside the ladies of the chief families in crisp silks and muslins. The classes are so distinct that there is no need to insist on the distinctions in public. The young girls walk two or three abreast, the light falling on their uncovered heads and shining, undulating braids. The women are sometimes dull-looking, and by no means always beautiful, but they have a quality which is exciting to the imagination. It may be presumed that it is not for the enjoyment of sylvan beauty alone that the young Morelianos who display their horsemanship on the *paséo* get themselves up magnificently in braided jackets and trousers, tight as long hose, and buttoned from hip to ankle with silver, and set off their dark glances with a halo of silver-braided hat-brim. One regrets to see that many of the most fashionable young gentlemen have abandoned the national dress, wear "chimney-pot" hats, and ride tall English horses, while French bonnets and elaborately trimmed walking-dresses are replacing the trailing skirt and the graceful feminine shawl. Powder is used without reserve or the slightest consideration for that subtle harmony which nature preserves between hair, eyes, and complexion. The effect is that of being surrounded by feminine masks, with beautiful human eyes looking out from them with an intensity of expression very startling in its contrast to the blank, soulless surface of faintly rouged white which the face presents.

At the end of the *alameda*, where the *paséo* turns into the lovely wild park of San Pedro, illumined with the low sunset light, and gorgeously dim as a painted window, stands one of the most perfect bits of church architecture we saw in Mexico—the Convent of San Diego. A screen of tall cypresses weave their long shadows across the green close before its low, arched entrance. A few lean wearily upon their comrades, but their general air is of guarded and somber dignity—a grave company of dark-robed priests silently pointing upward to the tall white bell-tower, and the Holy Family in pale blue stucco, raised in rich relief below the light arches of the bell-tower. It is so high up, this mass of figures in pale blue, that one cannot be quite sure of its significance beyond its nobly decorative character. Deep, narrow, barred windows make spots of shadow on the clear pale spaces of the front elevation, which is long and low rather than lofty. San Diego has been secularized, and is now rented in apartments to families; but one can only imagine sober, ecclesiastic figures in black and white walking under the cypresses or entering the low, deep portal. The colors of sunset begin to glow through the trees as we enter the woods by the *paséo*. We pass a circular fountain with a paved walk surrounding it, and stone benches facing the walk, enclosing the fountain in a greater circle. This ancient rendezvous is called the Glorieta. It keeps a pathetic suggestion of a social life in the city's past much more crowded and gay than anything San Pedro now exhibits. The roomy, colloquial benches are empty, and grass is growing in the chinks of the pavement. One may often see a group of Indian women filling their water-jars at the fountain, or following the winding foot-paths through the wood, with a *cántara* supported on one shoulder by a bare uplifted arm.

Wild roses are in blossom among the untrimmed and neglected hedges; the trees are leafing out; the wood-dove's *coo, coo, coo* comes from one cannot see where; it pervades the wood, like the low sunset light. The *paséo* is enlivened only by a few private carriages rolling along at lonely intervals. There is a separate road for riders. We saw very few ladies riding; in fact, I remember but two, and both of them sat their horses very ineffectually, in a helpless sidelong fashion. Often we left the carriage, and walked with a wistful pleasure through those old trodden footpaths that lead away into the dim days before the Conquest, when San Pedro was the site of a populous Indian village, with a history of its own reaching back and losing itself in other dim days of traditional conquest before the advent of the Spaniards. The aqueduct crosses the *paséo* diagonally from the city; at the edge of the wood it bends and swings off across the green valley toward the hills that feed the city fountains. When the bells of the city strike the hour of *oracion*, we reënter the carriage and drive slowly homeward. By this time the *alameda* is nearly deserted, the brief southern twilight has suddenly faded, and the lamps are beginning to shine in the streets. The Indian women who sit in a row along the sidewalk opposite the entrance to the *alameda*, with bunches of lettuce, dressed with poppies, for sale, have rolled up their strips of mat-ting and camped farther up the street, near the *plaza.* Their little fires, shining at intervals along the street, supplement the scattering lamps. They are cooking supper over a few coals of charcoal in a copper brazier; or they have kindled a lightwood torch to ward off the chill of night and advertise their heaps of *dulces;* or are boiling a kind of sweatmeat, made of molasses, in a shallow pottery dish; or, over the brazier of charcoal, are making and frying *tortillas*—the kind that are spread with meat and *chile* and rolled together like an omelet. All the bells of all the churches, from the great cathedral with its dome and triple towers to the little church with a single tower and a single cypress tree beside it, rising together as if equally a part of the architect's design, are sounding at this hour. The bells of the cathedral strike the hours and quarter-hours of the day and night, and all the churches unite at the services of morning and evening. The cavalry regiment stationed in the town contributes its mysterious bugle-calls and drum-taps.

There are lonely cries of street-venders, the dull bumping of wooden cart-wheels drawn by oxen, and, at the hour of the *paséo,* a roll of carriage-wheels and a stirring clatter of hoofs along the streets; but all these sounds throb upon a stillness as deep and restful as the shadow of the cypress on the yellow gable of the little church. By the time we arrive at home the court is dimly lighted by the moon, and Rubio has placed a lamp in the sconce at the head of the staircase. He opens the carriage-door, and shuffles slowly up the stairs behind us with the wraps. He always reminded me of that "ancient beadsman" in the "Eve of St. Agnes." . . .

Supper is served at eight o'clock—a heavy meal with courses of meat, but not so elaborate as the breakfast. There is very little evening afterward. We sat in the large, dimly lighted *sala,* or leaned over the balcony railings, and listened to the music which burst forth in an irrelevant way from the band of the regiment, like their unaccountable bugle-calls and drum-taps.

James Jeffrey Roche.

Born in Queen's Co., Ireland, 1847.

ANDROMEDA.

[*Songs and Satires.* 1887.]

THEY chained her fair young body to the cold and cruel stone;
The beast begot of sea and slime had marked her for his own;
The callous world beheld the wrong, and left her there alone.
Base caitiffs who belied her, false kinsmen who denied her,
Ye left her there alone!

My Beautiful, they left thee in thy peril and thy pain;
The night that hath no morrow was brooding on the main:
But lo! a light is breaking of hope for thee again;

'Tis Perseus' sword a-flaming, thy dawn of day proclaiming
Across the western main.
O Ireland! O my country! he comes to break thy chain!

THE V-A-S-E.

FROM the madding crowd they stand apart,
The maidens four and the Work of Art;

And none might tell from sight alone
In which had Culture ripest grown,—

The Gotham Million fair to see,
The Philadelphia Pedigree,

The Boston Mind of azure hue,
Or the soulful Soul from Kalamazoo,—

For all loved Art in a seemly way,
With an earnest soul and a capital A.

. . . . . .

Long they worshipped; but no one broke
The sacred stillness, until up spoke

The Western one from the nameless place,
Who blushing said: "What a lovely vace!"

Over three faces a sad smile flew,
And they edged away from Kalamazoo.

But Gotham's haughty soul was stirred
To crush the stranger with one small word.

Deftly hiding reproof in praise,
She cries: "'Tis, indeed, a lovely vaze!"

But brief her unworthy triumph when
The lofty one from the home of Penn,

With the consciousness of two grand-papas,
Exclaims: "It is quite a lovely vahs!"

And glances round with an anxious thrill,
Awaiting the word of Beacon Hill.

But the Boston maid smiles courteouslee
And gently murmurs: "Oh, pardon me!

"I did not catch your remark, because
I was so entranced with that charming vaws!"

Dies erit prægelida
Sinistra quum Bostonia.

Josiah Strong.

BORN in Naperville, Du Page Co., Ill., 1847.

FACTS AND THOUGHTS CONCERNING IMMIGRATION.

[*Our Country: its Possible Future and its Present Crisis.* 1885.]

WHILE in 1880 the foreign-born were only thirteen per cent. of the entire population, they furnish nineteen per cent. of the convicts in our penitentiaries, and forty-three per cent. of the inmates of work-houses and houses of correction. And it must be borne in mind that a very large proportion of the native-born prisoners were of foreign parentage.

Moreover, immigration not only furnishes the greater portion of our criminals; it is also seriously affecting the morals of the native population. It is disease and not health which is contagious. Most foreigners bring with them continental ideas of the Sabbath, and the result is sadly manifest in all our cities, where it is being transformed from a holy day into a holiday. But by far the most effective instrumentality for debauching popular morals is the liquor traffic, and this is chiefly carried on by foreigners. In 1880, of the "traders and dealers in liquors and wines" (I suppose this means wholesale dealers), sixty-three per cent. were foreign-born, and of the brewers and maltsters seventy-five per cent., while a large proportion of the remainder were of foreign parentage. Of saloon-keepers about sixty per cent. were foreign-born, while many of the remaining forty per cent. of these corruptors of youth, these western Arabs, whose hand is against every man, were of foreign extraction.

We can only glance at the political aspects of immigration. As we have already seen, it is immigration which has fed fat the liquor power; and there is a liquor vote. Immigration furnishes most of the victims of Mormonism; and there is a Mormon vote. Immigration is the strength of the Catholic church; and there is a Catholic vote. Immigration is the mother and nurse of American socialism; and there is to be a socialist vote. Immigration tends strongly to the cities, and gives to them their political complexion. And there is no more serious menace to our civilization than our rabble-ruled cities. These several perils, all of which are enhanced by immigration, will be considered in succeeding chapters.

Many American citizens are not Americanized. It is as unfortunate as it is natural, that foreigners in this country should cherish their own language and peculiar customs, and carry their nationality, as a distinct factor, into our politics. Immigration has created the "German vote" and the "Irish vote," for which politicians bid, and which have already been decisive of State elections, and might easily determine national. A mass of men but little acquainted with our institutions, who will act in concert and who are controlled largely by their appetites and prejudices, constitute a very paradise for demagogues.

We have seen that immigration is detrimental to popular morals. It has a like influence upon popular intelligence, for the percentage of illiteracy among the foreign-born population is thirty-eight per cent. greater than among the native-born whites. Thus immigration complicates our moral and political problems by swelling our dangerous classes. And as immigration is to increase much more rapidly than the population, we may infer that the dangerous classes are to increase more rapidly than hitherto. From 1870 to 1880 the population increased 30.06 per cent. During the same period the number of criminals increased 82.33 per cent. It goes without saying, that there is a dead-line of ignorance and vice in every republic, and when it is touched by the average citizen free institutions perish; for intelligence and virtue are as essential to the life of a republic as are brain and heart to the life of a man.

A severe strain upon a bridge may be borne with safety if evenly distributed, which, if concentrated, would ruin the whole structure. There is among our population of alien birth an unhappy tendency toward aggregation, which concentrates the strain upon portions of our social and political fabric. Certain quarters of many of the cities are, in language, customs, and costumes, essentially foreign. Many colonies have bought up lands and so set themselves apart from Americanizing influences. In 1845, New Glarus, in southern Wisconsin, was settled by a colony of 108 persons from one of the cantons of Switzerland. In 1880 they numbered 1,060 souls; and "no Yankee lives within a ring of six miles round the first-built dug-out." This Helvetian settlement, founded three years before Wisconsin became a State, has preserved its race, its language, its worship, and its customs in their integrity. Similar colonies are now being planted in the West. In some cases 100,000 or 200,000 acres in one block have been purchased by foreigners of one nationality and religion; thus building up states within a State, having different languages, different antecedents, different religions, different ideas and habits, preparing mutual jealousies, and perpetuating race antipathies. If our noble domain were tenfold larger than it is, it would still be too small to embrace, with safety to our national future, little Germanies here, little Scandinavias there, and little Irelands yonder. A strong centralized government, like that of Rome under the Cæsars, can control heterogeneous populations, but local self-government implies close relations between man and man, a measure of sympathy, and, to a certain extent, community of ideas. Our safety demands the assimilation of these strange populations, and the process of assimilation will become slower and more difficult as the proportion of foreigners increases.

When we consider the influence of immigration, it is by no means reassuring to reflect that seventy-five per cent. of it is pouring into the formative West. We have seen that in 1900 our foreign population, with their children of the first generation, will probably number not less than 43,000,000. If the movement westward continues, as it probably will, until the free farming-lands are all taken, 25,000,000 of that foreign element will be west of the Mississippi. And this will be two thirds of all the population of the West, even if that population should increase 350 per cent. between 1880 and 1900. Already is the proportion of foreigners in the Territories from two to three times greater than in the States east of the Mississippi. We may well ask—and with special reference to the West—whether this in-sweeping immigration is to foreignize us, or we are to Americanize it. Mr. Beecher hopefully says, when the lion eats an ox the ox becomes lion, not the lion ox. The illustration would be very neat if it only illustrated. The lion happily has an instinct controlled by an unfailing law which determines what, and when, and how much he shall eat. If that instinct should fail, and he should some day eat a badly diseased ox, or should very much overeat, we might have on our hands a very sick lion. I can even conceive that under such conditions the ignoble ox might slay the king of beasts. Foreigners are not coming to the United States in answer to any appetite of ours, controlled by an unfailing moral or political instinct. They naturally consult their own interests in coming, not ours. The lion, without being consulted as to time, quantity, or quality, is having the food thrust down his throat, and his only alternative is, digest or die.

Walter Learned.

Born in New London, Conn., 1847.

AT THE GOLDEN GATE.

[*Between Times.* 1889.]

UPON her wedding robe the dew is damp;
Poor, weary, foolish fair,
Who with gem-circled arms and empty lamp
Stands, waiting, listening, there.

Brief space her erring sisters made their moan;
Nor did they lingering wait,
But left her in her dumb despair, alone
Before the golden gate.

"Come, follow us," they cried; "the Bridegroom spurns
Our tardy homage. Haste!
For black night falls. Since He no more returns,
Why here the moments waste?

"Lo, still some gallant waits; and love is sweet,
And life is fair; and yet
Somewhere the lute shall stir our dancing feet,
If we can but forget."

Silent she stood, nor turned; for love was dear,
So dear, it was her choice
To wait and listen, if she might but hear
Only the Bridegroom's voice.

So stood she; loving, though the door was barred,
Thus sorrowful to wait,
Repentant, though her punishment was hard,
Before the golden gate.

When the night falls, who knows what mercy waits
To pardon guilt and sin?
Perchance the Lord himself unbarred the gates
And led the wanderer in.

ON THE FLY-LEAF OF A BOOK OF OLD PLAYS.

AT Cato's Head in Russell Street
These leaves she sat a-stitching;
I fancy she was trim and neat,
Blue-eyed and quite bewitching.

Before her, in the street below,
All powder, ruffs, and laces,
There strutted idle London beaux
To ogle pretty faces;

While, filling many a Sedan chair
  With hoop and monstrous feather,
In patch and powder London's fair
  Went trooping past together.

Swift, Addison, and Pope, mayhap
  They sauntered slowly past her,
Or printer's boy, with gown and cap
  For Steele, went trotting faster.

For beau nor wit had she a look,
  Nor lord nor lady minding;
She bent her head above this book,
  Attentive to her binding.

And one stray thread of golden hair,
  Caught on her nimble fingers,
Was stitched within this volume, where
  Until to-day it lingers.

Past and forgotten, beaux and fair;
  Wigs, powder, all out-dated;
A queer antique, the Sedan chair;
  Pope, stiff and antiquated.

Yet, as I turn these odd old plays,
  This single stray lock finding,
I'm back in those forgotten days
  And watch her at her binding.

IN EXPLANATION.

HER lips were so near
  That—what else could I do?
You'll be angry, I fear,
But her lips were so near—
Well, I can't make it clear,
  Or explain it to you,
But—her lips were so near
  That—what else could I do?

Constance Fenimore Woolson.

Born in Claremont, N. H.

THE LADY OF LITTLE FISHING.

[*Castle Nowhere. Lake Country Sketches.* 1875.]

IT was an island in Lake Superior.

I beached my canoe there about four o'clock in the afternoon, for the wind was against me and a high sea running. The late summer of 1850, and I was coasting along the south shore of the great lake, hunting, fishing, and camping on the beach, under the delusion that in that way I was living "close to the great heart of nature,"—whatever that may mean. Lord Bacon got up the phrase; I suppose he knew. Pulling the boat high and dry on the sand with the comfortable reflection that here were no tides to disturb her with their goings-out and comings-in, I strolled through the woods on a tour of exploration, expecting to find bluebells, Indian pipes, juniper rings, perhaps a few agates along-shore, possibly a bird or two for company. I found a town.

It was deserted; but none the less a town, with three streets, residences, a meeting-house, gardens, a little park, and an attempt at a fountain. Ruins are rare in the New World; I took off my hat. "Hail, homes of the past!" I said. (I cultivated the habit of thinking aloud when I was living close to the great heart of nature.) "A human voice resounds through your arches" (there were no arches,—logs won't arch; but never mind) "once more, a human hand touches your venerable walls, a human foot presses your deserted hearth-stones." I then selected the best half of the meeting-house for my camp, knocked down one of the homes for fuel, and kindled a glorious bonfire in the park. "Now that you are illuminated with joy, O Ruin," I remarked, "I will go down to the beach and bring up my supplies. It is long since I have had a roof over my head; I promise you to stay until your last residence is well burned; then I will make a final cup of coffee with the meeting-house itself, and depart in peace, leaving your poor old bones buried in decent ashes."

The ruin made no objection, and I took up my abode there; the roof of the meeting-house was still water-tight (which is an advantage when the great heart of nature grows wet). I kindled a fire on the sacerdotal hearth, cooked my supper, ate it in leisurely comfort, and then stretched myself on a blanket to enjoy an evening pipe of peace, listening meanwhile to the sounding of the wind through the great pine trees. There was no door to my sanctuary, but I had the cosey far end; the island was uninhabited, there was not a boat in sight at sunset, nothing could disturb me unless it might be a ghost. Presently a ghost came in.

It did not wear the traditional gray tarlatan armor of Hamlet's father, the only ghost with whom I am well acquainted; this spectre was clad in substantial deerskin garments, and carried a gun and loaded game-bag. It came forward to my hearth, hung up its gun, opened its game-bag, took out some birds, and inspected them gravely.

"Fat?" I inquired.

"They'll do," replied the spectre, and forthwith set to work preparing them for the coals. I smoked on in silence. The spectre seemed to be a skilled cook, and after deftly broiling its supper, it offered me a share; I accepted. It swallowed a huge mouthful and crunched with its teeth; the spell was broken, and I knew it for a man of flesh and blood.

He gave his name as Reuben, and proved himself an excellent camping companion; in fact, he shot all the game, caught all the fish, made all the fires, and cooked all the food for us both. I proposed to him to stay and help me burn up the ruin, with the condition that when the last timber of the meeting-house was consumed, we should shake hands and depart, one to the east, one to the west, without a backward glance. "In that way we shall not infringe upon each other's personality," I said.

"Agreed," replied Reuben.

He was a man of between fifty and sixty years, while I was on the sunny side of thirty; he was reserved, I was always generously affable; he was an excellent cook, while I—well, I wasn't; he was taciturn, and so, in payment for the work he did, I entertained him with conversation, or rather mono-

C. F. Worlam.

logue, in my most brilliant style. It took only two weeks to burn up the town, burned we never so slowly; at last it came the turn of the meeting-house, which now stood by itself in the vacant clearing. It was a cool September day; we cooked breakfast with the roof, dinner with the sides, supper with the odds and ends, and then applied a torch to the frame-work. Our last camp-fire was a glorious one. We lay stretched on our blankets, smoking and watching the glow. "I wonder, now, who built the old shanty," I said in a musing tone.

"Well," replied Reuben, slowly, "if you really want to know, I will tell you. I did."

"You!"

"Yes."

"You didn't do it alone?"

"No; there were about forty of us."

"Here?"

"Yes; here at Little Fishing."

"Little Fishing?"

"Yes; Little Fishing Island. That is the name of the place."

"How long ago was this?"

"Thirty years."

"Hunting and trapping, I suppose?"

"Yes; for the Northwest and Hudson Bay Companies."

"Wasn't a meeting-house an unusual accompaniment?"

"Most unusual."

"Accounted for in this case by"——

"A woman."

"Ah!" I said in a tone of relish; "then of course there is a story?"

"There is."

"Out with it, comrade. I scarcely expected to find the woman and her story up here; but since the irrepressible creature would come, out with her by all means. She shall grace our last pipe together, the last timber of our meeting-house, our last night on Little Fishing. The dawn will see us far from each other, to meet no more this side heaven. Speak then, O comrade mine! I am in one of my rare listening moods!"

I stretched myself at ease and waited. Reuben was a long time beginning, but I was too indolent to urge him. At length he spoke.

"They were a rough set here at Little Fishing, all the worse for being all white men; most of the other camps were full of half-breeds and Indians. The island had been a station away back in the early days of the Hudson Bay Company; it was a station for the Northwest Company while that lasted; then it went back to the Hudson, and staid there until the company moved its forces farther to the north. It was not at any time a regular post; only a camp for the hunters. The post was farther down the lake. O, but those were wild days! You think you know the wilderness, boy; but you know nothing, absolutely nothing. It makes me laugh to see the airs of you city gentlemen with your fine guns, improved fishing-tackle, elaborate paraphernalia, as though you were going to wed the whole forest, floating up and down the lake for a month or two in the summer! You should have seen the hunters of Little Fishing going out gayly when the mercury was down twenty degrees below zero, for a week in the woods. You should have seen the trappers wading through the hard snow, breast high, in the gray dawn, visiting the traps and hauling home the prey. There were all kinds of men here, Scotch, French, English, and American; all classes, the high and the low, the educated and the ignorant; all sorts, the lazy and the hard-working. One thing only they all had in common,—badness. Some had fled to the wilderness to escape the law, others to escape order; some had chosen the wild life because of its wildness, others had drifted into it from sheer lethargy. This far northern border did not attract the plodding emigrant, the respectable settler. Little Fishing held none of that trash; only a reckless set of fellows who carried their lives in their hands, and tossed them up, if need be, without a second thought."

"And other people's lives without a third," I suggested.

"Yes; if they deserved it. But nobody whined; there wasn't any nonsense here. The men went hunting and trapping, got the furs ready for the bateaux, ate when they were hungry, drank when they were thirsty, slept when they were sleepy, played cards when they felt like it, and got angry and knocked each other down whenever they chose. As I said before, there wasn't any nonsense at Little Fishing,—until *she* came."

"Ah! the she!"

"Yes, the Lady,—our Lady, as we called her. Thirty-one years ago; how long it seems!"

"And well it may," I said. "Why, comrade, I wasn't born then!"

This stupendous fact seemed to strike me more than my companion; he went on with his story as though I had not spoken.

"One October evening, four of the boys had got into a row over the cards; the rest of us had come out of our wigwams to see the fun, and were sitting around on the stumps, chaffing them, and laughing; the camp-fire was burning in front, lighting up the woods with a red glow for a short distance, and making the rest doubly black all around. There we all were, as I said before, quite easy and comfortable, when suddenly there appeared among us, as though she had dropped from heaven, a woman!

"She was tall and slender, the firelight shone full on her pale face and dove-colored dress, her golden hair was folded back under a little white cap, and a white kerchief lay over her shoulders; she looked spotless. I stared; I could scarcely believe my eyes; none of us could. There was not a white woman west of the Sault Ste. Marie. The four fellows at the table sat as if transfixed; one had his partner by the throat, the other two were disputing over a point in the game. The lily lady glided up to their table, gathered the cards in her white hands, slowly, steadily, without pause or trepidation before their astonished eyes, and then, coming back, she threw the cards into the centre of the glowing fire. 'Ye shall not play away your souls,' she said in a clear, sweet voice. 'Is not the game sin? And its reward death?' And then, immediately, she gave us a sermon, the like of which was never heard before; no argument, no doctrine, just simple, pure entreaty. 'For the love of God,' she ended, stretching out her hands towards our silent, gazing group,—'for the love of God, my brothers, try to do better.'

"We did try; but it was not for the love of God. Neither did any of us feel like brothers.

"She did not give any name; we called her simply our Lady, and she accepted the title. A bundle carefully packed in birch-bark was found on the beach. 'Is this yours?' asked Black Andy.

"'It is,' replied the Lady; and removing his hat, the black-haired giant carried the package reverently inside her lodge. For we had given her our best wigwam, and fenced it off with pine saplings so that it looked like a miniature fortress. The Lady did not suggest this stockade; it was our own idea, and with one accord we worked at it like beavers, and hung up a gate with a ponderous bolt inside.

"'Mais, ze can nevare farsen eet wiz her leetle fingares,' said Frenchy, a sallow little wretch with a turn for handicraft; so he contrived a small spring which shot the bolt into place with a touch. The Lady lived in her fortress; three times a day the men carried food to her door, and, after tapping gently, withdrew again, stumbling over each other in their haste. The Flying Dutchman, a stolid Holland-born sailor, was our best cook, and the pans and kettles were generally left to him; but now all wanted to try their skill, and the results were extraordinary.

"'She's never touched that pudding, now,' said Nightingale Jack, discontentedly, as his concoction of berries and paste came back from the fortress door.

"'She will starve soon, I think,' remarked the Doctor, calmly; 'to my certain knowledge she has not had an eatable meal for four days.' And he lighted a fresh pipe. This was an aside, and the men pretended not to hear it; but the pans were relinquished to the Dutchman from that time forth.

"The Lady wore always her dove-colored robe, and little white cap, through whose muslin we could see the glimmer of her golden hair. She came and went among us like a spirit; she knew no fear; she turned our life inside out, nor shrank from its vileness. It seemed as though she was not of earth, so utterly impersonal was her interest in us, so heavenly her pity. She took up our sins, one by one, as an angel might; she pleaded with us for our own lost souls, she spared us not, she held not back one grain of denunciation, one iota of future punishment. Sometimes for days we would not see her; then, at twilight, she would glide out among us, and, standing in the light of the camp-fire, she would preach to us as though inspired. We listened to her; I do not mean that we were one whit better at heart, but still we listened to her, always. It was a wonderful sight, that lily face under the pine trees, that spotless woman standing alone in the glare of the fire, while around her lay forty evil-minded, lawless men, not one of whom but would have killed his neighbor for so much as a disrespectful thought of her.

"So strange was her coming, so almost supernatural her appearance in this far forest, that we never wondered over its cause, but simply accepted it as a sort of miracle; your thoroughly irreligious men are always superstitious. Not one of us would have asked a question, and we should never have known her story had she not herself told it to us; not immediately, not as though it was of any importance, but quietly, briefly, and candidly as a child. She came, she said, from Scotland, with a band of God's people. She had always been in one house, a religious institution of some kind, sewing for the poor when her strength allowed it, but generally ill, and suffering much from pain in her head; often kept under the influence of soothing medicines for days together. She had no father or mother, she was only one of this band; and when they decided to send out missionaries to America, she begged to go, although but a burden; the sea voyage restored her health; she grew, she said, in strength and in grace, and her heart was as the heart of a lion. Word came to her from on high that she should come up into the northern lake-country and preach the gospel there; the band were going to the verdant prairies. She left them in the night, taking nothing but her clothing; a friendly vessel carried her north; she had preached the gospel everywhere. At the Sault the priests had driven her out, but nothing fearing, she went on into the wilderness, and so, coming part of the way in canoes, part of the way alongshore, she had reached our far island. Marvellous kindness had she met with, she said; the Indians, the half-breeds, the hunters, and the trappers had all received her and helped her on her way from camp to camp. They had listened to her words also. At Portage they had begged her to stay through the winter, and offered to build her a little church for Sunday services. Our men looked at each other. Portage was the worst camp on the lake, notorious for its fights; it was a mining settlement.

"'But I told them I must journey on towards the west,' continued our Lady. 'I am called to visit every camp on this shore before the winter sets in; I must soon leave you also.'

"The men looked at each other again; the Doctor was spokesman. 'But, my Lady,' he said, 'the next post is Fort William, two hundred and thirty-five miles away on the north shore.'

"'It is almost November; the snow will soon be six and ten feet deep. The Lady could never travel through it,—could she, now?' said Black Andy, who had begun eagerly, but in his embarrassment at the sound of his own voice, now turned to Frenchy and kicked him covertly into answering.

"'Nevare!' replied the Frenchman; he had intended to place his hand upon his heart to give emphasis to his word, but the Lady turned her calm eyes that way, and his grimy paw fell, its gallantry wilted.

"'I thought there was one more camp,—at Burnt-Wood River,' said our Lady in a musing tone. The men looked at each other a third time; there was a camp there, and they all knew it. But the Doctor was equal to the emergency.

"'That camp, my Lady,' he said gravely,—'that camp no longer exists!' Then he whispered hurriedly to the rest of us: 'It will be an easy job to clean it out, boys. We'll send over a party to-night; it's only thirty-five miles.'

"We recognized superior genius; the Doctor was our oldest and deepest sinner. But what struck us most was his anxiety to make good his lie. Had it then come to this—that the Doctor told the truth?

"The next day we all went to work to build our Lady a church; in a week it was completed. There goes its last cross-beam now into the fire; it was a solid piece of work, wasn't it? It has stood this climate thirty years. I remember the first Sunday service: we all washed, and dressed ourselves in the best we had; we scarcely knew each other, we were so fine. The Lady was pleased with the church, but yet she had not said she would stay all winter; we were still anxious. How she preached to us that day! We had made a screen of young spruces set in boxes, and her figure stood out against the dark-green background like a thing of light. Her silvery voice rang through the log-temple, her face seemed to us like a star. She had no color in her cheeks at any time; her dress, too, was colorless. Although gentle, there was an iron inflexibility about her slight, erect form. We felt, as we saw her standing there, that if need be she would walk up to the lion's jaws, the cannon's mouth, with a smile. She took a little book from her pocket and read to us a hymn,—'O come, all ye faithful,' the old '*Adeste Fideles.*' Some of us knew it; she sang, and gradually, shamefacedly, voices joined in. It was a sight to see Nightingale Jack solemnly singing away about 'choirs of angels'; but it was a treat to hear him, too,—what a voice he had! Then our Lady prayed, kneeling down on the little platform in front of the evergreens, clasping her hands, and lifting her eyes to heaven. We did not know what to do at first, but the Doctor gave us a severe look and bent his head, and we all followed his lead.

"When service was over and the door opened, we found that it had been snowing; we could not see out through the windows, because white cloth was nailed over them in place of glass.

"'Now, my Lady, you will have to stay with us,' said the Doctor. We all gathered around with eager faces.

"'Do you really believe that it will be for the good of your souls?' asked the sweet voice.

"The Doctor believed—for us all.

"'Do you really hope?'

"The Doctor hoped.

"'Will you try to do your best?'

"The Doctor was sure he would.

"'I will,' answered the Flying Dutchman, earnestly. 'I moost not fry de meat any more; I moost broil!'

"For we had begged him for months to broil, and he had obstinately refused; broil represented the good, and fry the evil, to his mind; he came out for the good according to his light; but none the less did we fall upon him behind the Lady's back, and cuff him into silence.

"She staid with us all winter. You don't know what the winters are up here; steady, bitter cold for seven months, thermometer always below, the snow dry as dust, the air like a knife. We built a compact chimney for our Lady, and we cut cords of wood into small, light sticks, easy for her to lift, and stacked them in her shed; we lined her lodge with skins, and we made oil from bear's fat and rigged up a kind of lamp for her. We tried to make candles, I remember, but they would not run straight; they came out humpbacked and sidling, and burned themselves to wick in no time. Then we took to improving the town. We had lived in all kinds of huts and lean-to shanties; now nothing would do but regular log-houses. If it had been summer, I don't know what we might not have run to in the way of piazzas and fancy steps; but with the snow five feet deep, all we could accomplish was a plain, square log-house, and even that took our whole force. The only way to keep the peace was to have all the houses exactly alike; we laid out the three streets, and built the houses, all facing the meeting-house, just as you found them."

"And where was the Lady's lodge?" I asked, for I recalled no stockaded fortress, large or small.

My companion hesitated a moment. Then he said abruptly, "It was torn down."

"Torn down!" I repeated. "Why, what"——

Reuben waved his hand with a gesture that silenced me, and went on with his story. It came to me then for the first time that he was pursuing the current of his own thoughts rather than entertaining me. I turned to look at him with a new interest. I had talked to him for two weeks in rather a patronizing way; could it be that affairs were now, at this last moment, reversed?

"It took us almost all winter to build those houses," pursued Reuben. "At one time we neglected the hunting and trapping to such a degree that the Doctor called a meeting and expressed his opinion. Ours was a voluntary camp, in a measure, but still we had formally agreed to get a certain amount of skins ready for the bateaux by early spring; this agreement was about the only real bond of union between us. Those whose houses were not completed scowled at the Doctor.

"'Do you suppose I'm going to live like an Injun when the other fellows has regular houses?' inquired Black Andy, with a menacing air.

"'By no means,' replied the Doctor, blandly. 'My plan is this: build at night.'

"'At night?'

"'Yes; by the light of pine fires.'

"We did. After that, we faithfully went out hunting and trapping as long as daylight lasted, and then, after supper, we built up huge fires of pine logs, and went to work on the next house. It was a strange picture: the forest deep in snow, black with night, the red glow of the great fires, and our moving figures working on as complacently as though daylight, balmy air, and the best of tools were ours.

"The Lady liked our industry. She said our new houses showed that the 'new cleanliness of our inner man required a cleaner tabernacle for the outer.' I don't know about our inner man, but our outer was certainly much cleaner. . . . .

"Spring came, the faltering spring of Lake Superior. I won't go into my own story, but such as it was, the spring brought it back to me with new force. I wanted to go,—and yet I didn't. 'Where,' do you ask? To see her, of course,—a woman, the most beautiful,—well, never mind all that. To be brief, I loved her; she scorned me; I thought I had learned to hate her—but

—I wasn't sure about it now. I kept myself aloof from the others and gave up my heart to the old sweet, bitter memories; I did not even go to church on Sundays. But all the rest went; our Lady's influence was as great as ever. I could hear them singing; they sang better now that they could have the door open; the pent-up feeling used to stifle them. The time for the bateaux drew near, and I noticed that several of the men were hard at work packing the furs in bales—a job usually left to the *voyageurs* who came with the boats. 'What's that for?' I asked.

"'You don't suppose we're going to have those bateau rascals camping on Little Fishing, do you?' said Black Andy, scornfully. 'Where are your wits, Reub?'

"And they packed every skin, rafted them all over to the mainland, and waited there patiently for days, until the train of slow boats came along and took off the bales; then they came back in triumph. 'Now we're secure for another six months,' they said, and began to lay out a park, and gardens for every house. The Lady was fond of flowers; the whole town burst into blossom. The Lady liked green grass; all the clearing was soon turfed over like a lawn. The men tried the ice-cold lake every day, waiting anxiously for the time when they could bathe. There was no end to their cleanliness; Black Andy had grown almost white again, and Frenchy's hair shone like oiled silk.

"The Lady staid on, and all went well. But, gradually, there came a discovery. The Lady was changing,—had changed! Gradually, slowly, but none the less distinctly to the eyes that knew her every eyelash. A little more hair was visible over the white brow, there was a faint color in the cheeks, a quicker step; the clear eyes were sometimes downcast now, the steady voice softer, the words at times faltering. In the early summer the white cap vanished, and she stood among us crowned only with her golden hair; one day she was seen through her open door sewing on a white robe! The men noted all these things silently; they were even a little troubled as at something they did not understand, something beyond their reach. Was she planning to leave them?

"'It's my belief she's getting ready to ascend right up into heaven,' said Salem.

"Salem was a little 'wanting,' as it is called, and the men knew it; still, his words made an impression. They watched the Lady with an awe which was almost superstitious; they were troubled, and knew not why. But the Lady bloomed on. I did not pay much attention to all this; but I could not help hearing it. My heart was moody, full of its own sorrows; I secluded myself more and more. Gradually I took to going off into the mainland forests for days on solitary hunting expeditions. The camp went on its way rejoicing; the men succeeded, after a world of trouble, in making a fountain which actually played, and they glorified themselves exceedingly. The life grew quite pastoral. There was talk of importing a cow from the East, and a messenger was sent to the Sault for certain choice supplies against the coming winter. But, in the late summer, the whisper went round again that the Lady had changed, this time for the worse. She looked ill, she drooped from day to day; the new life that had come to her vanished, but her former life was not restored. She grew silent and sad, she strayed away by herself through the woods, she scarcely noticed the men who followed her with anxious eyes. Time passed, and brought with it an undercurrent of trouble, suspicion, and anger. Everything went on as before; not one habit, not one custom was altered; both sides seemed to shrink from the first change, however slight. The daily life of the camp was outwardly the same, but brooding trouble filled every heart. There was no open discussion; men talked apart in twos and threes; a gloom rested over everything, but no one said 'What is the matter?'

"There was a man among us,—I have not said much of the individual characters of our party, but this man was one of the least esteemed, or rather liked; there was not much esteem of any kind at Little Fishing. Little was known about him; although the youngest man in the camp, he was a mooning, brooding creature, with brown hair and eyes and a melancholy face. He wasn't hearty and whole-souled, and yet he wasn't an out-and-out rascal; he wasn't a leader, and yet he wasn't follower either. He wouldn't be; he was like a third horse, always. There was no goodness about him; don't go to fancying that that was the reason the men did not like him; he was as bad as they were, every inch! He never shirked his work, and they couldn't get a handle on him anywhere; but he was just—unpopular. The why and the wherefore are of no consequence now. Well, do you know what was the suspicion that hovered over the camp? It was this: our Lady loved that man!

"It took three months for all to see it, and yet never a word was spoken. All saw, all heard; but they might have been blind and deaf for any sign they gave. And the Lady drooped more and more.

"September came, the fifteenth; the Lady lay on her couch, pale and thin; the door was open and a bell stood beside her, but there was no line of pickets whispering tidings of her state to an anxious group outside. The turf in the three streets had grown yellow for want of water, the flowers in the little gardens had drooped and died, the fountain was choked with weeds, and the interiors of the houses were all untidy. It was Sunday, and near the hour for service; but the men lounged about, dingy and unwashed.

"'A'n't you going to church?' said Salem, stopping at the door of one of the houses; he was dressed in his best, with a flower in his button-hole.

"'See him now! See the fool,' said Black Andy. 'He's going to church, he is! And where's the minister, Salem? Answer me that!'

"'Why,—in the church, I suppose,' replied Salem, vacantly.

"'No, she a'n't; not she! She's at home, a-weeping, and a-wailing, and a-ger-nashing of her teeth,' replied Andy with bitter scorn.

"'What for?' said Salem.

"'What for? Why, that's the joke! Hear him, boys; he wants to know what for!'

"The loungers laughed,—a loud, reckless laugh.

"'Well, I'm going anyway,' said Salem, looking wonderingly from one to the other; he passed on and entered the church.

"'I say, boys, let's have a high old time,' cried Andy, savagely. 'Let's go back to the old way and have a jolly Sunday. Let's have out the jugs and the cards and be free again!'

"The men hesitated; ten months and more of law and order held them back.

"'What are you afraid of?' said Andy. 'Not of a canting hypocrite, I hope. She's fooled us long enough, I say. Come on!' He brought out a table and stools, and produced the long-unused cards and a jug of whiskey. 'Strike up, Jack,' he cried; 'give us old Fiery-Eyes.'

"The Nightingale hesitated. Fiery-Eyes was a rollicking drinking song; but Andy put the glass to his lips and his scruples vanished in the tempting aroma. He began at the top of his voice, partners were chosen, and, trembling with excitement and impatience, like prisoners unexpectedly set free, the men gathered around and made their bets.

"'What born fools we've been,' said Black Andy, laying down a card.

"'Yes,' replied the Flying Dutchman, 'porn fools!' And he followed suit.

"But a thin white hand came down on the bits of colored pasteboard. It was our Lady. With her hair disordered, and the spots of fever in her cheeks, she stood among us again; but not as of old. Angry eyes confronted her, and Andy wrenched the cards from her grasp. 'No, my Lady,' he said, sternly; 'never again!'

"The Lady gazed from one face to the next, and so all around the circle; all were dark and sullen. Then she bowed her head upon her hands and wept aloud.

"There was a sudden shrinking away on all sides; the players rose; the cards were dropped. But the Lady glided away, weeping as she went; she entered the church door and the men could see her taking her accustomed place on the platform. One by one they followed; Black Andy lingered till the last, but he came. The service began, and went on falteringly, without spirit, with palpable fears of a total breaking down which never quite came; the Nightingale sang almost alone, and made sad work with the words; Salem joined in confidently, but did not improve the sense of the hymn. The Lady was silent. But when the time for the sermon came she rose and her voice burst forth.

"'Men, brothers, what have I done? A change has come over the town, a change has come over your hearts. You shun me! What have I done?'

"There was a grim silence; then the Doctor rose in his place and answered:

"'Only this, madam. You have shown yourself to be a woman.'

"'And what did you think me?'

"'A saint.'

"'God forbid!' said the Lady, earnestly. 'I never thought myself one.'

"'I know that well. But you were a saint to us; hence your influence. It is gone.'

"'Is it all gone?' asked the Lady, sadly.

"'Yes. Do not deceive yourself; we have never been one whit better save through our love for you. We held you as something high above ourselves; we were content to worship you.'

"'O no, not me!' said the Lady, shuddering.

"'Yes, you, you alone! But—our idol came down among us and showed herself to be but common flesh and blood! What wonder that we stand aghast? What wonder that our hearts are bitter? What wonder (worse than all!) that when the awe has quite vanished, there is strife for the beautiful image fallen from its niche?'

"The Doctor ceased, and turned away. The Lady stretched out her hands towards the others; her face was deadly pale, and there was a bewildered expression in her eyes.

"'O, ye for whom I have prayed, for whom I have struggled to obtain a blessing,—ye whom I have loved so,—do *ye* desert me thus?' she cried.

"'*You* have deserted us,' answered a voice.

"'I have not.'

"'You have,' cried Black Andy, pushing to the front. 'You love that Mitchell! Deny it if you dare!'

"There was an irrepressible murmur, then a sudden hush. The angry suspicion, the numbing certainty had found voice at last; the secret was out. All eyes, which had at first closed with the shock, were now fixed upon the solitary woman before them; they burned like coals.

"'Do I?' murmured the Lady, with a strange questioning look that turned from face to face,—'do I? Great God! I do.' She sank upon her knees and buried her face in her trembling hands. 'The truth has come to me at last,—I do!'

"Her voice was a mere whisper, but every ear heard it, and every eye saw the crimson rise to the forehead and redden the white throat.

"For a moment there was silence, broken only by the hard breathing of the men. Then the Doctor spoke:

"'Go out and bring him in,' he cried. 'Bring in this Mitchell! It seems he has other things to do—the blockhead!'

"Two of the men hurried out.

"'He shall not have her,' shouted Black Andy. 'My knife shall see to that!' And he pressed close to the platform. A great tumult arose; men talked angrily and clinched their fists; voices rose and fell together. 'He shall not have her,—Mitchell! Mitchell!'

"'The truth is, each one of you wants her himself,' said the Doctor.

"There was a sudden silence, but every man eyed his neighbor jealously. Black Andy stood in front, knife in hand, and kept guard. The Lady had not moved; she was kneeling, with her face buried in her hands.

"'I wish to speak to her,' said the Doctor, advancing.

"'You shall not,' cried Andy, fiercely interposing.

"'You fool! I love her this moment ten thousand times more than you do. But do you suppose I would so much as touch a woman who loved another man?'

"The knife dropped; the Doctor passed on and took his place on the platform by the Lady's side. The tumult began again, for Mitchell was seen coming in the door between his two keepers.

"'Mitchell! Mitchell!' rang angrily through the church.

"'Look, woman!' said the Doctor, bending over the kneeling figure at his side. She raised her head and saw the wolfish faces below.

"'They have had ten months of your religion,' he said.

"It was his revenge. Bitter, indeed; but he loved her.

"In the mean time the man Mitchell was hauled and pushed and tossed forward to the platform by rough hands that longed to throttle him on the way. At last, angry himself, but full of wonder, he confronted them, this crowd of comrades suddenly turned madmen! 'What does this mean?' he asked.

"'Mean! mean!' shouted the men; 'a likely story! He asks what this means!' And they laughed boisterously.

"The Doctor advanced. 'You see this woman,' he said.

"'I see our Lady.'

"'Our Lady no longer; only a woman like any other,—weak and fickle. Take her,—but begone.'

"'Take her!' repeated Mitchell, bewildered,—'take our Lady! And where?'

"'Fool! Liar! Blockhead!' shouted the crowd below.

"'The truth is simply this, Mitchell,' continued the Doctor, quietly. 'We herewith give you up our Lady,—ours no longer; for she has just confessed, openly confessed, that she loves you.'

"Mitchell started back. 'Loves me!'

"'Yes.'

"Black Andy felt the blade of his knife. 'He'll never have her alive,' he muttered.

"'But,' said Mitchell, bluntly confronting the Doctor, 'I don't want her.'

"'You don't want her?'

"'I don't love her.'

"'You don't love her?'

"'Not in the least,' he replied, growing angry, perhaps at himself. 'What is she to me? Nothing. A very good missionary, no doubt; but *I* don't fancy woman-preachers. You may remember that *I* never gave in to her influence; *I* was never under her thumb. *I* was the only man in Little Fishing who cared nothing for her!'

"'And that is the secret of *her* liking,' murmured the Doctor. 'O woman! woman! the same the world over!'

"In the mean time the crowd had stood stupefied.

"'He does not love her!' they said to each other; 'he does not want her!'

"Andy's black eyes gleamed with joy; he swung himself up onto the platform. Mitchell stood there with face dark and disturbed, but he did not flinch. Whatever his faults, he was no hypocrite. 'I must leave this to-night,' he said to himself, and turned to go. But quick as a flash our Lady sprang from her knees and threw herself at his feet. 'You are going,' she cried. 'I heard what you said,—you do not love me! But take me with you, —oh, take me with you! Let me be your servant—your slave—anything—anything, so that I am not parted from you, my lord and master, my only, only love!'

"She clasped his ankles with her thin, white hands, and laid her face on his dusty shoes.

"The whole audience stood dumb before this manifestation of a great love. Enraged, bitter, jealous as was each heart, there was not a man but would at that moment have sacrificed his own love that she might be blessed. Even Mitchell, in one of those rare spirit-flashes when the soul is shown bare in the lightning, asked himself, 'Can I not love her?' But the soul answered, 'No.' He stooped, unclasped the clinging hands, and turned resolutely away.

"'You are a fool,' said the Doctor. 'No other woman will ever love you as she does.'

"'I know it,' replied Mitchell.

"He stepped down from the platform and crossed the church, the silent crowd making a way for him as he passed along; he went out into the sunshine, through the village, down towards the beach. They saw him no more.

"The Lady had fainted. The men bore her back to the lodge and tended her with gentle care one week,—two weeks,—three weeks. Then she died.

"They were all around her; she smiled upon them all, and called them all by name, bidding them farewell. 'Forgive me,' she whispered to the Doctor. The Nightingale sang a hymn, sang as he had never sung before. Black Andy knelt at her feet. For some minutes she lay scarcely breathing; then suddenly she opened her fading eyes. 'Friends,' she murmured, 'I am well punished. I thought myself holy,—I held myself above my kind,—but God has shown me I am the weakest of them all.'

"The next moment she was gone.

"The men buried her with tender hands. Then, in a kind of blind fury against Fate, they tore down her empty lodge and destroyed its every fragment; in their grim determination they even smoothed over the ground and planted shrubs and bushes, so that the very location might be lost. But they did not stay to see the change. In a month the camp broke up of itself, the town was abandoned, and the island deserted for good and all; I doubt whether any of the men ever came back or even stopped when passing by. Probably I am the only one. Thirty years ago,—thirty years ago!"

"That Mitchell was a great fool," I said, after a long pause. "The Doctor was worth twenty of him; for that matter, so was Black Andy. I only hope the fellow was well punished for his stupidity."

"He was."

"O, you kept track of him, did you?"

"Yes. He went back into the world, and the woman he loved repulsed him a second time, and with even more scorn than before."

"Served him right."

"Perhaps so; but after all, what could he do? Love is not made to order. He loved one, not the other; that was his crime. Yet,—so strange a creature is man,—he came back after thirty years, just to see our Lady's grave."

"What! Are you"——

"I am Mitchell—Reuben Mitchell."

Edward King.

Born in Middlefield, Mass., 1848.

A WOMAN'S EXECUTION.

(Paris, 1871.)

[*Echoes from the Orient.* 1880.]

SWEET-breathed and young,
The people's daughter,
No nerves unstrung,
Going to slaughter!

"Good morning, friends,
You'll love us better,—
Make us amends;
We've burst your fetter!

"How the sun gleams!
(Women are snarling):
Give me your beams,
Liberty's darling!

"Marie's my name;
Christ's mother bore it.
That badge? No shame:
Glad that I wore it!"

(Hair to her waist,
Limbs like a Venus):
Robes are displaced:
"Soldiers, please screen us!

"He at the front?
That is my lover:
Stood all the brunt;—
Now—the fight's over.

"Powder and bread
Gave out together:
Droll! to be dead
In this bright weather!

"Jean, boy, we might
Have married in June!
This the wall? Right!
Vive la Commune!"

O BIRDS THAT FLIT BY OCEAN'S RIM.

O BIRDS that flit by ocean's rim,
And make your plaint to silent sky:
O waves that lap horizons dim,
Ye shall be tranquil by and by!

O rose-tree giving petals fair
In some lost garden lone to lie,
Weep not because your stems are bare;
They shall reblossom by and by.

O singer, singing in the night,
Turn not and curse the heavens and die;
Your heritage is peace and light—
You shall be richer by and by!

Joel Chandler Harris.

Born in Eatonton, Ga., 1848.

THE WONDERFUL TAR-BABY STORY.

[*Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings. The Folk-Lore of the Old Plantation.* 1881.]

"DIDN'T the fox *never* catch the rabbit, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy the next evening.

"He come mighty nigh it, honey, sho's you bawn—Brer Fox did. One day atter Brer Rabbit fool 'im wid dat calamus root, Brer Fox went ter wuk en got 'im some tar, en mix it wid some turkentime, en fix up a contrapshun w'at he call a Tar-Baby, en he tuck dish yer Tar-Baby en he sot 'er in de big road, en den he lay off in de bushes fer ter see w'at de news wuz gwineter be. En he didn't hatter wait long, nudder, kaze bimeby here come Brer Rabbit pacin' down de road—lippity-clippity, clippity-lippity—dez ez sassy ez a jay-bird. Brer Fox, he lay low. Brer Rabbit come prancin' 'long twel he spy de Tar-Baby, en den he fotch up on his behime legs like he wuz 'stonished. De Tar-Baby, she sot dar, she did, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Mawnin'!' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee—'nice wedder dis mawnin',' sezee.

"Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'How duz yo' sym'tums seem ter segashuate?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

"Brer Fox, he wink his eye slow, en lay low, en de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'How you come on, den? Is you deaf?' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Kaze if you is, I kin holler louder,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Youer stuck up, dat's w'at you is,' says Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en I'm gwineter kyore you, dat's w'at I'm a gwineter do,' sezee.

"Brer Fox, he sorter chuckle in his stummuck, he did, but Tar-Baby ain't sayin' nuthin'.

"'I'm gwineter larn you howter talk ter 'specttubble fokes ef hit's de las' ack,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'Ef you don't take off dat hat en tell me howdy, I'm gwineter bus' you wide open,' sezee.

"Tar-Baby stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"Brer Rabbit keep on axin' 'im, en de Tar-Baby, she keep on sayin' nuthin', twel present'y Brer Rabbit draw back wid his fis', he did, en blip he tuck 'er side er de head. Right dar's whar he broke his merlasses jug. His fis' stuck, en he can't pull loose. De tar hilt 'im. But Tar-Baby, she stay still, en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Ef you don't lemme loose, I'll knock you agin,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, en wid dat he fotch 'er a wipe wid de udder han', en dat stuck. Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin', en Brer Fox, he lay low.

"'Tu'n me loose, fo' I kick de natal stuffin' outen you,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, but de Tar-Baby, she ain't sayin' nuthin'. She des hilt on, en den Brer Rabbit lose de use er his feet in de same way. Brer Fox, he lay low.

Den Brer Rabbit squall out dat ef de Tar-Baby don't tu'n 'im loose he butt 'er cranksided. En den he butted, en his head got stuck. Den Brer Fox, he sa'ntered fort', lookin' des ez innercent ez wunner yo' mammy's mockin'-birds.

"'Howdy, Brer Rabbit,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'You look sorter stuck up dis mawnin',' sezee, en den he rolled on de groun', en laft en laft twel he couldn't laff no mo'. 'I speck you'll take dinner wid me dis time, Brer Rabbit. I done laid in some calamus root, en I ain't gwineter take no skuse,' sez Brer Fox, sezee."

Here Uncle Remus paused, and drew a two-pound yam out of the ashes.

"Did the fox eat the rabbit?" asked the little boy to whom the story had been told.

"Dat's all de fur de tale goes," replied the old man. "He mout, en den agin he moutent. Some say Jedge B'ar come 'long en loosed 'im—some say he didn't. I hear Miss Sally callin'. You better run 'long."

A REVIVAL HYMN.

[*From the Same.*]

OH, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners 'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer,
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier—
Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a stan'in all aroun',
Who's a gwineter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?
Who's a gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol',
En answer to der name at de callin' er de roll?
You better come now ef you comin'—
Ole Satun is loose en a bummin'—
De wheels er distruckshun is a hummin'—
Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Pairidise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit's saft en hit's wide,
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!
Oh, you nee'nter be a stoppin' en a lookin';
Ef you fool wid ole Satun you'll git took in;
You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a stoppin' en a lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;

Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.
  No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
  De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer—
  Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
  Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

FREE JOE AND THE REST OF THE WORLD.

[*Free Joe, and Other Georgian Sketches.* 1888.]

THE name of Free Joe strikes humorously upon the ear of memory. It is impossible to say why, for he was the humblest, the simplest, and the most serious of all God's living creatures, sadly lacking in all those elements that suggest the humorous. It is certain, moreover, that in 1850 the sober-minded citizens of the little Georgian village of Hillsborough were not inclined to take a humorous view of Free Joe, and neither his name nor his presence provoked a smile. He was a black atom, drifting hither and thither without an owner, blown about by all the winds of circumstance, and given over to shiftlessness.

The problems of one generation are the paradoxes of a succeeding one, particularly if war, or some such incident, intervenes to clarify the atmosphere and strengthen the understanding. Thus, in 1850, Free Joe represented not only a problem of large concern, but, in the watchful eyes of Hillsborough, he was the embodiment of that vague and mysterious danger that seemed to be forever lurking on the outskirts of slavery, ready to sound a shrill and ghostly signal in the impenetrable swamps, and steal forth under the midnight stars to murder, rapine, and pillage—a danger always threatening, and yet never assuming shape; intangible, and yet real; impossible, and yet not improbable. Across the serene and smiling front of safety, the pale outlines of the awful shadow of insurrection sometimes fell. With this invisible panorama as a background, it was natural that the figure of Free Joe, simple and humble as it was, should assume undue proportions. Go where he would, do what he might, he could not escape the finger of observation and the kindling eye of suspicion. His lightest words were noted, his slightest actions marked.

Under all the circumstances it was natural that his peculiar condition should reflect itself in his habits and manners. The slaves laughed loudly day by day, but Free Joe rarely laughed. The slaves sang at their work and danced at their frolics, but no one ever heard Free Joe sing or saw him dance. There was something painfully plaintive and appealing in his attitude, something touching in his anxiety to please. He was of the friendliest nature, and seemed to be delighted when he could amuse the little children who had made a playground of the public square. At times he would please them by making his little dog Dan perform all sorts of curious tricks, or he would tell them quaint stories of the beasts of the field and birds of the air; and frequently he was coaxed into relating the story of his own freedom. That story was brief, but tragical.

In the year of our Lord 1840, when a negro-speculator of a sportive turn of mind reached the little village of Hillsborough on his way to the Mississippi region, with a caravan of likely negroes of both sexes, he found much to interest him. In that day and at that time there were a number of young men in the village who had not bound themselves over to repentance for the various misdeeds of the flesh. To these young men the negro-speculator (Major Frampton was his name) proceeded to address himself. He was a Virginian, he declared; and, to prove the statement, he referred all the festively inclined young men of Hillsborough to a barrel of peach-brandy in one of his covered wagons. In the minds of these young men there was less doubt in regard to the age and quality of the brandy than there was in regard to the negro-trader's birthplace. Major Frampton might or might not have been born in the Old Dominion,—that was a matter for consideration and inquiry,—but there could be no question as to the mellow pungency of the peach-brandy.

In his own estimation, Major Frampton was one of the most accomplished of men. He had summered at the Virginia Springs; he had been to Philadelphia, to Washington, to Richmond, to Lynchburg, and to Charleston, and had accumulated a great deal of experience which he found useful. Hillsborough was hid in the woods of Middle Georgia, and its general aspect of innocence impressed him. He looked on the young men who had shown their readiness to test his peach-brandy as overgrown country boys who needed to be introduced to some of the arts and sciences he had at his command. Thereupon the major pitched his tents, figuratively speaking, and became, for the time being, a part and parcel of the innocence that characterized Hillsborough. A wiser man would doubtless have made the same mistake.

The little village possessed advantages that seemed to be providentially arranged to fit the various enterprises that Major Frampton had in view. There was the auction-block in front of the stuccoed court-house, if he desired to dispose of a few of his negroes; there was a quarter-track, laid out to his hand and in excellent order, if he chose to enjoy the pleasures of horse-racing; there were secluded pine thickets within easy reach, if he desired to indulge in the exciting pastime of cock-fighting; and various lonely and unoccupied rooms in the second story of the tavern, if he cared to challenge the chances of dice or cards.

Major Frampton tried them all with varying luck, until he began his famous game of poker with Judge Alfred Wellington, a stately gentleman with a flowing white beard and mild blue eyes that gave him the appearance of a benevolent patriarch. The history of the game in which Major Frampton and Judge Alfred Wellington took part is something more than a tradition in Hillsborough, for there are still living three or four men who sat around the table and watched its progress. It is said that at various stages of the game Major Frampton would destroy the cards with which they were playing, and send for a new pack, but the result was always the same. The mild blue eyes of Judge Wellington, with few exceptions, continued to overlook "hands" that were invincible—a habit they had acquired during a long and arduous course of training from Saratoga to New Orleans. Major Frampton lost his money, his horses, his wagons, and all his negroes but one, his body-servant. When his misfortune had reached this limit, the major adjourned the game. The sun was shining brightly, and all nature was cheerful. It is said that the major also seemed to be cheerful. However this may be, he visited the court-house, and executed the papers that gave his body-servant his freedom. This being done, Major Frampton sauntered into a convenient pine thicket and blew out his brains.

The negro thus freed came to be known as Free Joe. Compelled, under the law, to choose a guardian, he chose Judge Wellington, chiefly because his wife Lucinda was among the negroes won from Major Frampton. For several years Free Joe had what may be called a jovial time. His wife Lucinda was well provided for, and he found it a comparatively easy matter to provide for himself; so that, taking all the circumstances into consideration, it is not matter for astonishment that he became somewhat shiftless.

When Judge Wellington died, Free Joe's troubles began. The judge's negroes, including Lucinda, went to his half-brother, a man named Calderwood, who was a hard master and a rough customer generally—a man of many eccentricities of mind and character. His neighbors had a habit of alluding to him as "Old Spite"; and the name seemed to fit him so completely that he was known far and near as "Spite" Calderwood. He probably enjoyed the distinction the name gave him; at any rate, he never resented it, and it was not often that he missed an opportunity to show that he deserved it. Calderwood's place was two or three miles from the village of Hillsborough, and Free Joe visited his wife twice a week, Wednesday and Saturday nights.

One Sunday he was sitting in front of Lucinda's cabin, when Calderwood happened to pass that way.

"Howdy, marster?" said Free Joe, taking off his hat.

"Who are you?" exclaimed Calderwood abruptly, halting and staring at the negro.

"I'm name' Joe, marster. I'm Lucindy's ole man."

"Who do you belong to?"

"Marse John Evans is my gyardeen, marster."

"Big name—gyardeen. Show your pass."

Free Joe produced that document, and Calderwood read it aloud slowly, as if he found it difficult to get at the meaning:—

"*To whom it may concern: This is to certify that the boy Joe Frampton has my permission to visit his wife Lucinda.*"

This was dated at Hillsborough, and signed "*John W. Evans.*"

Calderwood read it twice, and then looked at Free Joe, elevating his eyebrows, and showing his discolored teeth.

"Some mighty big words in that there. Evans owns this place, I reckon. When's he comin' down to take hold?"

Free Joe fumbled with his hat. He was badly frightened.

"Lucindy say she speck you wouldn't min' my comin', 'long ez I behave, marster."

Calderwood tore the pass in pieces and flung it away.

"Don't want no free niggers 'round here," he exclaimed. "There's the big road. It'll carry you to town. Don't let me catch you here no more. Now, mind what I tell you."

Free Joe presented a shabby spectacle as he moved off with his little dog Dan slinking at his heels. It should be said in behalf of Dan, however, that his bristles were up, and that he looked back and growled. It may be that the dog had the advantage of insignificance, but it is difficult to conceive how a dog bold enough to raise his bristles under Calderwood's very eyes could be as insignificant as Free Joe. But both the negro and his little dog seemed to give a new and more dismal aspect to forlornness as they turned into the road and went toward Hillsborough.

After this incident Free Joe appeared to have clearer ideas concerning his peculiar condition. He realized the fact that though he was free he was more helpless than any slave. Having no owner, every man was his master. He knew that he was the object of suspicion, and therefore all his slender resources (ah! how pitifully slender they were!) were devoted to winning, not kindness and appreciation, but toleration; all his efforts were in the direction of mitigating the circumstances that tended to make his condition so much worse than that of the negroes around him—negroes who had friends because they had masters.

So far as his own race was concerned, Free Joe was an exile. If the slaves secretly envied him his freedom (which is to be doubted, considering his miserable condition), they openly despised him, and lost no opportunity to treat him with contumely. Perhaps this was in some measure the result of the attitude which Free Joe chose to maintain toward them. No doubt his instinct taught him that to hold himself aloof from the slaves would be to invite from the whites the toleration which he coveted, and without which even his miserable condition would be rendered more miserable still.

His greatest trouble was the fact that he was not allowed to visit his wife; but he soon found a way out of this difficulty. After he had been ordered away from the Calderwood place, he was in the habit of wandering as far in that direction as prudence would permit. Near the Calderwood place, but not on Calderwood's land, lived an old man named Micajah Staley, and his sister Becky Staley. These people were old and very poor. Old Micajah had a palsied arm and hand; but, in spite of this, he managed to earn a precarious living with his turning-lathe.

When he was a slave Free Joe would have scorned these representatives of a class known as poor white trash, but now he found them sympathetic and helpful in various ways. From the back door of their cabin he could hear the Calderwood negroes singing at night, and he sometimes fancied he could distinguish Lucinda's shrill treble rising above the other voices. A large poplar grew in the woods some distance from the Staley cabin, and at the foot of this tree Free Joe would sit for hours with his face turned toward

Calderwood's. His little dog Dan would curl up in the leaves near by, and the two seemed to be as comfortable as possible.

One Saturday afternoon Free Joe, sitting at the foot of this friendly poplar, fell asleep. How long he slept, he could not tell; but when he awoke little Dan was licking his face, the moon was shining brightly, and Lucinda his wife stood before him laughing. The dog, seeing that Free Joe was asleep, had grown somewhat impatient, and he concluded to make an excursion to the Calderwood place on his own account. Lucinda was inclined to give the incident a twist in the direction of superstition.

"I 'uz settin' down front er de fireplace," she said, "cookin' me some meat, w'en all of a sudden I year sumpin at de do'—scratch, scratch. I tuck'n tu'n de meat over, en make out I aint year it. Bimeby it come dar 'gin—scratch, scratch. I up en open de do', I did, en, bless de Lord! dar wuz little Dan, en it look like ter me dat his ribs done grow tergeer. I gin 'im some bread, en den, w'en he start out, I tuck'n foller 'im, kaze, I say ter myse'f, maybe my nigger man mought be some'rs 'roun'. Dat ar little dog got sense, mon."

Free Joe laughed and dropped his hand lightly on Dan's head. For a long time after that he had no difficulty in seeing his wife. He had only to sit by the poplar tree until little Dan could run and fetch her. But after a while the other negroes discovered that Lucinda was meeting Free Joe in the woods, and information of the fact soon reached Calderwood's ears. Calderwood was what is called a man of action. He said nothing; but one day he put Lucinda in his buggy and carried her to Macon, sixty miles away. He carried her to Macon and came back without her; and nobody in or around Hillsborough, or in that section, ever saw her again.

For many a night after that Free Joe sat in the woods and waited. Little Dan would run merrily off and be gone a long time, but he always came back without Lucinda. This happened over and over again. The "willis-whistlers" would call and call, like phantom huntsmen wandering on a far-off shore; the screech-owl would shake and shiver in the depths of the woods; the night-hawks, sweeping by on noiseless wings, would snap their beaks as though they enjoyed the huge joke of which Free Joe and little Dan were the victims; and the whip-poor-wills would cry to each other through the gloom. Each night seemed to be lonelier than the preceding, but Free Joe's patience was proof against loneliness. There came a time, however, when little Dan refused to go after Lucinda. When Free Joe motioned him in the direction of the Calderwood place, he would simply move about uneasily and whine; then he would curl up in the leaves and make himself comfortable.

One night, instead of going to the poplar tree to wait for Lucinda, Free Joe went to the Staley cabin, and, in order to make his welcome good, as he expressed it, he carried with him an armful of fat-pine splinters. Miss Becky Staley had a great reputation in those parts as a fortune-teller, and the schoolgirls, as well as older people, often tested her powers in this direction, some in jest and some in earnest. Free Joe placed his humble offering of lightwood in the chimney-corner, and then seated himself on the steps, dropping his hat on the ground outside.

Joel Chandler Harris

"Miss Becky," he said presently, "whar in de name er gracious you reckon Lucindy is?"

"Well, the Lord he'p the nigger!" exclaimed Miss Becky, in a tone that seemed to reproduce, by some curious agreement of sight with sound, her general aspect of peakedness. "Well, the Lord he'p the nigger! haint you been a-seein' her all this blessed time? She's over at old Spite Calderwood's, if she's anywheres, I reckon."

"No'm, dat I aint, Miss Becky. I aint seen Lucindy in now gwine on mighty nigh a mont'."

"Well, it haint a-gwine to hurt you," said Miss Becky, somewhat sharply. "In my day an' time it wuz allers took to be a bad sign when niggers got to honeyin' 'roun' an' gwine on."

"Yessum," said Free Joe, cheerfully assenting to the proposition—"yessum, dat's so, but me an' my ole 'oman, we 'uz raise tergeer, en dey aint bin many days w'en we 'uz 'way fum one 'n'er like we is now."

"Maybe she's up an' took up wi' some un else," said Micajah Staley from the corner. "You know what the sayin' is, 'New master, new nigger.'"

"Dat's so, dat's de sayin', but tain't wid my ole 'oman like 'tis wid yuther niggers. Me en her wuz des natally raise up tergeer. Dey's lots likelier niggers dan w'at I is," said Free Joe, viewing his shabbiness with a critical eye, "but I knows Lucindy mos' good ez I does little Dan dar—dat I does."

There was no reply to this, and Free Joe continued:

"Miss Becky, I wish you please, ma'am, take en run yo' kyards en see sump'n n'er 'bout Lucindy; kaze ef she sick, I'm gwine dar. Dey ken take en take me up en gimme a stroppin', but I'm gwine dar."

Miss Becky got her cards, but first she picked up a cup, in the bottom of which were some coffee-grounds. These she whirled slowly round and round, ending finally by turning the cup upside down on the hearth and allowing it to remain in that position.

"I'll turn the cup first," said Miss Becky, "and then I'll run the cards and see what they say."

As she shuffled the cards the fire on the hearth burned low, and in its fitful light the gray-haired, thin-featured woman seemed to deserve the weird reputation which rumor and gossip had given her. She shuffled the cards for some moments, gazing intently in the dying fire; then, throwing a piece of pine on the coals, she made three divisions of the pack, disposing them about in her lap. Then she took the first pile, ran the cards slowly through her fingers, and studied them carefully. To the first she added the second pile. The study of these was evidently not satisfactory. She said nothing, but frowned heavily; and the frown deepened as she added the rest of the cards until the entire fifty-two had passed in review before her. Though she frowned, she seemed to be deeply interested. Without changing the relative position of the cards, she ran them all over again. Then she threw a larger piece of pine on the fire, shuffled the cards afresh, divided them into three piles, and subjected them to the same careful and critical examination.

"I can't tell the day when I've seed the cards run this a-way," she said after a while. "What is an' what aint, I'll never tell you; but I know what the cards sez."

"W'at does dey say, Miss Becky?" the negro inquired, in a tone the solemnity of which was heightened by its eagerness.

"They er runnin' quare. These here that I'm a-lookin' at," said Miss Becky, "they stan' for the past. Them there, they er the present; and the t'others, they er the future. Here's a bundle,"—tapping the ace of clubs with her thumb,—"an' here's a journey as plain as the nose on a man's face. Here's Lucindy"——

"Whar she, Miss Becky?"

"Here she is—the queen of spades."

Free Joe grinned. The idea seemed to please him immensely.

"Well, well, well!" he exclaimed. "Ef dat don't beat my time! De queen er spades! W'en Lucindy year dat hit'll tickle 'er, sho'!"

Miss Becky continued to run the cards back and forth through her fingers.

"Here's a bundle an' a journey, and here's Lucindy. An' here's ole Spite Calderwood."

She held the cards toward the negro and touched the king of clubs.

"De Lord he'p my soul!" exclaimed Free Joe with a chuckle. "De faver's dar. Yesser, dat's him! W'at de matter 'long wid all un um, Miss Becky?"

The old woman added the second pile of cards to the first, and then the third, still running them through her fingers slowly and critically. By this time the piece of pine in the fireplace had wrapped itself in a mantle of flame, illuminating the cabin and throwing into strange relief the figure of Miss Becky as she sat studying the cards. She frowned ominously at the cards and mumbled a few words to herself. Then she dropped her hands in her lap and gazed once more into the fire. Her shadow danced and capered on the wall and floor behind her, as if, looking over her shoulder into the future, it could behold a rare spectacle. After a while she picked up the cup that had been turned on the hearth. The coffee-grounds, shaken around, presented what seemed to be a most intricate map.

"Here's the journey," said Miss Becky, presently; "here's the big road, here's rivers to cross, here's the bundle to tote." She paused and sighed. "They haint no names writ here, an' what it all means I'll never tell you. Cajy, I wish you'd be so good as to han' me my pipe."

"I haint no hand wi' the kyards," said Cajy, as he handed the pipe, "but I reckon I can patch out your misinformation, Becky, bekaze the other day, whiles I was a-finishin' up Mizzers Perdue's rollin'-pin, I hearn a rattlin' in the road. I looked out, an' Spite Calderwood was a-drivin' by in his buggy, an' thar sot Lucindy by him. It'd in-about drapt out er my min'."

Free Joe sat on the door-sill and fumbled at his hat, flinging it from one hand to the other.

"You aint see um gwine back, is you, Mars Cajy?" he asked after a while.

"Ef they went back by this road," said Mr. Staley, with the air of one who is accustomed to weigh well his words, "it must 'a' bin endurin' of the time whiles I was asleep, bekaze I haint bin no furder from my shop than to yon bed."

"Well, sir!" exclaimed Free Joe in an awed tone, which Mr. Staley seemed to regard as a tribute to his extraordinary powers of statement.

"Ef it's my beliefs you want," continued the old man, "I'll pitch 'em at you fair and free. My beliefs is that Spite Calderwood is gone an' took Lucindy outen the county. Bless your heart and soul! when Spite Calderwood meets the Old Boy in the road they'll be a turrible scuffle. You mark what I tell you."

Free Joe, still fumbling with his hat, rose and leaned against the door-facing. He seemed to be embarrassed. Presently he said:

"I speck I better be gittin' 'long. Nex' time I see Lucindy, I'm gwine tell 'er w'at Miss Becky say 'bout de queen er spades—dat I is. Ef dat don't tickle 'er, dey ain't no nigger 'oman never bin tickle'."

He paused a moment, as though waiting for some remark or comment, some confirmation of misfortune, or, at the very least, some indorsement of his suggestion that Lucinda would be greatly pleased to know that she had figured as the queen of spades; but neither Miss Becky nor her brother said anything.

"One minnit ridin' in the buggy 'longside er Mars Spite, en de nex' high-falutin' 'roun' playin' de queen er spades. Mon, deze yer nigger gals gittin' up in de pictur's; dey sholy is."

With a brief "Good-night, Miss Becky, Mars Cajy," Free Joe went out into the darkness, followed by little Dan. He made his way to the poplar, where Lucinda had been in the habit of meeting him, and sat down. He sat there a long time; he sat there until little Dan, growing restless, trotted off in the direction of the Calderwood place. Dozing against the poplar, in the gray dawn of the morning, Free Joe heard Spite Calderwood's fox-hounds in full cry a mile away.

"Shoo!" he exclaimed, scratching his head, and laughing to himself, "dem ar dogs is des a-warmin' dat old fox up."

But it was Dan the hounds were after, and the little dog came back no more. Free Joe waited and waited, until he grew tired of waiting. He went back the next night and waited, and for many nights thereafter. His waiting was in vain, and yet he never regarded it as in vain. Careless and shabby as he was, Free Joe was thoughtful enough to have his theory. He was convinced that little Dan had found Lucinda, and that some night when the moon was shining brightly through the trees, the dog would rouse him from his dreams as he sat sleeping at the foot of the poplar tree, and he would open his eyes and behold Lucinda standing over him, laughing merrily as of old; and then he thought what fun they would have about the queen of spades.

How many long nights Free Joe waited at the foot of the poplar tree for Lucinda and little Dan no one can ever know. He kept no account of them, and they were not recorded by Micajah Staley nor by Miss Becky. The season ran into summer and then into fall. One night he went to the Staley cabin, cut the two old people an armful of wood, and seated himself on the door-steps, where he rested. He was always thankful—and proud, as it seemed—when Miss Becky gave him a cup of coffee, which she was sometimes thoughtful enough to do. He was especially thankful on this particular night.

"You er still layin' off for to strike up wi' Lucindy out thar in the woods, I reckon," said Micajah Staley, smiling grimly. The situation was not without its humorous aspects.

"Oh, dey er comin', Mars Cajy, dey er comin', sho," Free Joe replied. "I boun' you dey'll come; en w'en dey does come, I'll des take en fetch um yer, whar you kin see um wid you own eyes, you en Miss Becky."

"No," said Mr. Staley, with a quick and emphatic gesture of disapproval. "Don't! don't fetch 'em anywheres. Stay right wi' 'em as long as may be."

Free Joe chuckled, and slipped away into the night, while the two old people sat gazing in the fire. Finally Micajah spoke:

"Look at that nigger; look at 'im. He's pine-blank as happy now as a killdee by a mill-race. You can't 'faze 'em. I'd in-about give up my t'other hand ef I could stan' flat-footed an' grin at trouble like that there nigger."

"Niggers is niggers," said Miss Becky, smiling grimly, "an' you can't rub it out; yit I lay I've seed a heap of white people lots meaner'n Free Joe. He grins,—an' that's nigger,—but I've ketched his under jaw a-trimblin' when Lucindy's name uz brung up. An' I tell you," she went on, bridling up a little, and speaking with almost fierce emphasis, "the Old Boy's done sharpened his claws for Spite Calderwood. You'll see it."

"Me, Rebecca?" said Mr. Staley, hugging his palsied arm; "me? I hope not."

"Well, you'll know it then," said Miss Becky, laughing heartily at her brother's look of alarm.

The next morning Micajah Staley had occasion to go into the woods after a piece of timber. He saw Free Joe sitting at the foot of the poplar, and the sight vexed him somewhat.

"Git up from there," he cried, "an' go an' arn your livin'. A mighty purty pass it's come to, when great big buck niggers can lie a-snorin' in the woods all day, when t'other folks is got to be up an' a-gwine. Git up from there!"

Receiving no response, Mr. Staley went to Free Joe and shook him by the shoulder; but the negro made no response. He was dead. His hat was off, his head was bent, and a smile was on his face. It was as if he had bowed and smiled when death stood before him, humble to the last. His clothes were ragged; his hands were rough and callous; his shoes were literally tied together with strings; he was shabby in the extreme. A passer-by, glancing at him, could have no idea that such a humble creature had been summoned as a witness before the Lord God of Hosts.

George Willis Cooke.

Born in Comstock, Mich., 1848.

THE POET'S ART.

[*Poets and Problems.* 1886.]

THE TOUCH OF HEAVENLY BEAUTY.

POETRY cannot be made by rule. The more the rules are thought of the less is the result in poetry. It is true enough that there must be a groundwork of rule, and compliance with the fixed requirements of form; but the poet who is obliged to keep these in his mind, and to work conscious of them, is sure never to produce anything worthy of the name of true art. The poet who counts his syllables to see if the lines are of the right length is no poet worthy of the name. He must know as by instinct, even more surely than if he counted, that they are right, or there is no hope for him. The musician gives much time to the study of the technique of his art, and he recognizes that it rests on a basis of rigid mathematical rule; but with this there must be a soul for music, an ear that tells if it is right, and a heart that catches up in an instant all the pathos and loveliness of it. The passion and the instinct for music absent, the most perfect knowledge of the rules and laws is utterly incapable of producing it. These given, music will result, even if there is no technical knowledge.

So it is in poetry; the soul must have a touch of heavenly beauty in it, or no poetry can grow out of it. Rules will not put it in or take it out. This the rules will do, however: dry it up, and turn the pure stream of that water of life from a babbling brook full of delight, as it pours down the mountain-side, into a mere ditch, very regular, but wanting all charm and beauty. Not that there can be genuine poetry without rules and form, for these are always necessary in their place; but they are, and must be kept, subordinate; and they are not to be enforced against the poet who chooses to create some other way for himself than that which is in common use.

Life is not manifested in customs and costumes, but in spontaneity and spirit. The more man lives by conventional rule the more he lives on the surface of his nature, and the more he fails to reach the deepest springs of original and noble purpose. If he lives to conform he lives feebly, and he can never be himself in a life-giving manner. So in poetry; it must come to life and expression, not out of the conventional and traditional, but out of what the poet has seen for himself, and experienced with his own soul. If it has this latter quality, it can in some measure dispense with the merely technical requirements. All true poetry is lived; is music, harmony, and grandeur in the soul first, and then puts itself into words in that way which will best produce upon others the same effects which have been produced upon the poet, or which will kindle in other hearts the living fire of truth and beauty which were first in his heart. If this power is carried swiftly and surely from one to the other, and the poet has the gift of making others see what he has seen, feel what he has felt, and believe what he has believed, the form little matters. It is this power of kindling the fires of truth and beauty in other souls which is the real power and charm of the poet; and if this is wanting, all else that is of much value is also absent. It is not enough to please, if pleasing is all, though that has its place and its value as truly as other things have theirs; but genuine poetry is the outgrowth of what is otherwise intrinsically good, and for other reasons. Nothing genuinely pleases which does not do more than gratify for the moment. True pleasure grows out of roots of beauty, truth, and right; and it must always have ends other than its own.

The poet must be either a teacher or an artist; or, what is better, he may be both in one. Therefore, he can never stop at form or at what delights and charms merely. He must go on to the expression of something of deep and real abidingness of thought or beauty. This comes at last to be the real thing for which he works, which he seeks to bring into expression with such power and grandeur in it as he can produce, and which he wills to send forth for the sake of this higher impression on the world.

Poetry is the interpretation of life in response to emotion and imagination. Its object is the satisfaction of ideal desire. It gives pleasure by means of its artistic form, the human mind naturally seeking to express its more elevated thoughts and emotions in rhythmic language. This is the artistic meaning of poetry; but the soul of it is the life of man uplifted and transformed by the world of the ideal. There is nothing of poetry in the bare realism of nature and life. Nature is lovely only when a poet's eye looks upon it. Fishermen toiling with their nets or peasants bowing at the sound of a bell calling them to prayer are objects of artistic pleasure because of the human sentiments associated with them. A man exists before a poet is possible; and it is the man's soul which gives to poetry all there is in it that delights other men.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE AND OF THE FUTURE.

Whenever there is a growth of idealism, literature feels the new life which it creates. Most of the great literary periods have been associated with a revival of this philosophy in some one of its many forms. There are an impulse, an energy, and a largeness of conception in what it has to teach, and in the life it produces, which are conducive to literary creation. Whatever its limitations, it affects the imagination and the emotions, gives the largest conceptions of nature and man, and kindles the soul with the fire of renewing life.

Idealism is the philosophy of hope and of the future. It clings not to the low earth, but embraces the circle of the heavens. Thought it raises to the place of supreme arbiter in the realm of human experience. It gives the imagination objects worthy of its creative vision, and it lifts the whole mind with an exalted sense of its relations to Absolute Being.

It is not fancy, but reality, in which idealism finds its life and its reason for being. It creates a love of nature, it awakens the spirit of humanity, and it draws man into ardent sympathy with the world about him. Wherever the idealist goes there are voices to be heard chanting the glory and the beauty of creation. He finds everywhere a life responsive to his own, that reveals to him truth and accords to him peace.

The idealist is the only true realist. He it is who takes the world as an actuality, and who stands before it with reverence and awe, because of the life made known in every leaf and star and man. He reads nature with the whole of his mind, and all the pages of her book are bound together into one work for his delight. He does not accept this and reject that, but he peruses all her truths in search of the light which he is sure they contain for him.

Literature has gained from the idealist its joy, its beauty, and its fragrance. When it glows with eternal freshness and vigor there his hand is seen and the throbbing of his heart is felt. He it is who interprets the ideas after which the creative process proceeds, making it live anew in poem, essay, or romance.

The revival of idealism in Germany, in the middle of the eighteenth century, had a remarkable influence on English literature. It gave us Wordsworth and Coleridge in the place of Pope and Gray. It brought nature, imagination, feeling, and the real world into literature. It gave to the real world a capacity to touch men with its freshness, beauty, and living significance. There came with it a conviction that, if we come into true sympathy with the natural world, we stand face to face with what is real. All worlds are in fact one. They are unified by an immeasurable and inexhaustible life flowing through them all. They therefore reflect, and supplement, and interpret one another. The world of matter is a vision of the world of mind. When we have solved the problem of human thought we have discovered the nature of God.

John Vance Cheney.

BORN in Groveland, Livingston Co., N. Y., 1848.

AND WHO IS SHE?

[*Thistle-Drift.* 1887.—*Wood-Blooms.* 1888.]

SHE lives, she lives up in the hills
  Where mists and eagles are,
Blithe shepherdess of rocks and rills,
  'Twixt mortal and a star.

So light no fairy foots it there,
  With moonbeams on the green;
You'd swear her wee feet walk the air,
  The hills and clouds between.

Of acorns is her necklace made,
  And reddest berries found;
While slender vines, in glossy braid,
  Around her brow are bound.

And who is she? Ah, by and by,
  A-coming in her grace,
My airy fair, so light and shy—
  They'll see, they'll see her face!

Ah, by and by, she'll quit the hills,
  Where mists and eagles are,
This shepherdess of rocks and rills,
  'Twixt mortal and a star.

EVENSONG.

IT is that pale, delaying hour
When Nature closes like a flower,
And on the spirit hallowed lies
The silence of the earth and skies.

The world has thoughts she will not own
When shades and dreams with night have flown;
Bright overhead, the early star
Makes golden guesses what they are.

DIRGE.

SWEET flower in perfect bloom,
Thy leaves shall withered be;
Lone winds above thy tomb
Shall nightly sigh with me—
Sigh with me.

Blithe brook of merry song,
Thy goal's the moaning sea;
Thy laughter spent, ere long
Thou'lt mourn, ay, moan with me—
Moan with me.

All days, with love's short day,
Steal on to darkness deep:
Beauty shall pass away,
Nor mirth her measures keep—
Weep, oh, weep!

HILDA.

GRAY Hilda to the churchyard came,
A withered gypsy, bent and lame;
Straightway she struck her witches' light—
Three greenish flames, sharp-tongued and bright.

Next, she the magic circle drew,
Caught thrice three leaves the night-wind blew;
Then fixèd, as in death, sat she
Among the graves all silently.

So sat she till the village clock
Struck twelve; with its last, warning shock
She broke the charm—sent back below
The dim shapes gliding to and fro.

These passed, but till the darkness fled
Old Hilda sat among the dead;
Where, overhead, night-long a bough
Did sigh, and since has sighed till now.

At morn she rose, cried thrice aloud:
"Young Winsted, when she wears her shroud,
The fish shall feed!" Then, thin and gray,
Like a live mist, she went her way.

God rest her soul—old Hilda gray!
The dreary morn they laid away
The maid beneath the churchyard tree
Curst Winsted's ship went down at sea.

A SAINT OF YORE.

THERE lived of yore a saintly dame,
Retired of life, unknown to fame,
Whose wont it was with sweet accord
To do the bidding of her Lord.
In quaintly fashioned bonnet
With simplest ribbons on it,
The neighboring folk remember well
How prompt she was at Sabbath bell.

I see her now—her decent shawl,
Her sober gown, silk mitts, and all;
Again I see her with a smile
Pass meekly up the narrow aisle.
The deacons courtly meet her,
The pastor turns to greet her,
And maid and matron quit their place
To find her fan or smooth her lace.

Of all the souls that worshipped there,
She best became the House of Prayer;
Her gracious presence—from it beamed
The light that robes the Lord's redeemed.
That gentle mien did often
Some "hardened sinner" soften,——
Whose thought had else turned light away
From rigid lesson of the day.

Her eyes, with reverent reading dim,
Sought neither chapter-page nor hymn,
She knew them both; and as in song
Her voice kept evenly along,
'Twas not so much like singing
As like the music clinging
About some sacred instrument,
Its lessening breath not wholly spent.

Still, one by one, the good folk fill
The little church upon the hill—
The little church with open door,
Just as it stood in days of yore,
The grass around it growing
For nearest neighbors' mowing.
The row of battered sheds behind
Ready to rattle with the wind.

Old Groveland Church! I mark it well,
From weathered steps to belfry bell.
Few changes there; but in yon ground
Have thickened fast the slab and mound.
Hark! Shall I join the praises?
Rather, among the daisies,
Let me, in peaceful thought, once more
Be silent with the saint of yore.

Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen.

BORN in Fredericksvarn, Norway, 1848.

A NORSE RADICAL.

[*From "A Child of the Age."—Vagabond Tales.* 1889.]

A DROWSY red light was spreading from the late sun over fiord and valley, as Herluf in his exalted mood marched slowly homeward. There was something strangely unreal in the long-familiar scene, as if he had waked from a dream the vividness of which made reality seem pale and phantasmal. Everything was hushed; water and air were oppressively still; but it was not the spontaneous stillness of sleep, but a sultry silence which rested heavily upon the sense. It was as if Nature were holding her breath. A foreboding of a catastrophe of some sort took possession of Herluf; yet his courage in no wise deserted him. He saw in the anxious look of his wife, who stood waiting for him at the garden gate, that the story of his exploit had preceded him, and that he would thus be spared the trouble of explaining.

"O Herluf!" she cried tremulously, running to meet him, "don't let father see you. He is furious with you, and there is no knowing what he might do, should he find you to-night. The sheriff was here an hour ago, and he has told him something that has incensed him terribly."

They were standing in the shadow of a great walnut tree at the entrance to the garden. She put her arms about his neck and clung to him weeping.

"You will never do such a thing again, Herluf dear," she said imploringly. "For my sake, for baby's sake, you will not do it."

He stood for a minute pondering. "Listen, Hilda," he said at last; "henceforth you must make up your mind whether you will follow me or father. I have my work too in the world, and whether it leads to poverty and shame or to wealth and honor, I have no choice but to do it."

"Oh! that is that horrid Björnson," she cried, bursting into a fresh fit of weeping. "I know that hateful spirit which I have so long tried to quell in you, and now he has come and undone it all. We were so happy until he came."

"You may have been happy," he answered sternly; "I was miserable."

"But baby, Herluf, baby!" she exclaimed with a pitiful appeal; "what is to become of baby if you break with father?"

"It will have an honest man for a father instead of a knave."

"Do you call your father a knave?" she ejaculated, gazing at him in horror.

"No, child, no! He may be honest enough, but I could scarcely continue to please him without being a knave. I am appalled to think how I have, day by day, lapsed from my true standard of rectitude, how I have dragged my manhood in the dirt, how I have become degraded and contemptible in my own eyes, and all in order to please my father. Now I have done with all that; henceforth I intend to please myself."

He spoke with a half-suppressed vehemence which frightened her. He had always been gentle in her presence, and she had insensibly come to look upon him as an easy subject for management. She drew back from him now and regarded him with an air of reproachful dignity.

"What terrible riddles you utter," she said, shaking her head. "An evil spirit has taken possession of you, and it is useless to talk to you. Only one thing I must beg of you, for your own good, and that is to ask father's pardon, in case I can induce him to forgive you on that condition. If you will go over to the parsonage and sleep there to-night, I know I can get everything arranged by to-morrow morning."

It would have been amusing, if it had not been sad, to see her implicit trust in her own little shallow arts of management. Men were born to make trouble in the world, she reasoned, and it was the province of women by their superior diplomatic subtlety to smooth things over and reëstablish pleasant relations. The principles which were at stake she calmly ignored as little more than twaddle, fixing her mind the more intently upon the only important issue—the reëstablishment of domestic peace upon the easiest conditions. The grunt of impatience with which her husband greeted her benevolent proposition convinced her still further of the correctness of her view; but perceiving that reasoning would be of no avail, she resolved to resort to a much more effective weapon—tender cajolery. But unfortunately she had not yet devised a natural transition to affectionate tactics when heavy footsteps were heard on the gravel, and the judge's portly figure was seen looming up among the flower-beds and the blooming hawthorn hedges.

"Run, Herluf," she whispered imploringly; "for God's sake, run."

"I shall not run," answered Herluf stubbornly.

"But he might strike you, dearest," she continued in the same anxious voice, sinking down upon her knees and smothering her sobs. "He is in such a terrible rage."

He made no answer, but, disengaging himself from her arms, stepped out from the shadow of the tree and faced his father. The old gentleman did not at once see him; he was standing in the gravel walk, meditatively decapitating an aster with his riding-whip. He expended a good deal of energy in the operation, as if giving vent to a latent animosity. As he caught sight of his son standing but a few feet from him, he gave a start, and, clutching his riding-whip tightly, advanced a step; then, at the sight of Hilda, restrained himself.

"Go into the house, Hilda," he commanded sternly. "I wish to speak alone with—with—this gentleman here."

"No, I will not go away," she replied excitedly; "I won't let you hurt Herluf, and I know that is what you intend to do."

The judge, disdaining to reply, turned to his son with a peering, malicious look, and remarked in an ominously pleasant tone: "You have been distinguishing yourself, I am told, as a patriotic orator. You spoke, I believe, against your father, whom you described as a scamp, and an unscrupulous monster who restrained the dear innocent peasants from the rightful exercise of their suffrage. Wasn't that it?"

"It is true and not true," answered the son, leaning with folded arms against the tree. "I said nothing about you that I have not already said to you."

"Ah, how very good of you!" The judge here drew a step nearer, holding with a tremulous grasp the whip-handle, which shook perceptibly in his hand. "And I too will do nothing of which I have not already given you warning. You know what I promised."

Here he darted forward with the whip raised above his head, but in the same instant Hilda had flung herself upon her husband's neck, shielding him with her body. Herluf remained immovable; he had lifted his arm to ward off the blow, but his face betrayed neither fear nor anger.

"I give you warning, father," he said, with slow and solemn emphasis, "that if you dare strike, it is the last time you will ever see my face."

"You miserable coward," cried the old man, suddenly losing control of himself, "if you think the petticoats will protect you"——

And before Herluf could raise his hand again the whip whizzed about his ears, and he felt a stinging pain across his cheek and forehead. Hilda, pale and cowering, fell down upon the grass and hid her face in her hands. The judge, anxious to reach the house before his wrath should give way to shame, strode ruthlessly across the flower-beds and was soon out of sight. Herluf, too stunned, by the moral rather than the physical effect of the blow, to think, stood gazing fixedly into the air; but there was something like a veil before his eyes, and a rushing sound as of water in his ears. Half absently he touched his face, and felt a great welt extending from the left cheek across the nose to his forehead. He bowed his head and groaned; the degradation of it was terrible. His wife, at the sound of his groan, suddenly recovered herself, rose, and went toward him; but at the sight of his face she again burst into tears, put her arms caressingly about him, and kissed his swollen cheek.

"Let us go over to the parsonage, Herluf," she whispered; "stay there to-night. I will go up and get baby."

"We are going farther than the parsonage, dear," he answered brokenly. "Go and get the child."

Although but dimly comprehending him, she obeyed; it was a relief to have some duty to perform which required motion. The twilight was spreading under the great trees; the sun had sunk behind the mountain-tops, but a dim yellow light lingered in the upper regions of the air and tinged the western cloud-banks. There was something feverish in this light which dazed the sense like the atmosphere of a lurid romance, in which all things seem possible. It seemed easy to Herluf to take a great resolution now, a resolution which he had meditated before, but which in the broad daylight of reason had appeared wild and impossible. He would take his wife and child to America, and there found a new home and a new existence. He had friends in Bergen of whom he could easily borrow enough money to pay their passage. A defiant exultation suddenly broke through his burning sense of wrong, as he imagined his glorious independence of thought and deed on that remote shore, where no paternal authority and no cramping traditions could reach him. He opened the garden gate, walked out upon the pier, and made a boat ready to receive his wife and child; twenty minutes elapsed before they came, and he began to grow impatient. Nearly every trace of Hilda's recent emotion had vanished, as she came bearing the child in her arms and with a valise in her disengaged hand. She was again the busy, bustling mother. The mother had conquered the wife.

"Hand me baby," he said, standing in the boat, and stretching out his hands to receive the child.

"Tell me first where you are going," she said, pausing at the top of the stairs.

"To America."

"To America!" she cried, "in an open boat!"

"We can catch the Bergen steamer which will pass here at ten. Come, there is no time to be lost."

"But, Herluf, you will not—you cannot—oh! Herluf, do come back to me," she wailed in irresolute despair; "father will surely forgive you."

"But I will not forgive him. Would you like to see the scene of to-day repeated?"

"No; but I cannot go with you. Think of baby in that wild, terrible America. You should sacrifice your own feelings to baby's welfare, Herluf."

"Feelings! yes, feelings I can sacrifice, but not my honor, my usefulness, my self-respect. You can persuade me no more, Hilda. Will you follow me, or will you not?"

"Oh! this is cruel," she broke out with renewed vehemence. "If you could only speak, baby, and restrain your father from his terrible folly! Oh! do not leave us, Herluf, do not leave us."

"Then you will not come?"

He had seized the oar and was about to push the boat from the pier.

"Yes, stay, I will follow you."

With reluctant steps she descended the stairs; but as he eagerly held out his arms to receive her, she turned away, and looked up toward the stately pile of masonry which traced its outline darkly against the sky.

"Oh! my God," she moaned, "I cannot, I cannot."

With a vigorous thrust of the oar the boat flew out into the water. With an aching heart he stood gazing at her as the distance between them slowly widened. Then he seated himself, and the thud of his measured oar-strokes fell heavily upon Hilda's ears. A terrible sense of desolation stole over her. She wished she had chosen differently. She wished she had followed him. But something still restrained her from calling him back. As a last wild hope she sprang up the steps, and from the end of the pier held the child out over the water in her outstretched arms. "Herluf!" she called with a loud voice of anguish, "Herluf!"

The oar-strokes ceased for a moment, but there came no answer. The figure in the boat grew dimmer and dimmer, and faded away in the twilight.

The black hull of the steamer hove into view, paused in the middle of the fiord, shrieked dismally once, twice, thrice, and again broke a path of foam through the calm waters. Hilda hugged her child tightly to her breast, and gazed out into the thickening twilight. An empty boat came drifting seaward with the tide.

A year had passed since Herluf's flight. It was again summer; the thrushes sang through the long light nights in the birch-groves; the lilies of the valley grew in nodding clusters, filling the mountain glens with their faint fragrance; and the meadows were bright with pansies and violets. During all this time Herluf's name had rarely been mentioned in his father's house. It was understood that the judge had forbidden it. Since his defeat for the Storthing by a few dozen votes, he felt more bitterly toward his son than ever before. It was he who had encouraged rebellion among the dependants of the estate, and blasted his father's hopes of political distinction. Such unnatural crimes could not be too severely punished. It cost a considerable effort on the old gentleman's part, however, to persevere in this attitude.

Once or twice, when letters came to Hilda bearing American stamps, he was sorely tempted to break his resolution. He walked nervously up and down the floor, fidgeted with his watch-chain, and cast uneasy glances toward the letter. As for the ladies, they preserved a well-studied indifference in the parlor, but the moment Hilda had retired to her own rooms Miss Catherine was sent by her mother to ascertain how the prodigal fared. And when they heard what a hard time he was having (though this could only be read between the lines), they melted toward him, and kissed the baby and cried over it.

It was evident that Herluf's letters concealed more than they told; but in a half-humorous way which had the singular effect of making the three women cry, he related that he had acquired a number of new accomplishments —that, in fact, since his arrival in America he had been a coal-heaver, a brakeman on a railroad, a supernumerary in a negro minstrel show, and that now he had advanced to the position of a miner. He owned a claim in a Colorado mining-camp, which might, for aught he knew, some day make him a millionnaire. It was the wide range of possibility in the thing which fascinated him. He gave descriptions of the life in the camp, full of a kind of lugubrious humor with which it was his wont to cloak his wretchedness. The ladies suspected as much, but each, for fear of distressing the others, refrained from saying what she thought. Each pretended to be delighted at Herluf's cheerfulness, his excellent prospects, and his "interesting mode of life"; and their sham hilarity was pathetic to observe.

Hardly had they separated before each burst into tears; for everybody's heart had been wondrously softened toward the prodigal since he had gone so far away and seemed lost to them. They reproached themselves in secret for their harsh treatment of him; and the little wife, who had no harsh treatment to reproach herself with, upbraided herself bitterly for having failed him in the hour of his need, for having broken her vow made at the altar. Mrs. Gamborg, who had been one of the foremost believers in his depravity, found herself contemplating his errors in a more lenient spirit, and there were even moments in which she censured her husband for his inconsiderate severity.

Of course, she would not for the world have the judge suspect that she disapproved of his conduct; but really that blow had opened her eyes and set her thinking. It was, after all, but the father's spirit which was revealing itself in the son, and how could it be that the same line of conduct could be laudable in the one and criminal in the other? Miss Catherine, too, began to have revelations of a similar sort, though, of course, she was too wise to let any one suspect that she was undutiful enough to disapprove of her father. Even the parson, who had preached the celebrated political sermons, began to look askance at the judge, when he saw his daughter's pale cheeks and hushed dispirited manner, so different from her joyous energy and lightheartedness in former days.

"The line must be drawn somewhere," he remarked to his wife, who always cordially agreed with him; "parental authority is no longer unlimited; and to strike a grown-up son on account of a political disagreement is brutal and barbaric. I doubt if we ought to allow our daughter to remain under the roof of a man who is capable of such conduct."

The wife, who cherished a similar doubt, was not slow to second this sentiment, and the result was that Hilda and her child took up their abode at the parsonage. The judge, strange to say, offered no strenuous opposition, although he knew that the large, empty house would be doubly desolate without Hilda and his grandchild. He had aged much within the last months. His combative temper seemed to have deserted him; he was a vain man, and with all his pride very dependent upon the admiration of his fellow-men. His loud self-assertion was not an indication of strength of character, but rather of an exaggerated conceit, nourished by the constant adulation of his family and dependants. The withdrawal of this homage cut the judge to the quick, and his uneasy conscience, which brooded on the wrong he had done his son, saw in every evidence of disrespect the finger of Nemesis.

That much of it was due to the democratic spirit which during the last years had invaded even the remote mountain valleys of Norway, he was incapable of comprehending. Yet, in most instances, he was undoubtedly right; the whole valley had become the champion of his absent son, and his avenger. When he stepped from his carriage at the gate of the churchyard, people turned their backs or walked away to avoid greeting him; the pastor no longer waited to commence his sermon until Mr. Gamborg was in his seat; his boatmen, who rowed him to court in his large twelve-oared barge, answered curtly when he spoke to them, and plainly showed him their ill-will.

It was no consolation to him to know that the story of his maltreatment of his son had been enormously exaggerated; his dignity forbade him to justify himself. He would have liked very well, too, to reinstate the tenants whom he had "evicted" after the election, had only his dignity permitted; not because he pitied their misery, but as an indirect expiation of the wrong done to his son. But it was that accursed dignity of his which stood in the way of all his good resolves.

In the meanwhile he suffered as he had never suffered before. Not only through his vanity and his thirst for praise did he receive many a wound, but these surface hurts roused the regions of his soul next within, and stirred the depths into tumult. His wife and his daughter, who had always seemed so near to him, and been his stanch partisans through right and wrong, had, somehow, drifted away from him; and the thought tormented him that they undoubtedly had read all Herluf's letters, and deceived him by their pretended ignorance. He would himself have given a year of his life to know what Herluf was doing and how he fared, but how could he divest himself of that cherished dignity of his, and ask the questions which he had himself forbidden?

After much meditation the judge formed a plan which seemed both ingenious and feasible. He invited Hilda and her parents to dinner on Mrs. Gamborg's birthday, and during the evening he absented himself on the plea of pressing business (as he was often in the habit of doing), and hastened along the beach toward the parsonage. Chance favored his design; he entered unobserved by the front door, mounted the broad, dusky stairway to his daughter-in-law's room, and peered cautiously through the half-open door. There was a small spirit-lamp burning on the table; the child was sleeping peacefully in its cradle, and the nurse was absent. The judge was out of breath, and he paused on the threshold to compose himself; his heart ran riot and the blood hammered in his temples.

The floor creaked under the weight of his portly figure as he stooped down to kiss the sleeping child, and with a start he straightened himself and gazed uneasily about him. He stole on tiptoe up to the window where a little mahogany writing-table stood, and placing the lamp upon it, he unlocked one of the drawers and seized a package of letters tied with a pink ribbon. With a tremulous hand he untied the knot, and after having once more satisfied himself that he need have no fear of interruption, he began to read.

It was the first letter, in which Herluf told of his arrival in England and of a dangerous adventure he had had in Liverpool. The coolness and address with which he had acted excited the judge's admiration. He read on breathlessly. He had himself never been out of Norway, and his son's description of the great world with its wonderful sights interested him. Then came the next letter, from New York, which dealt chiefly with the voyage and queer types of men from widely separated climes. The descriptions were very clever and full of vivid touches. The judge smiled with pride and delight; he had never known that his son was such a talented man; he (the judge) was himself scarcely capable of writing such a letter.

Time slipped by, but the judge took no note of it; he was now at the coal-heaving period, which was passed over lightly and humorously by the writer, but in which a loving ingenuity would read a pathos too sad for tears. The judge was deeply moved; to such need had his son been reduced, and yet been too proud to appeal to his father for aid. He had preferred to heave coal with hands unused to toil, rather than humiliate himself before a father who had wronged him. Such a feeling the judge could understand; it appealed mightily to him. Vehemently aroused, he arose, heedless of the sleeping baby, and began to pace the floor.

"He is my son indeed," he cried, "my own son, my own, my own!"

The tears coursed down his cheeks, his broad chest heaved; then, eager to continue the narrative, he flung himself upon the chair at the writing-table and was soon absorbed in the next letter. His features changed with every varying emotion; he had completely forgotten the situation. He did not hear the light creaking of the stairs without, nor did he see the shadow which paused in consternation on the threshold, then slowly stretched across the floor until it reached the white window-curtain, where it bent cautiously over his own. A hand was laid upon the judge's shoulder. He started up with a bewildered exclamation. But in an instant he recovered himself, and seizing Hilda by the arm drew her gently up to him.

"Child," he whispered, "will you help me?"

"Help you, father?" she asked, gazing into his face with joyous, tear-dimmed eyes.

"Bring my son back again," begged the old man brokenly, and turned away to master his emotion.

"Yes, father, I will bring him back to you," she answered.

"God bless you!" he exclaimed.

The pastor, although he was not fond of America, and had often made warning allusions to the Union in his sermons, was nothing loath to accompany his daughter on her daring expedition. It availed him little that he spoke in his farewell sermon of the solemn call of duty, and alluded feelingly to the many dear ties which bound him to his home; his eagerness to get away and take a little jaunt in the world was so great that he caught himself twenty times a day forgetting his role of a martyr to duty. The government, it appeared, valued so highly his political sermons, though they had been somewhat scarce of late, that it could ill afford to spare him, even for a limited time, but agreed with him that such herculean efforts of intellect must involve a terrible expenditure of cerebral tissue, and further concluded that so valiant a servant of the state had well earned his leisure.

The judge in the meanwhile occupied his leisure in divesting himself of his dignity. His first act after his daughter-in-law's departure was to summon his evicted tenants and announce to them that they were at liberty to resume their holdings and to entertain whatever political opinions they pleased.

"You know," he said pleasantly, "my son and I have not always agreed in political matters. If I could not persuade him, how much less can I expect to control my tenants? I am an old fellow, and perhaps don't see things as clearly as I thought I did. But I have a son who is abreast of the age. He will soon come home and take my place."

He made haste to write to Hilda what he had done, so as to clear away every obstacle to his son's return. He grew as light-hearted as a boy when the letter was sent, and talked freely with everybody about Herluf's American experiences and his expected return. He felt a glow of paternal pride when he related how manfully "the boy" had struggled with adversity and only made light of it, and it gave him a thrill of pleasure to perceive with what respect his son was regarded in the valley, and how near he seemed to be to the hearts of all.

It was one morning early in October that the judge was seen standing at the end of the pier spying anxiously into the distance through a field-glass. Six small cannon were placed along the beach, and Hans, the groom, stood with a fuse in his hand, watching for the judge's signal. The flag was fluttering feebly from the top of the tall flag-pole, and the twelve-oared official barge, gayly decorated, lay gently bobbing upon the water. It was early in the morning, and the sun had not yet appeared above the mountain-peaks, although there was a great yellow blaze in the eastern sky, and the highest peaks to the north had caught some stray shafts of light, and flashed with a dazzling radiance. There was yet a touch of frost in the air, and a light smoke hung over the fiord and drifted seaward. To the westward the fog seemed denser, and as there was scarcely any breeze, the judge's field-glass was of no avail.

Suddenly and silently the steamer's huge hull loomed out of the fog, and the judge was so amazed that he came near forgetting the signal which was to give the rest of the family warning. Bang, bang, bang, went the cannon, and the steamer, which would not be behindhand in politeness, banged away in return; the twelve oarsmen in the barge cheered; the ladies came running down upon the pier, and were scolded for their tardiness. Then out shot the barge through the light morning mist, and within a few minutes hove alongside the steamer. A stairway was lowered, and the judge ran up the steps like a youth of twenty. A tall, handsome, bearded man grasped his hand at the head of the stairs and pressed it warmly. The judge met his eyes and gazed into them for a moment silently. Both understood the meaning of that glance. Each asked the other's forgiveness and received it. Then, with an utterly irrational movement, the judge turned abruptly away and embraced—the pastor. It was a grievous mistake; the embrace had been meant for Hilda. But perhaps the judge was excusable. His eyes were dimmed with tears.

HILDA'S LITTLE HOOD.

[*Idyls of Norway, and Other Poems.* 1882.]

IN sooth I have forgotten, for it is long ago,
And winters twelve have hid it beneath their shrouds of snow;
And 'tisn't well, the parson says, o'er bygone things to brood,
But, sure, it was the strangest tale, this tale of Hilda's hood.

For Hilda was a merry maid, and wild as wild could be,
Among the parish maidens was none so fair as she;
Her eyes they shone with wilful mirth, and like a golden flood
Her sunny hair rolled downward from her little scarlet hood.

I once was out a-fishing, and, though sturdy at the oar,
My arms were growing weaker, and I was far from shore;
And angry squalls swept thickly from out the lurid skies,
And every landmark that I knew was hidden from mine eyes.

The gull's shrill shriek above me, the sea's strong bass beneath,
The numbness grew upon me with its chilling touch of death,—
And blackness gathered round me; then through the night's dark shroud
A clear young voice came swiftly as an arrow cleaves the cloud.

It was a voice so mellow, so bright and warm and round,
As if a beam of sunshine had been melted into sound;
It fell upon my frozen nerves and thawed the springs of life;
I grasped the oar and strove afresh; it was a bitter strife.

The breakers roared about me, but the song took bolder flight,
And rose above the darkness like a beacon in the night;
And swift I steered and safely, struck shore, and by God's rood,
Through gloom and spray I caught the gleam of Hilda's scarlet hood.

The moon athwart the darkness broke a broad and misty way,
The dawn grew red beyond the sea and sent abroad the day;
And loud I prayed to God above to help me, if He could,
For deep into my soul had pierced that gleam from Hilda's hood.

I sought her in the forest, I sought her on the strand,
The pine trees spread their dusky roof, bleak lay the glittering sand,
Until one Sabbath morning at the parish church I stood,
And saw, amid a throng of maids, the little scarlet hood.

Then straight my heart ran riot, and wild my pulses flew;
I strove in vain my flutter and my blushes to subdue;
"Why, Eric!" laughed a roguish maid, "your cheeks are red as blood;"
"It is the shine," another cried, "from Hilda's scarlet hood."

I answered not, for 'tis not safe to banter with a girl;
The trees, the church, the belfry danced about me in a whirl;
I was as dizzy as a moth that flutters round the flame;
I turned about, and twirled my cap, but could not speak for shame.

But that same Sabbath evening, as I sauntered o'er the beach
And cursed that foolish heart of mine for choking up my speech,
I spied, half wrapped in shadow at the margin of the wood,
The wavy mass of sunshine that broke from Hilda's hood.

With quickened breath on tiptoe across the sand I stepped;
Her face was hidden in her lap, as though she mused or slept;
The hood had glided backward o'er the hair that downward rolled,
Like some large petal of a flower upon a stream of gold.

"Fair Hilda," so I whispered, as I bended to her ear;
She started up and smiled at me without surprise or fear.
"I love you, Hilda," said I; then in whispers more subdued:
"Love me again, or wear no more that little scarlet hood."

"Why, Eric," cried she, laughing, "how can you talk so wild?
I was confirmed last Easter, half maid and half a child,
But since you are so stubborn—no, no; I never could—
Unless you guess what's written in my little scarlet hood."

"I cannot, fairest Hilda," quoth I with mournful mien,
While with my hand I gently, and by the maid unseen,
Snatched from the clustering wavelets the brightly flaming thing,
And saw naught there but stitches small, crosswise meandering.

"There's nothing in your hood, love," I cried with heedless mirth.
"Well," laughed she, "out of nothing God made both heaven and earth;
But since the earth to you and me as heritage was given,
I'll only try to make for you a little bit of heaven."

William Waldorf Astor.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1848.

THE LAST SUPPER OF THE BORGIAS.

[*Valentino. An Historical Romance of the Sixteenth Century in Italy.* 1886.]

THE cardinal's fate was not long undetermined. A messenger from the Pontiff brought to him at his adjacent palace the gift of a rarely illuminated missal—the *Horæ Beata Vergine*—and a kindly invitation to supper in the Belvedere Villa at the setting of the sun.

A guilty conscience awakened his alarm. There was nothing extraordinary in the summons; he had often broken bread with his spiritual master in the latter's favorite summer-house; but now, in the act of promising attendance, his voice changed, and as the messenger made his ceremonious exit the cardinal sank unnerved in his chair.

He remained but a moment thus overcome. Hastening through an obscure vicolo to a remote part of the Vatican, he entered unannounced the chamber of Resequenz, major-domo to the Duke of Romagna, where he beheld that individual seated at a table and plunged in abstraction.

"Resequenz!" exclaimed the cardinal in an agony of apprehension, eagerly scrutinizing the face of the man before him, as the latter with sudden start rose to his feet and made formal obeisance, "a fearful dread has come upon me—I behold a spectre from which you alone, perhaps, can save me."

The official thus addressed had been taken off his guard, and failed to show that instantaneous self-possession which alone would have deceived the searching gaze of his panic-stricken interlocutor. Something unconsciously sinister in his face confirmed the cardinal's alarms.

Throwing himself on his knees in a frenzy of terror, he clasped the hands of the silent steward:

"It is true, then!" he cried; "play not upon words, but answer!"

"Would not your fate then be mine?" asked the other, simply.

The cardinal rose to his feet. He trembled violently, but the transformation of a nervous fear to the certainty of a danger from which he saw but one escape gave him presence of mind.

"You will not lay such inhuman cruelty upon your soul," he pleaded. "Would you have to answer for a crime against one of the heads of the Church? Resequenz," piteously cried the cardinal, "if you hope for mercy hereafter, take what you will of my wealth and grant me life. To-morrow I will fly; and far from the vengeance of my enemies, and remote from this centre of infamy, I will end my days in seclusion, at peace with Heaven and unmolested by the world."

"Why not escape at once? Why are you not already on the road?"

"Heartless man! would you have me go empty-handed? The sun is near the meridian; betwixt now and the hour of this accursed supper I will make ready, and at midnight start for Viterbo with my goods and a retinue of men sufficient to protect me by the way, and pressing forward without stopping to draw breath, I can be in safety at Perugia ere pursuit can overtake."

"Gold! Gold!" ejaculated the other with a sardonic laugh; "its chains link you even to the chance of death in preference to life without it."

"But, dear Resequenz," interposed Corneto, "there need be no chance of death."

"And what would you pay me for the risk to myself?"

"Fifty thousand sequins."

The major-domo's face illumined.

"It must be here before the supper," he said.

"Fear not. It would need a bolder man than I to trifle with you now."

"You must feign to be poisoned—cramp, vertigo, quivering chill—cause yourself to be assisted from the room, and after that it will not be my fault if antidotes cure you, and you escape from Rome. But at Perugia you must pretend a lingering illness."

"Of course; the after-effect of the drug."

"Here," said the major-domo, "I put into your hand this blue vial which the duke gave me an hour ago. Both at the beginning and at the end of the repast there will be sweet comfits, sugar-coated nuts, and the like; my orders are to prepare the second course, which I shall serve myself; you will notice that the Pope and Valentino and the Farnèse eat not a morsel from that dish, however much they take upon their plates. Do you eat plentifully of it, and let the effect be manifested within a quarter of an hour."

The cardinal nodded, pressed his benefactor's hand in silence, and taking with him the poison vial, turned to go.

"Be not seen going hence," whispered Resequenz after him, "or a rope in the court of St. Angelo would be presently waiting for us both."

Corneto turned with a sudden thought:

"Suppose that the Borgias examine the comfits and discover why the dose failed?"

"The instant you are out of the room," answered the other, "every atom remaining in the dish will be destroyed."

At the Belvedere Villa, as the sun passed below the line of the Ostian hills, Cardinal Corneto was in waiting, and presently Pope Alexander, accompanied by his son and followed by Pulcio and Resequenz, and the usual escort of pages, were seen leisurely walking through the garden behind the Vatican. All were in serene good spirits, and no one scanning Corneto's placid face would have suspected the tempest of the morning.

They seated themselves, Cesare and the cardinal at the right and left of the Pope, the places at first set for Giulia Farnèse and for Michelotto having been removed on account of the "indisposition" of those personages.

The major-domo withdrew to superintend the serving of the repast, and Pulcio addressed himself to a brace of chained falcons perched in shady nooks upon a veranda where was also suspended the frame of staples upon which the birds taken in the chase were hung.

"I have a letter to-day from the Viceroy," said the Pope to the cardinal; "you shall read it to-morrow; his letters always put one in good humor; so calm, so practical, so decided, and so amiable withal."

"The Viceroy is a man of the world," answered Corneto, slightly troubled by an allusion to despatches from Naples.

"Wait till he grows a few years older," remarked Cesare, "and he may not be so smooth-spoken. Time plants a crotchet beneath every white hair."

"Master," inquired the dwarf, turning from the birds, "do white hairs, think you, represent the sorrows or the indulgences of life?"

"When mine begin to come, Pulcio," answered the duke, "I shall rather please myself by thinking that each stands for a pleasure than that all of them have sprung from a grief."

Resequenz entered at this moment, accompanied by servants who offered a prelude of sweets.

These were followed by the *pièce de resistance* of the meal, a boar's head, with slices cut from the hams prepared in the manner of the modern *agro dolce.*

"I pray you eat heartily," said the Pope, "if but to keep me company. It is said that large eaters are not graceful men; but surely a small eater never was a good companion."

Agro dolce gave place to a peacock with tail magnificently spread, which was the supreme effort of the Italian cuisine.

"A beautiful dish," remarked the cardinal, declining to be helped from it, "but a tough bird."

"So say I," assented Alexander, "but my cooks would die of chagrin if I forbade their serving it occasionally."

The silver chalices they drank from were replenished with white wine of Montefiascone, or with red from the slopes of Vesuvius.

"I notice we have a flask of Cyprus," said Cesare, emptying his cup.

"I know nothing of it," answered Alexander; "it was brought doubtless as a matter of course."

"It stands in the ante-camera," rejoined his son, "but be it of your store or of mine, let us keep it for the last."

Upon hearing this colloquy, the dwarf left the room and returned a moment later.

"I have laid the Chypre in snow," he explained.

"Your Holiness will have been pleased," remarked Corneto, addressing the Pope, "to hear of the discovery at Hadrian's Tiburtine villa."

"What is the discovery?" inquired Cesare.

"A mosaic the size of this table, representing a basket of flowers, and of marvellous workmanship."

"Those ancients were wonderful men; they made their roses and their loves immortal; only their songs cannot reach to us. 'Tis pity, for how melodious must the Greek and how inspiriting must the Roman music have been."

"Simple and monotonous, though," objected Alexander; "cymbals, trumpets with three notes, the lyre with half a dozen, and pipes in abundance—a wretched concert we should call that now."

The peacock was removed after sustaining but moderate damage, and its place was filled by a heap of sugar egg-shells, each of which contained a quail stuffed with herbs.

There were no game-laws in the sixteenth century, and quails were eaten in August as in December. This proved a welcome dish, and paid the penalty of the peacock's toughness.

"Is there news from the French in the Abruzzi?" inquired the cardinal, moistening his fingers in a silver basin.

"Only a budget of descriptions by eye-witnesses of Ives d'Allégre's defeat; the Spaniards set upon him in a difficult place, and drove half his army into the Garigliano." . . . .

The fateful moment had come, and the second course of sweets was placed before the feasters, by whom it was observed with different sentiments. Corneto bore himself with heroic self-possession. Rising, he took the dish from the hand of Resequenz, who was about to offer it to the Pope, and with profound reverence presented it himself, by that act implying that although permitted to sit at the same table, he was but the menial of the head of the Church.

Alexander took several pieces upon his plate; the cardinal resumed his place, the major-domo handed him the dish from which he helped himself, and passed it to Cesare, who declined it, saying:

"Sweets once at a meal is enough for my taste."

The wine of Cyprus appeared at this moment fresh from its cold bath, and with a few flakes of the snow of the Apennines in the spaces of the straw wrapper that enfolded the glass. The goblets were filled while the Pope nibbled a crust of bread, leaving his sugar-plums untasted.

Both he and his son observed that the cardinal ate without stint of those on his plate.

Resequenz also watched him with interest, for the part of a poisoned man was now to be acted before the eyes of connoisseurs.

The cardinal went on with his candies with increasing relish.

"To return to Ives d'Allégre," he said, addressing Valentino with the satisfied good humor of one who has eaten and drunk well, "I have often thought, and the mention of military affairs recalls the subject, that even if your superb stroke at Sinigallia had not been made, you with your army would none the less have crushed the Orsini."

"It might have been so," replied the duke reflectively; "nothing is stronger than desire backed by despair."

"But it was surer and safer in the method adopted," pursued the cardinal, glad to talk upon a subject which could not be agreeable to the remembrance of either of his companions.

"Sinigallia has made me many enemies," said Cesare, answering the cardinal; "success is the one unpardonable sin."

"Success!" exclaimed Corneto, emptying his silver cup. "What a pregnant word is that. No man can look without emotion down the vista of life to the brilliant days when all was new, and the future seemed a galaxy of stars. But how glad must be the retrospect when the harvest is ours, and all the things we coveted are garnered."

"Is the Chypre cold enough?" inquired the dwarf as the three goblets were set down empty.

"Ay, it keeps its subtle flavor, which too much snow would spoil."

The servants had withdrawn from the room, and only Resequenz remained standing in respectful attention and with his eyes fixed upon the cardinal. It was time, he thought, for the effect of the sweets.

"I once heard you say," remarked Corneto to Cesare, "that there are seven ways to strike an enemy; through life, health, freedom, reputation, wife, children, property."

"I but quoted Galeazzo Visconti," answered the duke.

"And have you never thought, since Sinigallia, that the greatest of all faults is to suffer the heirs of the dead to escape? Think you the children of Vitellozzo and the son of Pagolo Orsini will not rise to confront you with arms, or to strike you unawares hereafter?"

The answer was upon Valentino's lips, when Resequenz perceived at length the first indication of the comedy to be enacted.

Alexander and Cesare also observed it, and fixed their eyes in silence upon the cardinal, whose face, till now flushed with the good cheer, had changed color. His jaw dropped, his breath became labored, the eyes stared vacantly, a shudder convulsed his frame.

"Done to perfection," murmured Resequenz to himself; "he must have seen a poisoned man die."

"What is it?" cried Cesare in pretended amaze. "Give him air and water," he said as the major-domo sprang to the cardinal's assistance. But the latter shook him off with a gasp of anguish. "Poisoned! Poisoned!" he shrieked with a wail that rang down the silent gardens of the Belvedere. "Your promise was false—you have killed me!"

Resequenz started with a sudden thrill of dismay.

"Yet no," continued Corneto in a stifled voice—"I wrong you . . . it is that hateful dwarf . . . he got the vial from me . . . he has poured it in the wine . . . oh! . . . it is the wine that burns like fire!"

Valentino sprang to his feet, and glanced hastily about him, but the jester had vanished. His eyes fell on the face of his father—there too he beheld the change of color, the vacant stare, the head dropped backward, a foam gathering upon the lips.

Summoned by the cries of the cardinal, the servants rushed into the room.

"Quick," said Valentino, to the foremost of them, "take me to the palace . . . to my room . . . one of you bring the drops that . . ."

His utterance failed, his body became rigid beneath the first spasm of the fiery poison; he would have fallen, had not strong arms borne him from the room.

By Resequenz's direction the Pontiff and the cardinal were similarly removed, each to his chamber.

Cesare was laid upon his bed, and a leech was sent for. On hearing this order, he murmured, "No . . . Ormès."

One of the servants hastened away in quest of the magician; a second ran to find some philter of his own, the third stood awestruck. The duke's power of speech had nearly failed, and his face was distorted with the spasm of an approaching convulsion, but with the supreme effort of one whose life depends upon utterance, he said in accents barely audible:

"The ivory cabinet in the next room—break it—in a secret drawer is an antidote . . ."

The servant hurried from the room, and a moment later was heard the crash of the cabinet being wrenched to pieces.

The duke's eyes became fixed upon a presence that had crept swiftly to his side. It was Pulcio, his worn old face suddenly tenfold wrinkled, and with mouth askew and quivering. "It was I did it," he hissed in Valentino's ear; "I met Corneto with the blue bottle in his hand; I knew what it was, I had seen one like it before. I swore if he did not give it me I would denounce him as plotting to poison you—ha! ha!" laughed the dwarf—the poor fool's last jest! "And now my heart is content, for *she* is avenged."

"She!" faintly echoed Valentino; "of whom speak you?"

"Of Nerina—my little daughter whom you took from me three years ago. She died dishonored—but *that* crime, at least, you expiate!"

The steps of the returning servant were heard, but ere he passed the threshold the fool had gone.

Valentino was past speech and barely conscious. The servant poured a little of the essence into his mouth. A moment after arrived Ormès, breathless; he snatched the vial from the domestic, glanced at it, and raising the sufferer's head, poured all that remained down his throat.

The effect of this remedy became presently apparent; the rigid muscles relaxed, the convulsion which was commencing ceased, the breathing showed that the heart was recovering its action.

Don Michele entered the room aghast at the result of the attempt upon the cardinal. Soon after came del Nero; for the news had flashed over the city that the Pope was dead and the Duke of Romagna dying.

"Will he live?" asked the condottiere.

"Yes," answered Ormès; "begone all of you, and by midnight I shall have brought him back to consciousness."

. . . .

The condottiere made his way through the streets which thronged with the populace, flocking this way and that, bearing torches, questioning one another, and adding to the general alarm by the fearful rumors which sprang into circulation. At the bridge of St. Angelo the guards had been doubled; hurrying from their barrack came a column of infantry to seize the approaches to the Vatican.

The posts at the city gates were ordered to be on the alert; it was vaguely feared that some calamity was about to smite the city, and that the Pope and his son had been but the first victims of an unknown enemy.

But none spoke a word of commiseration.

Some shouted for Colonna, and some called that the Orsini were at hand; but all, between the exclamations of apprehension and the faction cries with which they made the air resound, cursed the fallen Borgias. It almost reached the sick man's room—that startling cry of rage and vengeance long restrained—

"To the Tiber with Duca Valentino!"

Frederick Wadsworth Loring.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1848. KILLED by Indians, near Wickenburg, Arizona, 1871.

IN THE OLD CHURCHYARD AT FREDERICKSBURG.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1870.]

IN the old churchyard at Fredericksburg
A gravestone stands to-day,
Marking the place where a grave has been,
Though many and many a year has it seen
Since its tenant mouldered away.
And that quaintly carved old stone
Tells its simple tale to all:—
"Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare."

There in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
I wandered all alone,
Thinking sadly on empty fame,
How the great dead are but a name,—
To few are they really known.
Then upon this battered stone
My listless eye did fall,
Where lay the bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

Then in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
It seemed as though the air
Were peopled with phantoms that swept by,
Flitting along before my eye,
So sad, so sweet, so fair;
Hovering about this stone,
By some strange spirit's call,
Where lay a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

For in the churchyard at Fredericksburg
Juliet seemed to love,
Hamlet mused, and the old Lear fell,
Beatrice laughed, and Ariel
Gleamed through the skies above,
As here, beneath this stone,
Lay in his narrow hall
He who before had borne the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare.

And I left the old churchyard at Fredericksburg;
Still did the tall grass wave,
With a strange and beautiful grace,
Over the sad and lonely place,
Where hidden lay the grave;

And still did the quaint old stone
  Tell its wonderful tale to all:—
  "Here lies a bearer of the pall
At the funeral of Shakespeare."

Frances Courtenay Baylor.

Born in Fayetteville, Ark., 1848.

AFTER THE MOUNTAIN WEDDING.

[*Behind the Blue Ridge. A Homely Narrative.* 1887.]

PAP had been sitting silent and mortified ever since his rebuff from the elders, who had let him severely alone, except when they looked at him over or under their horn spectacles with a glance indifferent, vacant, cold, or a "What kind of a sort of a fellow *is* this we've got here?" of puzzled inquiry from some "furriner," who lived some miles away, and only half divined that he was "no 'count" and had best be left to his own company and devices. He felt shy about going up to R. Mintah. To cross the room and set himself up to be stared at, as it were, seemed impossible. Such bold proceedings were not for pariahs, he felt; so he sat still, with Willy leaning against him and trying already to wink the sleep out of his round eyes, and with other companions, in the shape of his own thoughts, that he would have gladly shaken off, they were so bad. Only yesterday, as it seemed, he had been a bridegroom too, and had stood in just such an assembly, feeling immortal in youth and love and joy. And he remembered another bride, the best and fairest among women. "Then" and "now," the twin vultures, were tearing at his heart,—that bright "then" when he had been so rich that all the tribute and treasures of the world could have added nothing to his wealth; this dark "now" of bankruptcy in which there were none so poor as to do him reverence, and in which only one thing—the little child that his arm encircled—stood between him and the utter darkness and despair of unloved, unhonored old age. His eyes, in roaming around the room, fell upon his violin, wrapped in the dead wife's shawl. The poor, faded, threadbare thing was as familiar to him as any sight in the world; but he got a heart-stab from it now, it was eloquent of so much besides his lost happiness. He withdrew his arm hastily from about Willy, and, leaning forward, rested his head on his hands with his fingers shielding his eyes.

"Old Johnny's gittin' tired. Look yonder at him a-noddin' and ready to fall off the bench. Ha! ha! He's had enough of this," said one of the youthful rustics to Darthuly Meely, who "He! he! he'd" with a sympathetic snigger over the amusing spectacle.

"He's done bin to town to-day, maybe," remarked rustic the second, not to be outdone in wit. "'Tain't the first time he's crookt his elbow sence day-break. That's why he's so peart and lively to-night. I reckon he'll roll plum' off on the floor in a minnit."

R. Mintah noticed him, too, and came tripping towards him, saying, "Pa-ap! Pa-ap! Ain't you got no words fur me? Ain't you goin' to shake hands and wish me joyful?"

Pap started up and looked bewildered. "R. Mintah, my dear! Is that you? God bless you!" he said, brokenly, and then released her hand suddenly, seized his crutch, and made his way rapidly out of a side-door into the darkness. He was still sitting on the door-step when one of the rustic youths already mentioned came in search of him, saying, "They're minded to have a merry-bout in there, and is askin' fur the fiddler. That's you, ain't it?"

"No, it ain't," said Pap. "I can't play to-night. I ain't a-goin' to play." He was very sorehearted, and the manner of the request had not been soothing. R. Mintah came running to him, though, the next minute, saying, "What's this? What's this 'bout you not playin' fur my weddin'? Oh, Pa-ap! You ain't never meant it. Jonah's and me's weddin'! Hit's never ain't possible! Why, it's you that has brought us to this. Ef you hadn't of holpen me and talked to him like you did we wouldn't have had no weddin', and I'd have gone single to my grave. Not play? And him sech a beautiful dancer! And me ready to jump over the house! And you playin' so eligunt! Come 'long in this minnit, which you've always been a good friend to me,—always."

Of course Pap relented. There never was a creature more susceptible to kindness; and for affection, or affection's sake, what would he not have done or been? "Well, R. Mintah, to pleasure you, I can't say you nay, seein' it's your weddin'-night,—me that have knowed you sence you warn't as big as my Willy."

As he entered with her, a general murmur of satisfaction filled the room, entirely selfish in its origin, but helping to put the old man in tune. "Now we'll git somethin' that's wuth the listenin'," said old Jacob Potter to his neighbor, Tim White. "I always did like a tune, and Johnny Shore kin play the fiddle first-rate. Hit's about the only thing he's good fur."

Pap heard and smiled, and tucked his beloved violin under his chin where he stood, and gave a long scrape from tip to end of bow and looked about him with positive assurance.

"Run, git me a stool, Willy boy, to rest Jim Wilkins on," he said to his little shadow; and, going across the room, he turned an empty water-bucket upside down in the low window-seat, and having enthroned himself, with Willy's help, gave a second scrape of his bow to say that he was ready. Willy hopped off with his crutch, and it was lucky that both were got out of the way in time, for the effect of Pap's signal was almost electrical, and in a moment the bashful youths, who had been clinging together all evening so desperately, parted company by one impulse, and, as bold as lions, advanced, seized a maiden apiece by her elbow or hand, and marched with her into the middle of the room. Gone was all stiffness and embarrassment from that moment. A babel of talk burst forth. Podge Brown, who had been the envy of his own sex and the delight, apparently, of the opposite one, was suddenly completely eclipsed and altogether deserted. Podge could not dance.

Not being afflicted with the faintest trace of shyness, he had been talking to the girls all evening and making himself irresistible in his own fascinating way, showing his easy feeling about society and familiarity with its usages in a variety of ways. He had begun by seating himself on the same bench with the maidens—between A. Mander and Darthuly Meely indeed—and had brilliantly excused the boldness of the intrusion by saying that "merlasses must look to catch flies." He had continued to get off a great number of equally original and lively sallies, to the great amusement and satisfaction of his audience, and the disgust of his companions near the door. He went so far as to make a mock declaration of affection, which he called "a pop," to two young ladies seated some distance below him. He ended by tickling them all, which threw them into the greatest possible state of arch confusion, and produced such protestations, affectations, profuse giggles, and threats that, naturally, he was driven in self-defence to make fresh demonstrations, whereupon all the timid darlings took refuge in each other's laps, where they embraced and kissed each other most fondly, and quite by accident looked over at the now furious masculine majority who suffered and were strong. But with the very first bars of "Zip Coon" the conquering Brown found himself no better off than Napoleon at Elba, and in a flash about twenty couples were hard at it, jigging, and hopping, and spinning, and twirling, and not caring a pin what became of him. Away they went, in pairs, and faced each other, and set to, and capered, and bounded, swung half around a circle, fell to their "steps," swung back into place again, seized each other around the waist and spun madly around for a moment, faced each other again, set to, and so on *da capo* with fresh energy and other "steps" until not a breath was left in a single body. Such coquetting and pirouetting, such bright eyes and flushed cheeks, such freedom of movement and native grace among the girls! Such swing and fling, such rampings and stampings, such shouts of delight from the men! Such perfect, unrestrained enjoyment for all! "Zip Coon" melted into "Miss McLeod," "Miss McLeod" was merged in "Money Musk," "Money Musk" slipped into "Gray Eagle," "Gray Eagle" ran into "Yellow Stockings," "Yellow Stockings" was skilfully pinned without a break to "Fisher's Hornpipe."

On they all went, Pap playing with a fire and enthusiasm that worked the dancers up to the highest pitch of excitement, playing as if there wasn't a heartache in the world and never had been, his eyes half shut, a smile on his face, beating time regularly with his left foot, the dancers dancing to match with all their might and main and heart and soul, and with every muscle of their bodies. The old floor sent up clouds of dust. The walls trembled and swayed. The windows rattled. The candle-sticks clattered. The broom fell in a fright against the disguised flour-barrel. The twins shrieked for joy, and danced, too, about the door after their own fashion. The elders leaned eagerly forward, and beamed, and oscillated on their seats, and nodded to the music, and exclaimed, and patted the floor with their sticks. And still the reels and reelers went thundering on. Pap grew paler and paler, the dancers were all aflame, but still there was no pause nor break. And now came a loud roar and a mighty tramp. It was a mercy that the shell of a tenement did not collapse like a card-house as all the couples bounded off in the "grand cirkit" all around the room, doing the long glide and hop of "the Irish trot," which, being well named for wildness and fury, would have been trying to the constitution of the most substantial structure. Utterly exhausted when this highly characteristic outburst of Milesian mirth was over, the dancers fell into the first seats they could find. The first frenzy of movement was over, and Pap could and did stop, too, and proceeded to mop his face with his handkerchief, which he then rolled into a tight ball and returned to his pocket. Nobody thanked him, nobody joined him, except Willy, whom he sent off again to bring him "a gode of water," but nevertheless he felt that he had his reward. "The folks is had a good fling, ain't they, honey?" he said to the child when he returned. . . . .

Some little time passed before any more dancing was done, and then a sensation was created by Jonah's challenging Alf Peters to "a break-down." Jonah was considered by many people the "handsomest dancer on the Mountain." Alf Peters had won "the endurance prize" for break-downs the week before at the fair. Great interest was naturally felt in such a contest. Both men began by removing their coats, and after a few preliminary stamps and steps each threw back his head, shoulders, and arms, and settled to his shuffling and double-shuffling with a will, "the folks" gathering about them in a circle, Tim White "patting Juber," Pap fiddling for his life, and R. Mintah shrieking out in her feminine treble squeak, "Don't you stop, Jonah! Go on! Don't git beat, Jonah! That's you!" the opposition petticoated element encouraging Alf in much the same fashion. A more exciting struggle for supremacy was never seen on the Mountain, and how R. Mintah's eyes did shine with gratified pride when Alf Peters, pumped into an exhausted air-receiver, suddenly stopped, sank on the floor, and thereby confessed himself vanquished. "He's give in! I *knowed* it would be so! Stop, Jonah," she cried. But Jonah went on for some moments to show that he could do so, not that there was the least danger of any dispute or altercation, everybody having seen for some moments that Alf had lost his steadiness and was reeling as a top does before it comes to a stand-still. When Alf rose and sulkily resumed his linen "duster," with ill-concealed disgust, Jonah cocked his hat very much on the back of his head, stuck his thumbs in his suspenders, and made the tour of the room with R. Mintah hanging on his arm and looking up to him with fondest admiration. He then lit a five-cent cigar, and, in the fulness of his satisfaction, he actually went up to his late deadly enemy, young Culbert, and offered him one, adding a hearty clap on his back that was almost enough to produce a hemorrhage on the spot. "Ain't you 'most dead, my dear?" asked R. Mintah of her giant, anxiously.

"*No*," he replied, with great scorn. "I ain't teched. Git out there and show me what you kin do."

Out they got on the floor. Jonah stuck his arms akimbo. Pap, who had exhausted his repertoire, went back to "Zip Coon." R. Mintah caught up her skirts, turned out her elbows squarely, stuck her pretty head roguishly on one side. Jonah, with a wild "Whoop-ee!" jumped fully two feet into the air, clapped his heels swiftly three times together before he alighted, whirled to the right, whirled to the left, advanced, retreated, gyrated.

R. Mintah teetered forward prettily on her toes, flew right, flew left, with a little fluttering motion like that of a butterfly with wings outspread, retreated when he advanced, advanced when he retreated, glanced archly now over the right shoulder, now over the left, her cheeks like damask roses, her eyes like stars.

Jonah darted towards her with his arms extended; R. Mintah slipped under them and floated away. Jonah danced all around her; R. Mintah kept well out of his reach. Jonah pretended that he was exhausted, and let his steps die away to a faint shuffle, intended to convey the impression that he was quite spent; R. Mintah relaxed her vigilance. Jonah immediately darted forward again, and this time seized the little wife around the waist, and, lifting her up in his strong arms, deposited her bodily on the mantel-shelf, and left her there—a sweet novelty in chimney ornaments. The shouts of the delighted audience had not died away, when Mr. Newman appeared at the door, very tall and straight, very solemn and formal. "Suppur-r, ladies and gentle*men!*" he said in loud, mechanical voice, with a whir in it as of a clock running down. "Suppur-r-r! And please to form yourselves in couples of two and walk out."

This was a welcome sound to Pap, whose head had dropped lower and lower over his violin, and who had been playing for some time with intermittent vigor. And to the elders, all of whom were drooping, too, and some of them dozing. And to Podge Brown, who had been threatening to go home for hours, but somehow had not gone. And to Matilda, who had sat bolt upright all the evening, looking almost as sour and odious as she was. And to Willy, who had rolled off and under a bench, and was "sound," as Pap remarked when he waked him. And to Stone and Pete, who had not been able to close an eye for thinking of it. And to the dank and grewsome, who rose with alacrity to respond to the summons, but, with all the others, was stopped by Mr. Newman, who gave out: "The bride and the bridegroom will form theirselves as the fust pair of two, and lead forth before all, which will follow on." This plan of Mr. Newman's for ensuring due and proper precedence necessitated R. Mintah's being taken down from her exalted position, and Jonah effected this in a twinkling, whereupon R. Mintah, by dint of standing on tiptoe, managed to administer a mock-violent box on his ear. Peace being restored between them, both suddenly became very dignified and grave. R. Mintah put on her white cotton gloves, which she had taken off. Jonah did the same, and pulled up his collar, moreover, and held his head as high as he could get it. R. Mintah took his arm, and, having "formed theirselves," they waited a moment for the other "couples of two" to do the same, and then marched out of the room, solemnly, with measured steps, at the slowest possible rate of speed consistent with moving at all, to "Bonaparte crossing the Rhine," from Pap. To have laughed or talked during this progress would have been a gross indecorum. But when they had arrived at the supper table and taken their places, when Mr. Mathers had asked a blessin' at great length, and been blessed for not making it shorter, and when Mr. Newman had called out warningly, "Ladies to get their fill *fust*, gentle*men*, and don't you disremember it. *Guzzlers* to wait *till the last.* Begin to commence to wait on your ladies, gentle*men*, and don't spare the vittles pervided and made and set out before you for the same,"—then, I say, there was noise enough. . . . A bountiful supper that, and certainly a merry company. Podge Brown was again in a position to show the superiority of head over heels, and became every moment more fatally fascinating. Before Mr. Mathers had well got out his "Amen," he was sportively pouring coffee in the custard, and daubing the pound-cake with mustard, by way of showing the tricksy quality of his wit, and from this he went on to other delightful and genial antics that completely enslaved all the young ladies about him, whom he tickled impartially and persistently, causing them to "think they'd die," and to assure him that they "would split their sides," to say nothing of spilling their coffee, dropping their plates, and choking over and over again. But although thus devoted to the sex at large, Mr. Brown was a man, and an unmarried one, and so it came about that he gradually and very artfully narrowed the circle of his charming attentions until Darthuly Meely was the object of most of them, and before the banquet was consumed he had contrived to give her the most signal marks of his preference, such as pulling down her hair, breaking most of her pearls, and repeatedly pulling her chair from under her. Something, however, must be allowed for the expansion of stocks and stones even under certain favorable conditions, and Mr. Brown was but mortal man, Darthuly Meely the dynamic force surging within him and seeking expression in playful fancies. Even Timothy White made three remarks in the course of that supper, and looked almost animated when fruit-cake was handed. And Jinny's tongue wagged freely in spite of such apparently insuperable obstacles to conversation as biscuits, and apples, and cakes, and pickles, of which her mouth was full. "You did jerk the liveliest to-night," she said to Pap. "When I knowed you was dead and in your grave, I usened to tell Alfred often that fur fiddlin' his Pa-ap beat all. And so you do, John, no matter who's the next one, fur it's jes' *livin'* music ef ever I heerd any, and you with *a leg* buried, anyways, to my certain knowing. Hit's jes' a wonderment how you kin."

One lady present certainly got what Mr. Newman wished all to have, and that was the dank and grewsome, who, considering that the meats were not cold baked, nor served on or out of a coffin, contrived to dispose of enough and to spare. She was still sitting over in a corner with a plate in her lank lap heaped high with a miscellaneous collection of eatables, with which she was apparently making close connection as far as could be seen (which was not far, the black sun-bonnet being cast down within an inch of the same, and mysterious sounds of chumping, and cracking, and gulping, and gurgling going on under its immediate protection as behind a screen), when the company trooped back to the living-room, leaving Simon Peter and Stonewall Jackson still skirmishing in the rear—perhaps to cover their retreat and bring off the D. and G.

The evening was now over, as soon appeared. Mothers began to think of their babies and of their bread. Fathers "reckoned it was 'bout time to be gittin'." Grandfathers yawned dolorously, and were no longer to be kept up even by their sticks. Seeing this, Mr. Newman made his last official declaration: "Them that goes with the bride to her home-bringin' will git ready to start right away, and ef they've got any saddlin' and bridlin' to do they'd better be mighty quick about it, as aforesaid." A general commotion of preparation now ensued. Children were sought for, shawls and bonnets resumed, farewells made, and the heads of families, the elders, and the little ones made their way outside, unhitched their "teams," clambered into their carts, and then waited, as etiquette demanded, for the departure of the bride and groom. Out came R. Mintah the next moment, followed by Jonah, and all cloaked and hooded. The night was black and starless, and it had been difficult to distinguish anything or anybody, but now fully fifty pine-knots were lit in rapid succession, and flamed and smoked in the fresh breeze that blew from the direction of the Ridge. And now R. Mintah was swept up on a white pony, with a beautiful flowing tail and mane, by Jonah. And now Jonah mounted a big bony chestnut, and laid his hand on his wife's bridle-rein. And now the young men and maidens mounted their respective steeds, and fell into line behind the first pair who were to be like another first pair, of whom it is said that "Adam delved and Eve span." And now Stone and Pete rush out and whisk up behind two of the cavaliers, and cling there like a couple of limpets. And now R. Mintah cries out, "Good-by! Good-by!" over and over again. "Good-night, Pa-ap. Good-by, dear Mother Newman. Good-by, Father Newman. Come over soon. Good-by all." And Jonah gives two short "good-nights," too, and the procession starts. The gleam of R. Mintah's red dress and hood is seen for some time, and then is to be seen no longer. The carts and wagons all go creaking, rattling away. The procession turns into the Red Lane now, and the young men and maidens burst into a song full of joy and triumph. Mother Newman turns away in tears. The dank and grewsome flits out into the darkness like Poe's raven. Matilda stalks off towards home in a temper because Alfred has lingered so long. Little Willy is fretting, too, and appears to be trying to gouge out one of his blue eyes with his fist. The procession is winding around the Mountain now, and they can see the torches still flaming, still smoking, still borne aloft. And now they have suddenly disappeared. Father Newman goes in and shuts the door. Jonah and R. Mintah are married. Pap, Alfred, and the child stumble home in silence—the old leaning, moss-roofed home, with the tottering porch and the wavy chimney, into which a bride as young and fair as R. Mintah walked so long, long ago. As they enter the gates, the clouds part a little and show a brilliant stretch of stars. And Pap looking up at them thinks of one who has passed beyond them.

Charles de Kay.

Born in Washington, D. C., 1848.

ULF IN IRELAND.

(A. D. 790.)

[*Hesperus, and Other Poems.* 1880.]

WHAT then, what if my lips do burn,
Husband, husband;
What though thou see'st my red lips burn,
Why look'st thou with a look so stern,
Husband?

It was the keen wind through the reed,
Husband, husband:
'Twas wind made sharp with sword-edge reed
That made my tender lips to bleed,
Husband.

And hath the wind a human tooth,
Woman, woman?
Can light wind mark like human tooth
A shameful scar of love uncouth,
Woman?

What horror lurks within your eyes,
Husband, husband?
What lurking horror strains your eyes,
What black thoughts from your heart arise,
Husband?

Who stood beside you at the gate,
Woman, woman?
Who stood so near you by the gate
No moon your shapes could separate,
Woman?

So God me save, 'twas I alone,
Husband, husband!
So Christ me save, 'twas I alone
Stood listening to the ocean moan,
Husband!

Then hast thou four feet at the least,
Woman, woman!
Thy Christ hath lent thee four at least,
Oh, viler than four-footed beast,
Woman!

A heathen witch hath thee unmanned,
Husband, husband!
A foul witchcraft, alas, unmanned:
Thou saw'st some old tracks down the sand,
Husband!

Yet were they tracks that went not far,
Woman, woman;
Those ancient foot-marks went not far,
Or else you search the harbor bar,
Woman.

It is not yours alone that bleed,
Woman, woman;
Smooth lips not yours may also bleed,
Your wound has been avenged with speed,
Woman!

Why talk you so of bar and wound,
Husband, husband?
What ghastly sign of sudden wound
And kinsman smitten to the ground,
Husband?

I saw your blood upon his cheek,
Woman, woman;
The moon had marked his treacherous cheek,
I marked his heart beside the creek,
Woman!

What, have you crushed the only flower,
Husband, husband!
Among our weeds the only flower?
Henceforward get you from my bower,
Husband!

I love you not; I loved but him,
Husband, husband;
In all the world I loved but him;
Not hell my love for Brenn shall dim,
Husband!

He's caught her by her jet-black hair;
Sorrow, sorrow!
He's bent her head back by the hair
Till all her throbbing throat lies bare—
Sorrow!

You knew me fiercer than the wolf,
Woman, woman;
You knew I well am named the wolf;
I shall both you and him engulf,
Woman.

Yet I to you was always kind,
Woman, woman;
To serpents only fools are kind;
Yet still with love of you I'm blind,
Woman.

I'll look no more upon your face,
Woman, woman;
These eyes shall never read your face,
For you shall die in this small space,
Woman!

He's laid his mouth below her chin,
Horror!
That throat he kissed below the chin
No breath thereafter entered in:
Horror, horror!

LITTLE PEOPLE.

I STOLE so gently on their dance,
Their pygmy dance in red sunrise,
I caught the warm and tender glance
Each gallant gave his dear one's eyes.

Wee ladies clad in fine bat's-wing
With plumèd lordlings stamp the heel;
Behind them swords and fans they fling
And foot it blithely down the reel.

They sighed and ogled, whispered, kissed
In meetings of the swaying dance—
Then fled not, but were swiftly missed,
Like love from out a well-known glance.

I sprang: the flashing swords were grown
Mere blossom-stalks from tulips tossed;
The fans that sparkled on the stone
Were turned to sprays of glittering frost.

THEN SHALL I TRIUMPH.

[*The Love Poems of Louis Barnaval.* 1883.]

WHEN we are touched by wrinkled age
Your bosom, now ineffable
As God's most pure, unwritten page,
No longer glorious in swell,
War on the ravished eyes will wage
Nor still of other beauties tell.
Your lips will pinch, your neck turn sallow,
Your eyesight fail and cheeks grow hollow.
Then shall I triumph, then those lips
I'll press with bliss by so much clearer
As from your frame the beauty slips
And to your eyes the soul is nearer.
Thus have you seen of seaworn ships
Crumbled in wreck the lifelong steerer
Feel for the hulk more love and pride
Than e'er for yachts that brave the tide.

THE VISION OF NIMROD.

[*The Vision of Nimrod.* 1881.]

NO sun, no moon. Northward the star Orion,
The star of Nimrod, had the zenith won,
When from the waste the roaring of a lion
Boomed like the bursting of a signal gun.
They saw with fright the even dusk of night
Roll to a shape, black on the starlit heaven,
And lo, a Lion of enormous might,
Shadowy, shaggy! From his jaws of ravin
Issued the awful sound
That shook the ground.

And as they gazed, speechless with mortal terror,
It took new form like ocean's clouds at morn;
The lion changed;—that surely was no error
Which saw a bull shaking his dreadful horn?
But hardly of the new shape were they 'ware
When the brute's head of him so fiercely charging
Turned human; a grave face with curling hair,
Its ordered locks on breast and back discharging,
Loomed through the dusky night.
And stayed their flight.

Then from the face, locked with a steadfast meaning
Upon their eyes, the shape took change and flow,
And lo, a giant on a war-club leaning,
Lifted on high, held the dark plain below.
Purple and golden on his stalwart shoulders
His garments lay, but spotted all and torn,
Like robe that long in royal cavern moulders;
And round his neck upon a chain was worn,
Like a strange cross to see,
An amber key.

But all that coat, by tooth of time corroded,
Was full of eyes and little crescent moons
And peaches over-ripeness has exploded—
Pomegranates cloven by a score of noons.
The war-club whereupon his left hand rested
Was scaly like a pinecone huge in size;
Against those two his shadowy bulk he breasted
And with his right hand pointed toward the skies.
Then in a voice of dread
Croaking, he said:

"Barbarians! Once, with the sages of Chaldee,
I, Nimrod, watched upon a tower's back,
Marking the planets creep most cunningly
A pinnacle past, which sharply cut their track;
Methought this arm, that was all rigid grown

With following slow their motions wise and stealthy,
Grew boundless large, reached upward to yon sown
Broad field, the sky, with red ripe star-fruits wealthy,
Plucked and consumed them still
At my fair will!

"'Twixt Kaf and Kaf, those hills that wall the world,
My body stretched, and from my heaving breast
The streams of breath, against the hard sky hurled,
Were turned to clouds that veered at my behest.
Anon the horizon with sharp white was lit
And by that glare the veil of things was riven;
The door to strange new lands was suddenly split,
As if I, earth, had caught a glimpse of heaven.
I saw how great that bliss,
How petty this!

"That was the hour of evil fates descending;
From that strange night I was not merely man:
Where'er I marched crowds must be still attending
Me, the great midpoint of the earthly plan.
Euphrates was the life-blood of my heart;
Tigris a vein that throbbed with ceaseless motion;
In me the firs of Ararat had part
And I was earth, air, fire and boundless ocean!
Folly from that black day
Held me in sway.

"From Ur the town I marched with vainness blinded
And founded empires in the teeming plain;
Lured to revolt ten cities fickle-minded,
And dared the gods that could not save their slain.
I was their god. I was the lord of all,—
Each step a new town or a plundered palace.
I drowned a land with break of water wall;
Repeopled it, when kindness grew from malice.
Who reckoneth all my crimes?
He falls who climbs.

"Of Babylon I made the stateliest city
The earth has yet upon its surface known.
Nation I fenced from nation without pity
That all might wend toward Babylon alone.
Tribe might not trade with tribe, nor north with south,
But all must barter at my market centre;
Nor eastman speak with westman mouth to mouth
Unless they first within my limits enter.
Thus grew each tongue and art
Slowly apart.

. . . .

"But, spite of crimes, spite of my wealth and glory,
Of me what know ye, men of a puny age?

I am a rumor, an uncertain story,
  A vanished smoke, a scarce-remembered page!
The angry peoples showed they could be kinder
  To my great fame than after-following kings,
For hate still kept a little sour reminder
  When every mark of me had taken wings.
    Whate'er on brick I traced
    My sons effaced.

"Yes, my own sons, for whom I bear these curses,
  Melted my statues, overturned my grave,
Hammered from living rock the deep-hewn verses
  That from oblivion my vast fame should save.
Thrice was this mass of brickwork, seamed with ravage,
  All newly builded by succeeding kings:
What of the rage of desert-dwelling savage?
  From sons a treachery far deeper stings!
    Every one hundredth year
    Some man must hear,

"Must hear how they betrayed me, yes, and ponder
  O'er my great crimes, my splendor and my fall,
How messengers from some great godhead yonder
  In vain approach, Nimrod from sin to call.
I know not who he is, foretold by many,
  For on my mind weighs a thick cloud of doubt,
Like fogs across these barren plains and fenny,
  So fertile once, they laughed at want and drought.
    List, though you shrink with fear,
    Tremble, but hear!"

Richard Rogers Bowker.

BORN in Salem, Mass., 1848.

THE NATURE AND ORIGIN OF COPYRIGHT.

[*Copyright: its Law and its Literature.* 1886.]

COPYRIGHT (from the Latin *copia*, plenty) means, in general, the right to copy, to make plenty. In its specific application it means the right to multiply copies of those products of the human brain known as literature and art.

There is another legal sense of the word "copyright" much emphasized by several English justices. Through the low Latin use of the word *copia*, our word "copy" has a secondary and reversed meaning, as the pattern to be copied or made plenty, in which sense the schoolboy copies from the "copy" set in his copy-book, and the modern printer calls for the author's "copy." Copyright, accordingly, may also mean the right in copy made (whether the original work or a duplication of it), as well as the right to make copies, which by no means goes with the work or any duplicate of it. Said Lord St. Leonards: "When we are talking of the right of an author we must distinguish between the mere right to his manuscript, and to any copy which he may choose to make of it, as his property, just like any other personal chattel, and the right to multiply copies to the exclusion of every other person. Nothing can be more distinct than these two things. The common law does give a man who has composed a work a right to it as composition, just as he has a right to any other part of his personal property; but the question of the right of excluding all the world from copying, and of himself claiming the exclusive right of forever copying his own composition after he has published it to the world, is a totally different thing." Baron Parks, in the same case, pointed out expressly these two different legal senses of the word copyright, the right *in* copy, a right of possession, always fully protected by the common law, and the right *to* copy, a right of multiplication, which alone has been the subject of special statutory protection.

There is nothing which may more properly be called property than the creation of the individual brain. For property means a man's very *own*, and there is nothing more his own than the thought, created, made out of no material thing (unless the nerve-food which the brain consumes in the act of thinking be so counted), which uses material things only for its record or manifestation. The best proof of *own*-ership is that, if this individual man or woman had not thought this individual thought, realized in writing or in music or in marble, it would not exist. Or if the individual, thinking it, had put it aside without such record, it would not, in any practical sense, exist. We cannot know what "might have beens" of untold value have been lost to the world where thinkers, such as inventors, have had no inducement or opportunity to so materialize their thoughts.

It is sometimes said, as a bar to this idea of property, that no thought is new—that every thinker is dependent upon the gifts of nature and the thoughts of other thinkers before him, as every tiller of the soil is dependent upon the land as given by nature and improved by the men who have toiled and tilled before him, a view of which Henry C. Carey has been the chief exponent in this country. But there is no real analogy—aside from the question whether the denial of individual property in land would not be setting back the hands of progress. If Farmer Jones does not raise potatoes from a piece of land Farmer Smith can; but Shakespeare cannot write "Paradise Lost" nor Milton "Much Ado," though before both Dante dreamed and Boccaccio told his tales. It was because of Milton and Shakespeare writing, not because of Dante and Boccaccio who had written, that these immortal works are treasures of the English tongue. It was the very self of each, *in propria persona*, that gave these form and worth, though they used words that had come down from generations as the common heritage of English-speaking men. Property in a stream of water, as has been pointed out, is not in the atoms of the water, but in the flow of the stream.

Property right in unpublished works has never been effectively questioned

—a fact which in itself confirms the view that intellectual property is a natural inherent right. The author has "supreme control" over an unpublished work, and his manuscript cannot be utilized by creditors as assets without his consent. "If he lends a copy to another," says Baron Parks, "his right is not gone; if he sends it to another under an implied undertaking that he is not to part with it or publish it he has a right to enforce that undertaking." The receiver of a letter, to whom the paper containing the writing has undoubtedly been given, has no right to publish or otherwise use the letter without the writer's consent. The theory that by permitting copies to be made an author dedicates his writing to the public, as an owner of land dedicates a road to the public by permitting public use of it for twenty-one years, overlooks the fact that in so doing the author only conveys to each holder of his book the right to individual use, and not the right to multiply copies, as though the landowner should not give but sell permission to individuals to pass over his road, without any permission to them to sell tickets for the same privilege to other people. The owner of a right does not forfeit a right by selling a privilege.

It is at the moment of publication that the undisputed possessory right passes over into the much-disputed right to multiply copies, and that the vexed question of the true theory of copyright property arises. The broad view of literary property holds that the one kind of copyright is involved in the other. The right to have is the right to use. An author cannot use—that is, get beneficial results from his work, without offering copies for sale. He would be otherwise like the owner of a loaf of bread who was told that the bread was his until he wanted to eat it. That sale would seem to contain "an implied undertaking" that the buyer has liberty to use his copy but not to multiply it. Peculiarly in this kind of property the right of ownership consists in the right to prevent use of one's property by others without the owner's consent. The right of exclusion seems to be indeed a part of ownership. In the case of land the owner is entitled to prevent trespass to the extent of a shot-gun, and in the same way the law recognizes the right to use violence, even to the extreme, in preventing others from possession of one's own property of any kind. The owner of a literary property has, however, no physical means of defence or redress; the very act of publication by which he gets a market for his productions opens him to the danger of wider multiplication and publication without his consent. There is, therefore, no kind of property which is so dependent on the help of the law for the protection of the real owner.

The inherent right of authors is a right at what is called common law—that is, natural or customary law. So far as concerns the undisputed rights before publication, the copyright laws are auxiliary merely to common law. Rights exist before remedies; remedies are merely invented to enforce rights. "The seeking for the law of the right of property in the law of procedure relating to the remedies," says Copinger, "is a mistake similar to supposing that the mark on the ear of an animal is the cause, instead of the consequence, of property therein." After the invention of printing it became evident that new methods of procedure must be devised to enforce common-law rights.

Copyright became therefore the subject of statute law, by the passage of laws imposing penalties for a theft which, without such laws, could not be punished.

These laws, covering naturally enough only the country of the author, and specifying a time during which the penalties could be enforced, and providing means of registration by which authors could register their property rights, as the title to a house is registered when it is sold, had an unexpected result. The statute of Anne, which is the foundation of present English copyright law, intended to protect authors' rights by providing penalties against their violation, had the effect of limiting those rights. It was doubtless the intention of those who framed the statute of Anne to establish, for the benefit of authors, specific means of redress. Overlooking, apparently, the fact that law and equity, as their principles were then established, enabled authors to use the same means of redress, so far as they held good, which persons suffering wrongs as to other property had, the law was so drawn that in 1774 the English House of Lords (against, however, the weight of one half of English judicial opinion) decided that, instead of giving additional sanction to a formerly existing right, the statute of Anne had substituted a new and lesser right to the exclusion of what the majority of English judges held to have been an old and greater right. Literary and like property to this extent lost the character of copy*right,* and became the subject of copy-*privilege,* depending on legal enactment for the security of the private owner. American courts, wont to follow English precedent, have rather taken for granted this view of the law of literary property, and our Constitution, in authorizing Congress to secure "for limited terms to authors and inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings and discoveries," was evidently drawn from the same point of view, though it does not in itself deny or withdraw the natural rights of the author at common law.

Ella Dietz Clymer.

BORN in New York, N. Y.

SONG.

[*The Triumph of Love.* 1878.—*The Triumph of Time.* 1884.]

O TOUCH me not, unless thy soul
Can claim my soul as thine;
Give me no earthly flowers that fade,
No love, but love divine:
For I gave thee immortal flowers,
That bloomed serene in heavenly bowers.

Look not with favor on my face,
Nor answer my caress,
Unless my soul have first found grace
Within thy sight; express
Only the truth, though it should be
Cold as the ice on northern sea.

O never speak of love to me,
Unless thy heart can feel
That in the face of Deity
Thou wouldst that love reveal:
For God is love, and His bright law
Should find our hearts without one flaw.

WHEN I AM DEAD.

WHEN I am dead what man will say
She used to smile in such a way,
Her eyes were dark and strangely bright
As are the solemn stars of night ?
What man will say her voice's tone
Was like the far-off winds that moan
Through forest trees ? O voice and eyes
That brought me dreams of Paradise!

I think no man, when I am dead,
Will say these things that thou hast said
Unto my living human face,
And all the bloom and all the grace
Will then be buried out of sight,
Thought of no more, forgotten quite,
As are the flowers of other springs,
Upon whose grave the wild bird sings.

O flowers and songs of other days!
What sweet new voice will sing your praise ?
What choir will celebrate the spring
When love and I went wandering
Between the glades, beneath the trees,
Or by the calm blue summer seas,
And thought no thing beneath the skies
So lovely as each other's eyes ?

When we are dead, when both are gone,
Buried in separate graves alone,
Perchance the restless salt sea wave
Will sing its dirge above my grave,
While you, on some far foreign shore,
May hear the distant ocean roar,
And long at last your arms to twine
About this cold dead form of mine.

When we are dead, when both are cold,
When love is as a tale that's told,
Will not our lips so still and mute
Still long for love's untasted fruit ?
Though lands and seas hold us apart
Will not my dead heart reach thy heart,
And call to thee from farthest space
Until we both stand face to face ?

When we are dead, yea, God doth know
When that shall be, if it were so
This moment now, if thou and I
Lay dead together 'neath this sky,
Could any future to us bring
So sad and desolate a thing
As this sad life ? nay, can there be
Such sorrow in eternity ?

O long sad days! we need in truth
Some recompense for our lost youth:
By woes forlorn, and sins forborne,
By joys renounced or from us torn,
By thorns that bore no single rose,
By loving hands that dealt us blows;
We pray that when this life shall cease
We then may know eternal peace.

When we are dead, when sea and air
Have claimed the forms that once were fair,
Will joys of Heaven compensate
For two lone hearts left desolate
On earth so long ? Will all these years
Of anxious love and burning tears
Be as the water turned to wine,
The best of all that feast divine ?

George Washington Williams.

BORN in Bedford Springs, Penn., 1849.

THE NEGRO SOLDIERS AT PORT HUDSON.

[*History of the Negro Race in America, from* 1619 *to* 1880. *By George W. Williams, first Colored Member of the Ohio Legislature, etc.* 1883.]

IT was a question of grave doubt among white troops as to the fighting qualities of negro soldiers. There were various doubts expressed by the officers on both sides of the line. The Confederates greeted the news that "niggers" were to meet them in battle with derision, and treated the whole matter as a huge joke. The Federal soldiers were filled with amazement and fear as to the issue.

It was the determination of the commanding officer at Port Hudson to assign this negro regiment to a post of honor and danger. The regiment marched all night before the battle of Port Hudson, and arrived at one Dr. Chambers's sugar-house on the 27th of May, 1863. It was just 5 A.M. when the regiment stacked arms. Orders were given to rest and breakfast in one hour. The heat was intense and the dust thick, and so thoroughly fatigued were the men that many sank in their tracks and slept soundly.

Arrangements were made for a field-hospital, and the drum-corps instructed where to carry the wounded. Officers' call was beaten at 5.30, when they received instructions and encouragement. "Fall in" was sounded at 6 o'clock, and soon thereafter the regiment was on the march. The sun was now shining in his full strength upon the field where a great battle was to be fought. The enemy was in his stronghold, and his forts were crowned with angry and destructive guns. The hour to charge had come. It was 7 o'clock. There was a feeling of anxiety among the white troops as they watched the movements of these blacks in blue. The latter were anxious for the fray. At last the command came, "Forward, double-quick, march!" and on they went over the field of death. Not a musket was heard until the command was within four hundred yards of the enemy's works, when a blistering fire was opened upon the left wing of the regiment. Unfortunately Companies A, B, C, D, and E wheeled suddenly by the left flank. Some confusion followed, but was soon over. A shell—the first that fell on the line—killed and wounded about twelve men. The regiment came to a right about, and fell back for a few hundred yards, wheeled by companies, and faced the enemy again with the coolness and military precision of an old regiment on parade. The enemy was busy at work now. Grape, canister, shell, and musketry made the air hideous with their noise. A masked battery commanded a bluff, and the guns could be depressed sufficiently to sweep the entire field over which the regiment must charge. It must be remembered that this regiment occupied the extreme right of the charging line. The masked battery worked upon the left wing. A three-gun battery was situated in the centre, while a half dozen large pieces shelled the right, and enfiladed the regiment front and rear every time it charged the battery on the bluff. A bayou ran under the bluff, immediately in front of the guns. It was too deep to be forded by men. These brave colored soldiers made six desperate charges with indifferent success, because

"Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them
  Volleyed and thundered;
Stormed at with shot and shell."

The men behaved splendidly. As their ranks were thinned by shot and grape, they closed up into place and kept a good line. But no matter what high soldierly qualities these men were endowed with, no matter how faithfully they obeyed the oft-repeated order to "charge," it was both a moral and physical impossibility for these men to cross the deep bayou that flowed at their feet—already crimson with patriots' blood—and capture the battery on the bluff. Colonel Nelson, who commanded this black brigade, despatched an orderly to General Dwight, informing him that it was not in the nature of things for his men to accomplish anything by further charges. "Tell Colonel Nelson," said General Dwight, "I shall consider that he has accomplished nothing unless he takes those guns." This last order of General Dwight's will go into history as a cruel and unnecessary act. He must have known that three regiments of infantry, torn and shattered by about fifteen or twenty heavy guns, with an impassable bayou encircling the bluff, could accomplish nothing by charging. But the men, what could they do?

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why,
> Theirs but to do and die."

Again the order to charge was given, and the men, worked up to a feeling of desperation on account of repeated failures, raised a cry and made another charge. The ground was covered with dead and wounded. Trees were felled by shell and solid shot; and at one time a company was covered with the branches of a falling tree. Captain Callioux was in command of Company E, the color company. He was first wounded in the left arm, the limb being broken above the elbow. He ran to the front of his company, waving his sword and crying "Follow me." But when within about fifty yards of the enemy he was struck by a shell, and fell dead in front of his company.

Many Greeks fell defending the pass at Thermopylæ against the Persian army, but history has made peculiarly conspicuous Leonidas and his four hundred Spartans. In a not distant future, when a calm and truthful history of the battle of Port Hudson is written, notwithstanding many men fought and died there, the heroism of the "Black Captain," the accomplished gentleman and fearless soldier, Andre Callioux, and his faithful followers, will make a most fascinating picture for future generations to look upon and study.

"Colonel, I will bring back these colors to you in honor, or report to God the reason why." It was now past 11 A.M., May 27, 1863. The men were struggling in front of the bluff. The brave Callioux was lying lifeless upon the field that was now slippery with gore and crimson with blood. The enemy was directing his shell and shot at the flags of the First Regiment. A shell, about a six-pounder, struck the flag-staff, cut it in two, and carried away part of the head of Planciancois. He fell, and the flag covered him as a canopy of glory, and drank of the crimson tide that flowed from his mutilated head. Corporal Heath caught up the flag, but no sooner had he shouldered the dear old banner than a musket-ball went crashing through his head and scattered his brains upon the flag, and he, still clinging to it, fell dead upon the body of Sergeant Planciancois. Another corporal caught up the banner and bore it through the fight with pride.

This was the last charge, the seventh; and what was left of this gallant black brigade came back from the hell into which they had plunged with so much daring and forgetfulness seven times.

They did not capture the battery on the bluff, it's true, but they convinced the white soldiers on both sides that they were both willing and able to help fight the battles of the Union. And if any person doubts the abilities of the negro as a soldier, let him talk with General Banks, as we have, and hear "his golden eloquence on the black brigade at Port Hudson."

EDUCATING THE NEGRO.

[*From the Same.*]

THE work of education for the negro at the South had to begin at the bottom. There were no schools at all for this people; and hence the work began with the alphabet. And there could be no classification of the scholars. All the way from six to sixty the pupils ranged in age; and even some who had given slavery a century of their existence—mothers and fathers in Israel—crowded the schools established for their race. Some ministers of the Gospel after a half century of preaching entered school to learn how to spell out the names of the twelve Apostles. Old women who had lived out their threescore years and ten prayed that they might live to spell out the Lord's prayer, while the modest request of many departing patriarchs was that they might recognize the Lord's name in print. The sacrifices they made for themselves and children challenged the admiration of even their former owners.

The unlettered negroes of the South carried into the school-room an inborn love of music, an excellent memory, and a good taste for the elegant—almost grandiloquent—in speech, gorgeous in imagery, and energetic in narration; their apostrophe and simile were wonderful. Geography and history furnished great attractions, and they developed ability to master them. In mathematics they did not do so well, on account of the lack of training to think consecutively and methodically. It is a mistake to believe this a mental infirmity of the race; for a very large number of the students in college at the present time do as well in mathematics, geometry, trigonometry, mensuration, and conic sections as the white students of the same age; and some of them excel in mathematics.

The majority of the colored students in the Southern schools qualify themselves to teach and preach, while the remainder go to law and medicine. Few educated colored men ever return to agricultural life. There are two reasons for this: First, reaction. There is an erroneous idea among some of these young men that labor is dishonorable; that an educated man should never work with his hands. Second, some of them believe that a profession gives a man consequence. Such silly ideas should be abandoned—they must be abandoned! There is a great demand for educated farmers and laborers. It requires an intelligent man to conduct a farm successfully, to sell the products of his labor, and to buy the necessaries of life. No profession can furnish a man with brains, or provide him a garment of respectability. Every man must furnish brains and tact to make his calling and election sure in this world, as well as by faith in the world to come. Unfortunately there has been but little opportunity for colored men or boys to get employment at the trades; but prejudice is gradually giving way to reason and common sense; and the day is not distant when the negro will have a free field in this country, and will then be responsible for what he is not that is good. The need of the hour is a varied employment for the negro race on this continent. There is more need of educated mechanics, civil engineers, surveyors, printers, artificers, inventors, architects, builders, merchants, and bankers than there is demand for lawyers, physicians, or clergymen. Waiters, barbers, porters, boot-blacks, hack-drivers, grooms, and private valets find but little time for the expansion of their intellects. These places are not dishonorable; but what we say is, there is room at the top! An industrial school, something like Cooper Institute, situated between New York and Philadelphia, where colored boys and girls could learn the trades that race prejudice denies them now, would be the grandest institution of modern times. It matters not how many million dollars are given toward the education of the negro; so long as he is deprived of the privilege of learning and plying the trades and mechanic arts his education will injure rather than help him. We would rather see a negro boy build an engine than take the highest prize in Yale or Harvard.

Emma Lazarus.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1849. Died there, 1887.

VENUS OF THE LOUVRE.

[*Poems, Narrative, Lyric, and Dramatic. Collective Edition.* 1888.]

DOWN the long hall she glistens like a star,
The foam-born mother of Love, transfixed to stone,
Yet none the less immortal, breathing on.
Time's brutal hand hath maimed but could not mar.
When first the enthralled enchantress from afar
Dazzled mine eyes, I saw not her alone,
Serenely poised on her world-worshipped throne,
As when she guided once her dove-drawn car,—
But at her feet a pale, death-stricken Jew,
Her life adorer, sobbed farewell to love.
Here *Heine* wept! Here still he weeps anew,
Nor ever shall his shadow lift or move,
While mourns one ardent heart, one poet-brain,
For vanished Hellas and Hebraic pain.

Emma Lazarus.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

THERE was a man who watched the river flow
Past the huge town, one gray November day.
Round him in narrow high-piled streets at play
The boys made merry as they saw him go,
Murmuring half-loud, with eyes upon the stream,
The immortal screed he held within his hand.
For he was walking in an April land
With Faust and Helen. Shadowy as a dream
Was the prose-world, the river and the town.
Wild joy possessed him; through enchanted skies
He saw the cranes of Ibycus swoop down.
He closed the page, he lifted up his eyes,
Lo—a black line of birds in wavering thread
Bore him the greetings of the deathless dead!

THE CROWING OF THE RED COCK.

ACROSS the Eastern sky has glowed
The flicker of a blood-red dawn,
Once more the clarion cock has crowed,
Once more the sword of Christ is drawn.
A million burning rooftrees light
The world-wide path of Israel's flight.

Where is the Hebrew's fatherland?
The folk of Christ is sore bestead;
The Son of Man is bruised and banned.
Nor finds whereon to lay his head.
His cup is gall, his meat is tears,
His passion lasts a thousand years.

Each crime that wakes in man the beast,
Is visited upon his kind.
The lust of mobs, the greed of priest,
The tyranny of kings, combined
To root his seed from earth again,
His record is one cry of pain.

When the long roll of Christian guilt
Against his sires and kin is known,
The flood of tears, the life-blood spilt,
The agony of ages shown,
What oceans can the stain remove,
From Christian law and Christian love?

Nay, close the book; not now, not here,
The hideous tale of sin narrate,
Reëchoing in the martyr's ear,
Even he might nurse revengeful hate,
Even he might turn in wrath sublime,
With blood for blood and crime for crime.

Coward? Not he, who faces death,
Who singly against worlds has fought,
For what? A name he may not breathe,
For liberty of prayer and thought.
The angry sword he will not whet,
His nobler task is—to forget.

THE DANCE TO DEATH.

[*The Dance to Death. A Historical Tragedy.—Songs of a Semite.* 1882.]

PLACE: Nordhausen, Saxony. TIME: May, A. D. 1349.

ACT V. SCENE III.—*Within the Synagogue. Above in the gallery, women sumptuously attired; some with children by the hand or infants in their arms. Below, the men and boys with silken scarfs about their shoulders.*

RABBI JACOB. The Lord is nigh unto the broken heart.
Out of the depths we cry to thee, O God!
Show us the path of everlasting life;
For in thy presence is the plenitude
Of joy, and in thy right hand endless bliss.
[*Enter* SÜSSKIND, REUBEN, *etc.*]
SEVERAL VOICES. Woe unto us who perish!
A JEW. Süsskind von Orb,
Thou hast brought down this doom. Would we had heard
The prophet's voice!
SÜSSKIND. Brethren, my cup is full!
Oh let us die as warriors of the Lord.
The Lord is great in Zion. Let our death
Bring no reproach to Jacob, no rebuke
To Israel. Hark ye! let us crave one boon
At our assassins' hands; beseech them build
Within God's acre, where our fathers sleep,
A dancing-floor to hide the fagots stacked.
Then let the minstrels strike the harp and lute,
And we will dance and sing above the pile,
Fearless of death, until the flames engulf,
Even as David danced before the Lord,
As Miriam danced and sang beside the sea.
Great is our Lord! His name is glorious
In Judah, and extolled in Israel!
In Salem is his tent, his dwelling-place
In Zion; let us chant the praise of God!
A JEW. Süsskind, thou speakest well! We will meet death
With dance and song. Embrace him as a bride.
So that the Lord receive us in His tent.
SEVERAL VOICES. Amen! amen! amen! we dance to death!
RABBI JACOB. Süsskind, go forth and beg this grace of them.
[*Exit* SÜSSKIND.]
Punish us not in wrath, chastise us not
In anger, oh our God! Our sins o'erwhelm
Our smitten heads, they are a grievous load;
We look on our iniquities, we tremble,
Knowing our trespasses. Forsake us not.
Be thou not far from us. Haste to our aid,
Oh God, who art our Saviour and our Rock!
[*Reënter* SÜSSKIND.]
SÜSSKIND. Brethren, our prayer, being the last, is granted.

The hour approaches. Let our thoughts ascend
From mortal anguish to the ecstasy
Of martyrdom, the blessed death of those
Who perish in the Lord. I see, I see
How Israel's ever-crescent glory makes
These flames that would eclipse it dark as blots
Of candle-light against the blazing sun.
We die a thousand deaths, drown, bleed, and burn;
Our ashes are dispersed unto the winds.
Yet the wild winds cherish the sacred seed,
The waters guard it in their crystal heart,
The fire refuseth to consume. It springs,
A tree immortal, shadowing many lands,
Unvisited, unnamed, undreamed as yet.
Rather a vine, full-flowered, golden-branched,
Ambrosial-fruited, creeping on the earth,
Trod by the passer's foot, yet chosen to deck
Tables of princes. Israel now has fallen
Into the depths, he shall be great in time.
Even as we die in honor, from our death
Shall bloom a myriad heroic lives,
Brave through our bright example, virtuous
Lest our great memory fall in disrepute.
Is one among us brothers, would exchange
His doom against our tyrants,—lot for lot?
Let him go forth and live—he is no Jew.
Is one who would not die in Israel
Rather than live in Christ,—their Christ who smiles
On such a deed as this? Let him go forth—
He may die full of years upon his bed.
Ye who nurse rancor haply in your hearts,
Fear ye we perish unavenged? Not so!
To-day, no! nor to-morrow! but in God's time,
Our witnesses arise. Ours is the truth,
Ours is the power, the gift of Heaven. We hold
His Law, His lamp, His covenant, His pledge.
Wherever in the ages shall arise
Jew-priest, Jew-poet, Jew-singer, or Jew-saint—
And everywhere I see them star the gloom—
In each of these the martyrs are avenged!
  RABBI JACOB. Bring from the Ark the bell-fringed, silken-bound
Scrolls of the Law. Gather the silver vessels,
Dismantle the rich curtains of the doors,
Bring the Perpetual Lamp; all these shall burn,
For Israel's light is darkened, Israel's Law
Profaned by strangers. Thus the Lord hath said:
"The weapon formed against thee shall not prosper,
The tongue that shall contend with thee in judgment,
Thou shalt condemn. This is the heritage
Of the Lord's servants and their righteousness.
For thou shalt come to peoples yet unborn,
Declaring that which He hath done. Amen!"

[*The doors of the synagogue are burst open with tumultuous noise. Citizens and officers rush in.*]

CITIZENS. Come forth! the sun sets. Come, the Council waits!
What! will ye teach your betters patience? Out!
The Governor is ready. Forth with you,
Curs! serpents! Judases! The bonfire burns! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Public Place. Crowds of Citizens assembled. On a platform are seated* DIETRICH VON TETTENBORN *and* HENRY SCHNETZEN *with other Members of the Council.*

1ST CITIZEN. Here's such a throng! Neighbor, your elbow makes
An ill prod for my ribs.
2D CITIZEN. I am pushed and squeezed.
My limbs are not mine own.
3D CITIZEN. Look this way, wife.
They will come hence,—a pack of just-whipped curs.
I warrant you the stiff-necked brutes repent
To-day if ne'er before.
WIFE. I am all a-quiver.
I have seen monstrous sights,—an uncaged wolf,
The corpse of one sucked by a vampyre,
The widow Kupfen's malformed child—but never
Until this hour, a Jew.
3D CITIZEN. D'ye call me Jew?
Where do you spy one now?
WIFE. You'll have your jest
Now or anon, what matters it?
4TH CITIZEN. Well, I
Have seen a Jew, and seen one burn at that;
Hard by in Wartburg; he had killed a child.
Zounds! how the serpent wriggled! I smell now
The roasting, stinking flesh!
BOY. Father, be these
The folk who murdered Jesus?
4TH CITIZEN. Ay, my boy.
Remember that, and when you hear them come,
I'll lift you on my shoulders. You can fling
Your pebbles with the rest.

[*Trumpets sound.*]

CITIZENS. The Jews! the Jews!
BOY. Quick, father! lift me! I see nothing here
But hose and skirts.

[*Music of a march approaching.*]

CITIZENS. What mummery is this?
The sorcerers brew new mischief.
ANOTHER CITIZEN. Why, they come
Pranked for a holiday; not veiled for death.
ANOTHER CITIZEN. Insolent braggarts! They defy the Christ!

[*Enter, in procession to music, the Jews. First,* RABBI JACOB; *after him, sick people, carried on litters; then old men and women, followed promiscuously by men, women, and children of all ages. Some of the men carry gold and silver vessels, some the Rolls of the Law. One bears the Perpetual Lamp, another the Seven-branched silver Can-

dlestick of the Synagogue. The mothers have their children by the hand or in their arms. All richly attired.]

CITIZENS. The misers! they will take their gems and gold
Down to the grave!
CITIZEN'S WIFE. So these be Jews! Christ save us!
To think the devils look like human folk!
CITIZENS. Cursed be the poison-mixers! Let them burn!
CITIZENS. Burn! burn!

[*Enter* SÜSSKIND VON ORB, LIEBHAID, REUBEN, *and* CLAIRE.]

SCHNETZEN. Good God! what maid is that?
TETTENBORN. Liebhaid von Orb.
SCHNETZEN. The devil's trick!
He has bewitched mine eyes.
SÜSSKIND [*as he passes the platform*]. Woe to the father
Who murders his own child!
SCHNETZEN. I am avenged,
Süsskind von Orb! Blood for blood, fire for fire,
And death for death!

[*Exeunt* SÜSSKIND, LIEBHAID, *etc.*]

[*Enter Jewish youths and maidens.*]

YOUTHS [*in chorus*]. Let us rejoice, for it is promised us
That we shall enter in God's tabernacle!
MAIDENS. Our feet shall stand within thy gates, O Zion,
Within thy portals, O Jerusalem! [*Exeunt.*]
CITIZEN'S WIFE. I can see naught from here. Let's follow, Hans.
CITIZEN. Be satisfied. There is no inch of space
For foot to rest on yonder. Look! look there!
How the flames rise!
BOY. O father, I can see!
They all are dancing in the crimson blaze.
Look how their garments wave, their jewels shine,
When the smoke parts a bit. The tall flames dart.
Is not the fire real fire? They fear it not.
VOICES WITHOUT. Arise, oh house of Jacob. Let us walk
Within the light of the Almighty Lord!

[*Enter in furious haste* PRINCE WILLIAM *and* NORDMANN.]

PRINCE WILLIAM. Respite! You kill your daughter, Henry Schnetzen!
NORDMANN. Liebhaid von Orb is your own flesh and blood.
SCHNETZEN. Spectre! do dead men rise?
NORDMANN. Yea, for revenge!
I swear, Lord Schnetzen, by my knightly honor,
She who is dancing yonder to her death,
Is thy wife's child!

[SCHNETZEN *and* PRINCE WILLIAM *make a rush forward towards the flames. Music ceases; a sound of crashing boards is heard and a great cry—Hallelujah!*]

PRINCE WILLIAM *and* SCHNETZEN. Too late! too late!
CITIZENS. All's done!
PRINCE WILLIAM. The fire! the fire! Liebhaid, I come to thee.

[*He is about to spring forward, but is held back by guards.*]

SCHNETZEN. Oh cruel Christ! Is there no bolt in heaven
For the child-murderer? Kill me, my friends! my breast
Is bare to all your swords.
[*He tears open his jerkin, and falls unconscious.*]
[*Curtain falls.*]

THE BANNER OF THE JEW.

WAKE, Israel, wake! Recall to-day
The glorious Maccabean rage,
The sire heroic, hoary-gray,
His five-fold lion-lineage:
The Wise, the Elect, the Help-of-God,
The Burst-of-Spring, the Avenging Rod.

From Mizpeh's mountain-ridge they saw
Jerusalem's empty streets, her shrine
Laid waste where Greeks profaned the Law,
With idol and with pagan sign.
Mourners in tattered black were there,
With ashes sprinkled on their hair.

Then from the stony peak there rang
A blast to ope the graves: down poured
The Maccabean clan, who sang
Their battle-anthem to the Lord.
Five heroes lead, and following, see,
Ten thousand rush to victory!

Oh for Jerusalem's trumpet now,
To blow a blast of shattering power,
To wake the sleepers high and low,
And rouse them to the urgent hour!
No hand for vengeance—but to save,
A million naked swords should wave.

Oh deem not dead that martial fire,
Say not the mystic flame is spent!
With Moses' law and David's lyre,
Your ancient strength remains unbent.
Let but an Ezra rise anew,
To lift the Banner of the Jew!

A rag, a mock at first—erelong,
When men have bled and women wept,
To guard its precious folds from wrong,
Even they who shrunk, even they who slept,
Shall leap to bless it, and to save.
Strike! for the brave revere the brave!

Frances Hodgson Burnett.

BORN in Manchester, England, 1849.

MR. ROGERS'S "ONJESTICE."

[*Louisiana*. 1880.]

FERROL was obliged to admit when they turned their faces homeward that the day was hardly a success, after all. Olivia had not been at her best, for some reason or other, and from the moment they had taken the right-hand road Louisiana had been wholly incomprehensible.

In her quietest mood she had never worn a cold air before; to-day she had been cold and unresponsive. It had struck him that she was absorbed in thinking of something which was quite beyond him. She was plainly not thinking of him, nor of Olivia, nor of the journey they were making. During the drive she had sat with her hands folded upon her lap, her eyes fixed straight before her. She had paid no attention to the scenery, only rousing herself to call their attention to one object. This object was a house they passed—the rambling, low-roofed white house of some well-to-do farmer. It was set upon a small hill and had a long front porch, mottled with blue and white paint in a sanguine attempt at imitating variegated marble.

She burst into a low laugh when she saw it.

"Look at that," she said. "That is one of the finest houses in the country. The man who owns it is counted a rich man among his neighbors."

Ferrol put up his eye-glasses to examine it. (It is to be deplored that he was a trifle near-sighted.)

"By George!" he said. "That is an idea, isn't it, that marble business! I wonder who did it? Do you know the man who lives there?"

"I have heard of him," she answered, "from several people. He is a namesake of mine. His name is Rogers."

When they returned to their carriage, after a ramble up the mountain-side, they became conscious that the sky had suddenly darkened. Ferrol looked up, and his face assumed a rather serious expression.

"If either of you is weather-wise," he said, "I wish you would tell me what that cloud means. You have been among the mountains longer than I have."

Louisiana glanced upward quickly.

"It means a storm," she said, "and a heavy one. We shall be drenched in half an hour."

Ferrol looked at her white dress and the little frilled fichu, which was her sole protection.

"Oh, but that won't do!" he exclaimed. "What insanity in me not to think of umbrellas!"

"Umbrellas!" echoed Louisiana. "If we had each six umbrellas they could not save us. We may as well get into the carriage. We are only losing time."

They were just getting in when an idea struck Ferrol which caused him to utter an exclamation of ecstatic relief.

"Why," he cried, "there is that house we passed! Get in quickly. We can reach there in twenty minutes."

Louisiana had her foot upon the step. She stopped short and turned to face him. She changed from red to white and from white to red again, as if with actual terror.

"There!" she exclaimed. "There!"

"Yes," he answered. "We can reach there in time to save ourselves. Is there any objection to our going—in the last extremity?"

For a second they looked into each other's eyes, and then she turned and sprang into the carriage. She laughed aloud.

"Oh, no," she said. "Go there! It will be a nice place to stay—and the people will amuse you. Go there."

They reached the house in a quarter of an hour instead of twenty minutes. They had driven fast and kept ahead of the storm, but when they drew up before the picket fence the clouds were black and the thunder was rolling behind them.

It was Louisiana who got out first. She led the way up the path to the house and mounted the steps of the variegated porch. She did not knock at the door, which stood open, but, somewhat to Ferrol's amazement, walked at once into the front room, which was plainly the room of state. Not to put too fine a point upon it, it was a hideous room.

The ceiling was so low that Ferrol felt as if he must knock his head against it; it was papered—ceiling and all—with paper of an unwholesome yellow enlivened with large blue flowers; there was a bedstead in one corner, and the walls were ornamented with colored lithographs of moon-faced houris, with round eyes and round, red cheeks, and wearing low-necked dresses, and flowers in their bosoms, and bright yellow gold necklaces. These works of art were the first things which caught Ferrol's eye, and he went slowly up to the most remarkable, and stood before it, regarding it with mingled wonderment and awe.

He turned from it after a few seconds to look at Louisiana, who stood near him, and he beheld what seemed to him a phenomenon. He had never seen her blush before as other women blush; now she was blushing, burning red from chin to brow.

"There—there is no one in this part of the house," she said. "I—I know more of these people than you do. I will go and try to find some one."

She was gone before he could interpose. Not that he would have interposed, perhaps. Somehow, without knowing why, he felt as if she did know more of the situation than he did—almost as if she were, in a manner, doing the honors for the time being.

She crossed the passage with a quick, uneven step, and made her way, as if well used to the place, into the kitchen at the back of the house.

A stout negro woman stood at a table, filling a pan with newly made biscuits. Her back was toward the door and she did not see who entered.

"Aunt Cassandry," the girl began, when the woman turned toward her.

"Who's dar?" she exclaimed. "Lor', honey, how ye skeert me! I ain't no C'sandry."

The face she turned was a strange one, and it showed no sign of recognition of her visitor.

It was an odd thing that the sight of her unfamiliar face should have been a shock to Louisiana; but it was a shock. She put her hand to her side.

"Where is my—where is Mr. Rogers?" she asked. "I want to see him."

"Out on de back po'ch, honey, right now. Dar he goes!"

The girl heard him, and flew out to meet him. Her heart was throbbing hard, and she was drawing quick, short breaths.

"Father!" she cried. "Father! Don't go in the house!"

And she caught him by both shoulders and drew him round. He did not know her at first in her fanciful-simple dress and her Gainsborough hat. He was not used to that style of thing, believing that it belonged rather to the world of pictures. He stared at her. Then he broke out with an exclamation, "Lo-rd! Louisianny!"

She kept her eyes on his face. They were feverishly bright, and her cheeks were hot. She laughed hysterically.

"Don't speak loud," she said. "There are some strange people in the house, and—and I want to tell you something."

He was a slow man, and it took him some time to grasp the fact that she was really before him in the flesh. He said, again:

"Lord, Louisianny!" adding, cheerfully, "How ye've serprised me!"

Then he took in afresh the change in her dress. There was a pile of stove-wood stacked on the porch to be ready for use, and he sat down on it to look at her.

"Why, ye've got a new dress on!" he said. "Thet thar's what made ye look sorter curis. I hardly knowed ye."

Then he remembered what she had said on first seeing him.

"Why don't ye want me to go in the house?" he asked. "What sort o' folks air they?"

"They came with me from the Springs," she answered; "and—and I want to—to play a joke on them."

She put her hands up to her burning cheeks, and stood so.

"A joke on 'em?" he repeated.

"Yes," she said, speaking very fast. "They don't know I live here, they think I came from some city,—they took the notion themselves,—and I want to let them think so until we go away from the house. It will be such a good joke."

She tried to laugh, but broke off in the middle of a harsh sound. Her father, with one copperas-colored leg crossed over the other, was chewing his tobacco slowly, after the manner of a ruminating animal, while he watched her.

"Don't you see?" she asked.

"Wa-al, no," he answered. "Not rightly."

She actually assumed a kind of spectral gayety.

"I never thought of it until I saw it was not Cassandry who was in the kitchen," she said. "The woman who is there didn't know me, and it came into my mind that—that we might play off on them," using the phraseology to which he was the most accustomed.

"Waal, we mought," he admitted, with a speculative deliberateness. "Thet's so. We mought—if thar was any use in it."

"It's only for a joke," she persisted, hurriedly.

"Thet's so," he repeated. "Thet's so."

He got up slowly and rather lumberingly from his seat and dusted the chips from his copperas-colored legs.

"Hev ye ben enjyin' yerself, Louisianny?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered. "Never better."

"Ye must hev," he returned, "or ye wouldn't be in sperrits to play jokes."

Then he changed his tone so suddenly that she was startled.

"What do ye want me to do?" he asked.

She put her hand on his shoulder and tried to laugh again.

"To pretend you don't know me—to pretend I have never been here before. That's joke enough, isn't it? They will think so when I tell them the truth. You slow old father! Why don't you laugh?"

"P'r'aps," he said, "it's on account o' me bein' slow, Louisianny. Mebbe I shall begin arter a while."

"Don't begin at the wrong time," she said, still keeping up her feverish laugh, "or you'll spoil it all. Now come along in and—and pretend you don't know me," she continued, drawing him forward by the arm. "They might suspect something if we stay so long. All you've got to do is to pretend you don't know me."

"Thet's so, Louisianny," with a kindly glance downward at her excited face as he followed her out. "Thar ain't no call fur me to do nothin' else, is there—just pretend I don't know ye?"

It was wonderful how well he did it, too. When she preceded him into the room the girl was quivering with excitement. He might break down, and it would be all over in a second. But she looked Ferrol boldly in the face when she made her first speech.

"This is the gentleman of the house," she said. "I found him on the back porch. He had just come in. He has been kind enough to say we may stay until the storm is over."

"Oh, yes," said he hospitably, "stay an' welcome. Ye ain't the first as has stopped over. Storms come up sorter suddent, an' we hain't the kind as turns folks away."

Ferrol thanked him, Olivia joining in with a murmur of gratitude. They were very much indebted to him for his hospitality; they considered themselves very fortunate.

Their host received their protestations with much equanimity.

"If ye'd like to set out on the front porch and watch the storm come up," he said, "thar's seats thar. Or would ye druther set here? Wimmin-folks is gin'rally fond o' settin' in-doors whar thar's a parlor."

But they preferred the porch, and followed him out upon it.

Having seen them seated, he took a chair himself. It was a split-seated chair, painted green, and he tilted it back against a pillar of the porch and applied himself to the full enjoyment of a position more remarkable for ease than elegance. Ferrol regarded him with stealthy rapture, and drank in every word he uttered.

"This," he had exclaimed delightedly to Olivia, in private—"why, this is delightful! These are the people we have read of. I scarcely believed in them before. I would not have missed it for the world!"

"In gin'ral, now," their entertainer proceeded, "wimmin-folk is fonder o' settin' in parlors. My wife was powerful sot on her parlor. She wasn't never satisfied till she hed one an' hed it fixed up to her notion. She was allers tradin' fur picters fur it. She tuk a heap o' pride in her picters. She allers had it in her mind that her little gal should have a showy parlor when she growed up."

"You have a daughter?" said Ferrol.

Their host hitched his chair a little to one side. He bent forward to expectorate, and then answered with his eyes fixed upon some distant point toward the mountains.

"Wa-al, yes," he said; "but she ain't yere, Louisianny ain't."

Miss Ferrol gave a little start, and immediately made an effort to appear entirely at ease.

"Did you say," asked Ferrol, "that your daughter's name was"——

"Louisianny," promptly. "I come from thar."

Louisiana got up and walked to the opposite end of the porch.

"The storm will be upon us in a few minutes," she said. "It is beginning to rain now. Come and look at this cloud driving over the mountain-top."

Ferrol rose and went to her. He stood for a moment looking at the cloud, but plainly not thinking of it.

"His daughter's name is Louisiana," he said, in an undertone. "Louisiana! Isn't that delicious?"

Suddenly, even as he spoke, a new idea occurred to him.

"Why," he exclaimed, "your name is Louise, isn't it? I think Olivia said so."

"Yes," she answered, "my name is Louise."

"How should you have liked it," he inquired, absent-mindedly, "if it had been Louisiana?"

She answered him with a hard coolness which it startled him afterward to remember.

"How would you have liked it?" she said.

They were driven back just then by the rain, which began to beat in upon their end of the porch. They were obliged to return to Olivia and Mr. Rogers, who were engaged in an animated conversation.

The fact was that, in her momentary excitement, Olivia had plunged into conversation as a refuge. She had suddenly poured forth a stream of remark and query which had the effect of spurring up her companion to a like exhibition of frankness. He had been asking questions, too.

"She's ben tellin' me," he said, as Ferrol approached, "that you're a littery man, an' write fur the papers—novel-stories, an' pomes an' things. I never seen one before—not as I know on."

"I wonder why not!" remarked Ferrol. "We are plentiful enough."

"Air ye now?" he asked reflectively. "I had an idee thar was only one on ye now an' ag'in—jest now an' ag'in."

He paused there to shake his head.

"I've often wondered how ye could do it," he said. "*I* couldn't. Thar's some as thinks they could if they tried, but I wa'n't never thataway—I wa'n't never thataway. I hain't no idee I could do it, not if I tried ever so. Seems to me," he went on, with the air of making an announcement of so novel a nature that he must present it modestly, "seems to me, now, as if them as does it must hev a kinder gift fur it, now. Lord! I couldn't write a novel. I wouldn't know whar to begin."

"It is difficult to decide where," said Ferrol.

He did not smile at all. His manner was perfect—so full of interest, indeed, that Mr. Rogers quite warmed and expanded under it.

"The scenes on 'em all, now, bein' mostly laid in Bagdad, would be agin me, if nothin' else war," he proceeded.

"Being laid?"—— queried Ferrol.

"In Bagdad or—wa-al, furrin parts tharabouts. Ye see I couldn't tell nothin' much about no place but North Ca'liny, an' folks wouldn't buy it."

"But why not?" exclaimed Ferrol.

"Why, Lord bless ye!" he said, hilariously, "they'd know it wa'n't true. They'd say in a minnit: 'Why, thar's thet fool Rogers ben a writin' a pack o' lies thet ain't a word on it true. Thar ain't no cas-tles in Hamilton County, an' thar ain't no folks like these yere. It just ain't so!' I 'lowed thet thar was the reason the novel-writers allers writ about things a-happenin' in Bagdad. Ye kin say most anythin' ye like about Bagdad an' no one cayn't contradict ye."

"I don't seem to remember many novels of—of that particular description," remarked Ferrol, in a rather low voice. "Perhaps my memory"——

"Ye don't?" he queried, in much surprise. "Waal now, jest you notice an' see if it ain't so. I hain't read many novels myself. I hain't read but one"——

"Oh!" interposed Ferrol. "And it was a story of life in Bagdad."

"Yes; an' I've heard tell of others as was the same. Hance Claiborn, now, he was a-tellin me of one."

He checked himself to speak to the negro woman who had presented herself at a room-door.

"We're a-comin', Nancy," he said, with an air of good-fellowship. "Now, ladies an' gentlemen," he added, rising from his chair, "walk in an' have some supper."

Ferrol and Olivia rose with some hesitation.

"You are very kind," they said. "We did not intend to give you trouble."

"Trouble!" he replied, as if scarcely comprehending. "This yere ain't no trouble. Ye hain't ben in North Ca'liny before, hev ye?" he continued, good naturedly. "We're bound to hev ye eat, if ye stay with us long enough. We wouldn't let ye go 'way without eatin', bless ye. We ain't that kind. Walk straight in."

He led them into a long, low room, half kitchen, half dining-room. It was not so ugly as the room of state, because it was entirely unadorned. Its ceiled walls were painted brown and stained with many a winter's smoke. The pine table was spread with a clean homespun cloth and heaped with well-cooked, appetizing food.

"If ye can put up with country fare, ye'll not find it so bad," said the host. "Nancy prides herself on her way o' doin' things."

There never was more kindly hospitality, Ferrol thought. The simple generosity which made them favored guests at once warmed and touched him. He glanced across at Louisiana to see if she was not as much pleased as he was himself. But the food upon her plate remained almost untouched. There was a strange look on her face; she was deadly pale and her downcast eyes shone under their lashes. She did not look at their host at all; it struck Ferrol that she avoided looking at him with a strong effort. Her pallor made him anxious.

Frances Hodgson Burnett

"You are not well," he said to her. "You do not look well at all."

Their host started and turned toward her.

"Why, no ye ain't!" he exclaimed, quite tremulously. "Lord, no! Ye cayn't be. Ye hain't no color. What—what's the trouble, Lou—Lord! I was gwine to call ye Louisianny, an' she ain't yere, Louisianny ain't."

He ended with a nervous laugh.

"I'm used to takin' a heap o' care on her," he said. "I've lost ten on 'em, an' she's all that's left me, an'—an' I think a heap on her. I—I wish she was yere. Ye musn't get sick, ma'am."

The girl got up hurriedly.

"I am not sick, really," she said. "The thunder—I have a little headache. I will go out on to the porch. It's clearing up now. The fresh air will do me good."

The old man rose, too, with rather a flurried manner.

"If Louisianny was yere," he faltered, "she could give ye something to help ye. Camphire now—sperrits of camphire—let me git ye some."

"No—no," said the girl. "No, thank you."

And she slipped out of the door and was gone.

Mr. Rogers sat down again with a sigh.

"I wish she'd let me git her some," he said, wistfully. "I know how it is with young critters like that. They're dele-cate," anxiously. "Lord, they're dele-cate. They'd oughter hev' their mothers round 'em. I know how it is with Louisianny."

A cloud seemed to settle upon him. He rubbed his grizzled chin with his hand again and again, glancing at the open door as he did it. It was evident that his heart was outside with the girl who was like "Louisianny."

The storm was quite over, and the sun was setting in flames of gold when the meal was ended and they went out on the porch again. Mr. Rogers had scarcely recovered himself, but he had made an effort to do so, and had so far succeeded as to begin to describe the nature of the one novel he had read. Still, he had rubbed his chin and kept his eye uneasily on the door all the time he had been talking.

"It was about a Frenchman," he said, seriously, "an' his name was—Frankoyse—F-r-a-n-c-o-i-s, Frankoyse. Thet thar's a French name, ain't it? Me an' Ianthy 'lowed it was common to the country. It don't belong yere, Frankoyse don't, an' it's got a furrin sound."

"It—yes, it is a French name," assented Ferrol.

A few minutes afterward they went out. Louisiana stood at the end of the porch, leaning against a wooden pillar and twisting an arm around it.

"Are ye better?" Mr. Rogers asked. "I am goin' to 'tend to my stock, an' if ye ain't, mebbe the camphire—sperrits of camphire"——

"I don't need it," she answered. "I am quite well."

So he went away and left them, promising to return shortly and "gear up their critters" for them that they might go on their way.

When he was gone, there was a silence of a few seconds which Ferrol could not exactly account for. Almost for the first time in his manhood, he did not know what to say. Gradually there had settled upon him the conviction that something had gone very wrong indeed, that there was something mysterious and complicated at work, that somehow he himself was involved, and that his position was at once a most singular and delicate one. It was several moments before he could decide that his best plan seemed to be to try to conceal his bewilderment and appear at ease. And, very naturally, the speech he chose to begin with was the most unlucky he could have hit upon.

"He is charming," he said. "What a lovable old fellow! What a delicious old fellow! He has been telling me about the novel. It is the story of a Frenchman, and his name—try to guess his name."

But Louisiana did not try.

"You couldn't guess it," he went on. "It is better than all the rest. His name was—Frankoyse."

That instant she turned round. She was shaking all over like a leaf.

"Good heavens!" flashed through his mind. "This is a climax! *This* is the real creature!"

"Don't laugh again!" she cried. "Don't dare to laugh! I won't bear it! He is my father!"

For a second or so he had not the breath to speak.

"*Your* father!" he said, when he found his voice. "*Your* father! *Yours!*"

"Yes," she answered, "mine. This is my home. I have lived here all my life—my name is Louisiana. You have laughed at me too!"

It was the real creature, indeed, whom he saw. She burst into passionate tears.

"Do you think that I kept up this pretence to-day because I was ashamed of him?" she said. "Do you think I did it because I did not love him—and respect him—and think him better than all the rest of the world? It was because I loved him so much that I did it—because I knew so well that you would say to each other that he was not like me—that he was rougher, and that it was a wonder I belonged to him. It is a wonder I belong to him! I am not worthy to kiss his shoes. I have been ashamed—I have been bad enough for that, but not bad enough to be ashamed of him. I thought at first it would be better to let you believe what you would—that it would soon be over, and we should never see each other again, but I did not think that I should have to sit by and see you laugh because he does not know the world as you do—because he has always lived his simple, good life in one simple, country place."

Ferrol had grown as pale as she was herself. He groaned aloud.

"Oh!" he cried, "what shall I say to you? For heaven's sake try to understand that it is not at him I have laughed, but"——

"He has never been away from home," she broke in. "He has worked too hard to have time to read, and"—she stopped and dropped her hands with a gesture of unutterable pride. "Why should I tell you that?" she said. "It sounds as if I were apologizing for him, and there is no need that I should."

"If I could understand," began Ferrol,—"if I could realize"——

"Ask your sister," she replied. "It was her plan. I—I" (with a little sob) "am only her experiment."

Olivia came forward, looking wholly subdued. Her eyes were wet, too.

"It is true," she said. "It is all my fault."

"May I ask you to explain?" said Ferrol, rather sternly. "I suppose some of this has been for my benefit."

"Don't speak in that tone," said Olivia. "It is bad enough as it is. I—I never was so wretched in my life. I never dreamed of its turning out in this way. She was so pretty and gentle and quick to take a hint, and—I wanted to try the experiment—to see if you would guess at the truth. I—I had a theory, and I was so much interested that—I forgot to—to think of her very much. I did not think she would care."

Louisiana broke in.

"Yes," she said, her eyes bright with pain, "she forgot. I was very fond of her, and I knew so very little that she forgot to think of me. I was only a kind of plaything—but I was too proud to remind her. I thought it would be soon over, and I knew how ignorant I was. I was afraid to trust my feelings at first. I thought perhaps—it was vanity, and I ought to crush it down. I was very fond of her."

"Oh!" cried Olivia, piteously, "don't say 'was,' Louise!"

"Don't say 'Louise,'" was the reply. "Say 'Louisiana.' I am not ashamed of it now. I want Mr. Ferrol to hear it."

"I have nothing to say in self-defence," Laurence replied, hopelessly.

"There is nothing for any of us to say but good-by," said Louisiana. . . . .

Sometimes when her father talked she could scarcely bear to look at his face as the firelight shone on it.

So, when she had bidden him good-night at last and walked to the door leaving him standing upon the hearth watching her as she moved away, she turned round suddenly and faced him again, with her hand upon the latch.

"Father," she cried, "I want to tell you—I want to tell you"——

"What?" he said. "What, Louisianny?"

She put her hand to her side and leaned against the door—a slender, piteous figure.

"Don't look at me kindly," she said. "I don't deserve it. I deserve nothing. I have been ashamed"——

He stopped her, putting up his shaking hand and turning pale.

"Don't say nothin' as ye'll be sorry fer when ye feel better, Louisianny," he said. "Don't git carried away by yer feelin's into sayin' nothin' es is hard on yerself. Don't ye do it, Louisianny. Thar ain't no need fer it, honey. Yer kinder wrought up, now, an' ye cayn't do yerself jestice."

But she would not be restrained.

"I *must* tell you," she said. "It has been on my heart too long. I ought never to have gone away. Everybody was different from us—and had new ways. I think they laughed at me, and it made me bad. I began to ponder over things until at last I hated myself and everything, and was ashamed that I had been content. When I told you I wanted to play a joke on the people who came here, it was not true. I wanted them to go away without knowing that this was my home. It was only a queer place, to be laughed at, to them, and I was ashamed of it, and bitter and angry. When they went into the parlor they laughed at it and at the pictures, and everything in it, and I stood by with my cheeks burning. When I saw a strange woman in the kitchen it flashed into my mind that I had no need to tell them that all these things that they laughed at had been round me all my life. They were not sneering at them—it was worse than that—they were only interested and amused and curious, and were not afraid to let me see. The—gentleman had been led by his sister to think I came from some city. He thought I was—was pretty and educated—his equal, and I knew how amazed he would be and how he would say he could not believe that I had lived here, and wonder at me and talk me over. And I could not bear it. I only wanted him to go away without knowing, and never, never see me again!"

Remembering the pain and fever and humiliation of the past, and of that dreadful day above all, she burst into sobbing.

"You did not think I was that bad, did you?" she said. "But I was! I was!"

"Louisianny," he said, huskily, "come yere. Thar ain't no need fer ye to blame yerself thataway. Yer kinder wrought up."

"Don't be kind to me!" she said. "Don't! I want to tell you all—every word! I was so bad and proud and angry that I meant to carry it out to the end, and tried to—only I was not quite bad enough for one thing, father—I was not bad enough to be ashamed of *you*, or to bear to sit by and see them cast a slight upon you. They didn't mean it for a slight—it was only their clever way of looking at things—but *I* loved you. You were all I had left, and I knew you were better than they were a thousand times! Did they think I would give your warm, good heart—your kind, faithful heart—for all they had learned, or for all they could ever learn? It killed me to see and hear them! And it seemed as if I was on fire. And I told them the truth—that you were *my* father and that I loved you and was proud of you—that I might be ashamed of myself and all the rest, but not of you—never of you—for I wasn't worthy to kiss your feet!"

For one moment her father watched her, his lips parted and trembling. It seemed as if he meant to try to speak, but could not. Then his eyes fell with an humble, bewildered, questioning glance upon his feet, encased in their large, substantial brogans—the feet she had said she was not worthy to kiss. What he saw in them to touch him so it would be hard to tell, for he broke down utterly, put out his hand, groping to feel for his chair, fell into it with head bowed on his arm, and burst into sobbing too.

She left her self-imposed exile in an instant, ran to him, and knelt down to lean against him.

"Oh!" she cried, "have I broken your heart? Have I broken your heart? Will God ever forgive me? I don't ask you to forgive me, father, for I don't deserve it."

At first he could not speak, but he put his arm round her and drew her head up to his breast; and, with all the love and tenderness he had lavished upon her all her life, she had never known such love and tenderness as he expressed in this one movement.

"Louisianny," he said, brokenly, when he had found his voice, "it's you as should be a-forgivin' me."

"I!" she exclaimed.

He held her in his trembling arm so close that she felt his heart quivering.

"To think," he almost whispered, "as I should not hev ben doin' ye jestice! To think as I didn't know ye well enough to do ye jestice! To think yer own father, thet's knowed ye all yer life, could hev give in to its bein' likely as ye wasn't—what he'd allers thought, an' what yer mother 'd thought, an' what ye was, honey."

"I don't"—— she began falteringly.

"It's me as oughter be a-standin' agin the door," he said. "It's me! I knowed every word of the first part of what ye've told me, Louisianny. I've been so sot on ye thet I've got into a kinder noticin' way with ye, an' I guessed it out. I seen it in yer face when ye stood thar tryin' to laugh on the porch while them people was a-waitin'. Twa'n't no nat'ral gal's laugh ye laughed, an' when ye thought I wasn't a-noticin' I was a-noticin' an' a-thinkin' all the time. But I seen more than was thar, honey, an' I didn't do ye jestice—an' I've ben punished fer it. It come agin me like a slungshot. I ses to myself, 'She's ashamed o' *me!* It's *me* she's ashamed of—an' she wants to pass me off fer a stranger!'"

The girl drew off from him a little and looked up into his face wonderingly.

"You thought that!" she said. "And never told me—and humored me, and"——

"I'd oughter knowed ye better," he said; "but I've suffered fer it, Louisianny. I ses to myself, 'All the years thet we've ben sot on each other an' nussed each other through our little sick spells, an' keered fer each other, hes gone fer nothin'. She wants to pass me off fer a stranger.' Not that I blamed ye, honey. Lord! I knowed the difference betwixt us! *I'd* knowed it long afore you did. But somehow it warn't eggsakly what I looked fer an' it was kinder hard on me right at the start. An' then the folks went away an' ye didn't go with 'em, an' thar was somethin' workin' on ye as I knowed ye wasn't ready to tell me about. An' I sot an' steddied it over an' watched ye, an' I prayed some, an' I laid wake nights a-steddyin'. An' I made up my mind thet es I'd ben the cause o' trouble to ye I'd oughter try an' sorter balance the thing. I allers 'lowed parents hed a duty to their child'en. An' I ses, 'Thar's some things thet kin be altered an' some thet cayn't. Let's alter them es kin!'"

She remembered the words well, and now she saw clearly the dreadful pain they had expressed; they cut her to her soul.

"Oh! father," she cried. "How could you?"

"I'd oughter knowed ye better, Louisianny," he repeated. "But I didn't. I ses, 'What money an' steddyin' an' watchin 'll do fer her to make up, shell be done. I'll try to make up fer the wrong I've did her onwillin'ly—onwillin'ly.' An' I went to the Springs an' I watched an' steddied thar, an' I come home an' I watched an' steddied thar—an' I hed the house fixed, an' I laid out to let ye go to Europe—though what I'd heern o' the habits o' the people, an' the brigands an' sich, went powerful agin me makin' up my mind easy.

An' I never lost sight nary minnit o' what I'd laid out fer to do—but I wasn't doin' ye jestice an' didn't suffer no more than I'd oughter. An' when ye stood up thar agen the door, honey, with yer tears a-streamin' an' yer eyes a-shinin', an' told me what ye'd felt an' what ye'd said about—wa'l" (delicately), "about thet thar as ye thought ye wasn't worthy to do, it set my blood a-tremblin' in my veins—an' my heart a-shakin' in my side, an' me a-goin' all over—an' I was struck all of a heap, an' knowed thet the Lord hed ben better to me than I thought, an'—an' even when I was fondest on ye, an' proudest on ye, I hadn't done ye no sort o' jestice in the world—an' never could!"

O. C. Auringer.

BORN in Glens Falls, N. Y., 1849.

THE FLIGHT OF THE WAR-EAGLE.

[*Scythe and Sword. Poems.* 1887.]

THE eagle of the armies of the West,
  Dying upon his alp, near to the sky,
Through the slow days that paled the imperial eye,
But could not tame the proud fire of his breast,—
Gone with the mighty pathos! Only rest
Remains where passed that struggle stern and high;
Rest, silence, broken sometimes by the cry
Of mother and eaglets round the ravaged nest.
'Twas when the death-cloud touched the mountain crest,
A singer among the awed flocks cowering nigh,
Looked up and saw against the sunrise sky
An eagle, in ethereal plumage dressed,
Break from the veil, and flame his buoyant flight
Far toward the hills of heaven unveiled and bright.

23 *July*, 1885.

Sarah Orne Jewett.

BORN in South Berwick, Me., 1849.

MISS TEMPY'S WATCHERS.

[*The Atlantic Monthly.* 1888.]

THE time of year was April; the place was a small farming town in New Hampshire, remote from any railroad. One by one the lights had been blown out in the scattered houses near Miss Tempy Dent's; but as her neighbors took a last look out-of-doors, their eyes turned with instinctive curiosity toward the old house, where a lamp burned steadily. They gave a little sigh. "Poor Miss Tempy!" said more than one bereft acquaintance; for the good woman lay dead in her north chamber, and the lamp was a watcher's light. The funeral was set for the next day, at one o'clock.

The watchers were two of the oldest friends, Mrs. Crowe and Sarah Ann Binson. They were sitting in the kitchen, because it seemed less awesome than the unused best room, and they beguiled the long hours by steady conversation. One would think that neither topics nor opinions would hold out, at that rate, all through the long spring night; but there was a certain degree of excitement just then, and the two women had risen to an unusual level of expressiveness and confidence. Each had already told the other more than one fact that she had determined to keep secret; they were again and again tempted into statements that either would have found impossible by daylight. Mrs. Crowe was knitting a blue yarn stocking for her husband; the foot was already so long that it seemed as if she must have forgotten to narrow it at the proper time. Mrs. Crowe knew exactly what she was about, however; she was of a much cooler disposition than Sister Binson, who made futile attempts at some sewing, only to drop her work into her lap whenever the talk was most engaging.

Their faces were interesting—of the dry, shrewd, quick-witted New England type, with thin hair twisted neatly back out of the way. Mrs. Crowe could look vague and benignant, and Miss Binson was, to quote her neighbors, a little too sharp-set; but the world knew that she had need to be, with the load she must carry of supporting an inefficient widowed sister and six unpromising and unwilling nieces and nephews. The eldest boy was at last placed with a good man to learn the mason's trade. Sarah Ann Binson, for all her sharp, anxious aspect, never defended herself, when her sister whined and fretted. She was told every week of her life that the poor children never would have had to lift a finger if their father had lived, and yet she had kept her steadfast way with the little farm, and patiently taught the young people many useful things, for which, as everybody said, they would live to thank her. However pleasureless her life appeared to outward view, it was brimful of pleasure to herself.

Mrs. Crowe, on the contrary, was well to do, her husband being a rich farmer and an easy-going man. She was a stingy woman, but for all that she looked kindly; and when she gave away anything, or lifted a finger to help anybody, it was thought a great piece of beneficence, and a compliment, indeed, which the recipient accepted with twice as much gratitude as double the gift that came from a poorer and more generous acquaintance. Everybody liked to be on good terms with Mrs. Crowe. Socially she stood much higher than Sarah Ann Binson. They were both old schoolmates and friends of Temperance Dent, who had asked them, one day, not long before she died, if they would not come together and look after the house, and manage everything, when she was gone. She may have had some hope that they might become closer friends in this period of intimate partnership, and that the richer woman might better understand the burdens of the poorer. They had not kept the house the night before; they were too weary with their care of their old friend, whom they had not left until all was over.

There was a brook which ran down the hillside very near the house, and the sound of it was much louder than usual. When there was silence in the kitchen, the busy stream had a strange insistence in its wild voice, as if it tried to make the watchers understand something that related to the past.

"I declare, I can't begin to sorrow for Tempy yet. I am so glad to have her at rest," whispered Mrs. Crowe. "It is strange to set here without her, but I can't make it clear that she has gone. I feel as if she had got easy and dropped off to sleep, and I'm more scared about waking her up than knowing any other feeling."

"Yes," said Sarah Ann, "it's just like that, ain't it? But I tell you we are goin' to miss her worse than we expect. She's helped me through with many a trial, has Temperance. I ain't the only one who says the same, neither."

These words were spoken as if there were a third person listening; somebody beside Mrs. Crowe. The watchers could not rid their minds of the feeling that they were being watched themselves. The spring wind whistled in the window-crack, now and then, and buffeted the little house in a gusty way that had a sort of companionable effect. Yet, on the whole, it was a very still night, and the watchers spoke in a half-whisper.

"She was the freest-handed woman that ever I knew," said Mrs. Crowe, decidedly. "According to her means, she gave away more than anybody. I used to tell her 'twa'n't right. I used really to be afraid that she went without too much, for we have a duty to ourselves."

Sister Binson looked up in a half-amused, unconscious way, and then recollected herself.

Mrs. Crowe met her look with a serious face. "It ain't so easy for me to give as it is for some," she said simply, but with an effort which was made possible only by the occasion. "I should like to say, while Tempy is laying here yet in her own house, that she has been a constant lesson to me. Folks are too kind, and shame me with thanks for what I do. I ain't such a generous woman as poor Tempy was, for all she had nothin' to do with, as one may say."

Sarah Binson was much moved at this confession, and was even pained and touched by the unexpected humility. "You have a good many calls on you," she began, and then left her kind little compliment half finished.

"Yes, yes, but I've got means enough. My disposition's more of a cross to me as I grow older, and I made up my mind this morning that Tempy's example should be my pattern henceforth." She began to knit faster than ever.

"'Tain't no use to get morbid: that's what Tempy used to say herself," said Sarah Ann, after a minute's silence. "Ain't it strange to say 'used to say'?" and her own voice choked a little. "She never did like to hear folks git goin' about themselves."

"'Twas only because they're apt to do it so as other folks will say 'twasn't so, an' praise 'em up," humbly replied Mrs. Crowe, "and that ain't my object. There wa'n't a child but what Tempy set herself to work to see what she could do to please it. One time my brother's folks had been stopping here in the summer, from Massachusetts. The children was all little, and they broke up a sight of toys, and left 'em when they were going away. Tempy come right up after they rode by, to see if she couldn't help me set the house to rights, and she caught me just as I was going to fling some of the clutter into the stove. I was kind of tired out, starting 'em off in season. 'Oh, give me them!' says she, real pleading; and she wropped 'em up and took 'em home with her when she went, and she mended 'em up and stuck 'em together, and made some young one or other happy with every blessed one. You'd thought I'd done her the biggest favor. 'No thanks to me. I should ha' burnt 'em, Tempy,' says I."

"Some of 'em came to our house, I know," said Miss Binson. "She'd take a lot o' trouble to please a child, 'stead o' shoving of it out o' the way, like the rest of us when we're drove."

"I can tell you the biggest thing she ever gave, and I don't know 's there's anybody left but me to tell it. I don't want it forgot," Sarah Binson went on, looking up at the clock to see how the night was going. "It was that pretty-faced Trevor girl, who taught the Corners school, and married so well afterward, out in New York State. You remember her, I dare say?"

"Certain," said Mrs. Crowe, with an air of interest.

"She was a splendid scholar, folks said, and give the school a great start; but she'd overdone herself getting her education, and working to pay for it, and she all broke down one spring, and Tempy made her come and stop with her awhile,—you remember that? Well, she had an uncle, her mother's brother, out in Chicago, who was well off and friendly, and used to write to Lizzie Trevor, and I dare say make her some presents; but he was a lively, driving man, and didn't take time to stop and think about his folks. He hadn't seen her since she was a little girl. Poor Lizzie was so pale and weakly that she just got through the term o' school. She looked as if she was just going straight off in a decline. Tempy, she cosseted her up awhile, and then, next thing folks knew, she was tellin' round how Miss Trevor had gone to see her uncle, and meant to visit Niagary Falls on the way, and stop over night. Now I happened to know, in ways I won't dwell on to explain, that the poor girl was in debt for her schoolin' when she come here, and her last quarter's pay had just squared it off at last, and left her without a cent ahead, hardly; but it had fretted her thinking of it, so she paid it all; they might have dunned her that she owed it to. An' I taxed Tempy about the girl's goin' off on such a journey till she owned up, rather 'n have Lizzie blamed, that she'd given her sixty dollars, same 's if she was rolling in riches, and sent her off to have a good rest and vacation."

"Sixty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy only had ninety dollars a year that came in to her; rest of her livin' she got by helpin' about, with what she raised off this little piece o' ground, sand one side an' clay the other. An' how often I've heard her tell, years ago, that she'd rather see Niagary than any other sight in the world!"

The women looked at each other in silence; the magnitude of the generous sacrifice was almost too great for their comprehension.

"She was just poor enough to do that!" declared Mrs. Crowe at last, in an abandonment of feeling. "Say what you may, I feel humbled to the dust," and her companion ventured to say nothing. She never had given away sixty dollars at once, but it was simply because she never had it to give. It came to her very lips to say in explanation, "Tempy was so situated"; but she checked herself in time, for she would not break in upon her own loyal guarding of her dependent household.

"Folks say a great deal of generosity, and this one's being public-sperited, and that one free-handed about giving," said Mrs. Crowe, who was a little nervous in the silence. "I suppose we can't tell the sorrow it would be to some folks not to give, same 's 'twould be to me not to save. I seem kind of made for that, as if 'twas what I'd got to do. I should feel sights better about it if I could make it evident what I was savin' for. If I had a child, now, Sarah Ann," and her voice was a little husky,—"if I had a child, I should think I was heapin' of it up because he was the one trained by the Lord to scatter it again for good. But here's Crowe and me, we can't do anything with money, and both of us like to keep things same's they've always been. Now Priscilla Dance was talking away like a mill-clapper, week before last. She'd think I would go right off and get one o' them new-fashioned gilt-and-white papers for the best room, and some new furniture, an' a marble-top table. And I looked at her, all struck up. 'Why,' says I, 'Priscilla, that nice old velvet paper ain't hurt a mite. I shouldn't feel 'twas my best room without it. Dan'el says 'tis the first thing he can remember rubbin' his little baby fingers onto it, and how splendid he thought them red roses was.' I maintain," continued Mrs. Crowe stoutly, "that folks wastes sights o' good money doin' just such foolish things. Tearin' out the insides o' meetin'-houses, and fixin' the pews different; 'twas good enough as 'twas with mendin'; then times come, an' they want to put it all back same's 'twas before."

This touched upon an exciting subject to active members of that parish. Miss Binson and Mrs. Crowe belonged to opposite parties, and had at one time come as near hard feelings as they could, and yet escape them. Each hastened to speak of other things, and to show her untouched friendliness.

"I do agree with you," said Sister Binson, "that few of us know what use to make of money, beyond every-day necessities. You've seen more o' the world than I have, and know what's expected. When it comes to taste and judgment about such things, I ought to defer to others"; and with this modest avowal the critical moment passed when there might have been an improper discussion.

In the silence that followed, the fact of their presence in a house of death grew more clear than before. There was something disturbing in the noise of a mouse gnawing at the dry boards of a closet-wall near by. Both the watchers looked up anxiously at the clock; it was almost the middle of the night, and the whole world seemed to have left them alone with their solemn duty. Only the brook was awake.

"Perhaps we might give a look up-stairs now," whispered Mrs. Crowe, as

Sarah Orne Jewett

if she hoped to hear some reason against their going just then to the chamber of death; but Sister Binson rose, with a serious and yet satisfied countenance, and lifted the small lamp from the table. She was much more used to watching than Mrs. Crowe, and much less affected by it. They opened the door into a small entry with a steep stairway; they climbed the creaking stairs, and entered the cold upper room on tiptoe. Mrs. Crowe's heart began to beat very fast as the lamp was put on a high bureau, and made long, fixed shadows about the walls. She went hesitatingly toward the solemn shape under its white drapery, and felt a sense of remonstrance as Sarah Ann gently, but in a business-like way, turned back the thin sheet.

"Seems to me she looks pleasanter and pleasanter," whispered Sarah Ann Binson impulsively, as they gazed at the white face with its wonderful smile. "To-morrow 'twill all have faded out. I do believe they kind of wake up a day or two after they die, and it's then they go." She replaced the light covering, and they both turned quickly away; there was a chill in this upper room.

"'Tis a great thing for anybody to have got through, ain't it?" said Mrs. Crowe softly, as she began to go down the stairs on tiptoe. The warm air from the kitchen beneath met them with a sense of welcome and shelter.

"I don' know why it is, but I feel as near again to Tempy down here as I do up there," replied Sister Binson. "I feel as if the air was full of her, kind of. I can sense things, now and then, that she seems to say. Now I never was one to take up with no nonsense of sperits and such, but I declare I felt as if she told me just now to put some more wood into the stove."

Mrs. Crowe preserved a gloomy silence. She had suspected before this that her companion was of a weaker and more credulous disposition than herself. "'Tis a great thing to have got through," she repeated, ignoring definitely all that had last been said. "I suppose you know as well as I that Tempy was one that always feared death. Well, it's all put behind her now; she knows what 'tis." Mrs. Crowe gave a little sigh, and Sister Binson's quick sympathies were stirred toward this other old friend, who also dreaded the great change.

"I'd never like to forgit almost those last words Tempy spoke plain to me," she said gently, like the comforter she truly was. "She looked up at me once or twice, that last afternoon after I come to set by her, and let Mis' Owen go home; and I says, 'Can I do anything to ease you, Tempy?' and the tears come into my eyes so I couldn't see what kind of a nod she give me. 'No, Sarah Ann, you can't, dear,' says she; and then she got her breath again, and says she, looking at me real meanin', 'I'm only a-gettin' sleepier and sleepier; that's all there is,' says she, and smiled up at me kind of wishful, and shut her eyes. I knew well enough all she meant. She'd been lookin' out for a chance to tell me, and I don' know's she ever said much afterwards."

Mrs. Crowe was not knitting; she had been listening too eagerly. "Yes, 'twill be a comfort to think of that sometimes," she said, in acknowledgment.

"I know that old Dr. Prince said once, in evenin' meetin', that he'd watched by many a dyin' bed, as we well knew, and enough o' his sick folks had been scared o' dyin' their whole lives through; but when they come to the last, he'd never seen one but was willin', and most were glad, to go. ''Tis as natural as bein' born or livin' on,' he said. I don't know what had moved him to speak that night. You know he wa'n't in the habit of it, and 'twas the monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions anyways," said Sarah Ann; "but 'twas a great stay to the mind to listen to his words of experience."

"There never was a better man," responded Mrs. Crowe, in a really cheerful tone. She had recovered from her feeling of nervous dread, the kitchen was so comfortable with lamplight and firelight; and just then the old clock began to tell the hour of twelve with leisurely whirring strokes.

Sister Binson laid aside her work, and rose quickly and went to the cupboard. "We'd better take a little to eat," she explained. "The night will go fast after this. I want to know if you went and made some o' your nice cupcake, while you was home to-day?" she asked, in a pleased tone; and Mrs. Crowe acknowledged such a gratifying piece of thoughtfulness for this humble friend who denied herself all luxuries. Sarah Ann brewed a generous cup of tea, and the watchers drew their chairs up to the table presently, and quelled their hunger with good country appetites. Sister Binson put a spoon into a small, old-fashioned glass of preserved quince, and passed it to her friend. She was most familiar with the house, and played the part of hostess. "Spread some o' this on your bread and butter," she said to Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy wanted me to use some three or four times, but I never felt to. I know she'd like to have us comfortable now, and would urge us to make a good supper, poor dear."

"What excellent preserves she did make!" mourned Mrs. Crowe. "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o' everything, too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece, but she'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into bloomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann. "And she'd never git more'n a little apernful o' quinces, but she'd have every mite o' goodness out o' those, and set the glasses up onto her best-room closet shelf, *so* pleased. 'Twa'n't but a week ago to-morrow mornin' I fetched her a little taste o' jelly in a teaspoon; and she says 'Thank ye,' and took it, an' the minute she tasted it she looked up at me as worried as could be. 'Oh, I don't want to eat that,' says she. 'I always keep that in case o' sickness.' 'You're goin' to have the good o' one tumbler yourself,' says I. 'I'd just like to know who's sick now, if you ain't!' An' she couldn't help laughin', I spoke up so smart. Oh, dear me, how I shall miss talkin' over things with her! She always sensed things, and got just the p'int you meant."

"She didn't begin to age until two or three years ago, did she?" asked Mrs. Crowe. "I never saw anybody keep her looks as Tempy did. She looked young long after I begun to feel like an old woman. The doctor used to say 'twas her young heart, and I don't know but what he was right. How she did do for other folks! There was one spell she wasn't at home a day to a fortnight. She got most of her livin' so, and that made her own potatoes and things last her through. None o' the young folks could get married without her, and all the old ones was disappointed if she wa'n't round when they was down with sickness and had to go. An' cleanin', or tailorin' for boys, or rug-hookin',—there was nothin' but what she could do as handy as most. 'I do love to work,'—ain't you heard her say that twenty times a week?"

Sarah Ann Binson nodded, and began to clear away the empty plates. "We may want a taste o' somethin' more towards mornin'," she said. "There's plenty in the closet here; and in case some comes from a distance to the funeral, we'll have a little table spread after we get back to the house."

"Yes, I was busy all the mornin'. I've cooked up a sight o' things to bring over," said Mrs. Crowe. "I felt 'twas the last I could do for her."

They drew their chairs near the stove again, and took up their work. Sister Binson's rocking-chair creaked as she rocked; the brook sounded louder than ever. It was more lonely when nobody spoke, and presently Mrs. Crowe returned to her thoughts of growing old.

"Yes, Tempy aged all of a sudden. I remember I asked her if she felt as well as common, one day, and she laughed at me good. There, when Dan'el begun to look old, I couldn't help feeling as if somethin' ailed him, and like as not 'twas somethin' he was goin' to git right over, and I dosed him for it stiddy, half of one summer."

"How many things we shall be wanting to ask Tempy!" exclaimed Sarah Ann Binson, after a long pause. "I can't make up my mind to doin' without her. I wish folks could come back just once, and tell us how 'tis where they've gone. Seems then we could do without 'em better."

The brook hurried on; the wind blew about the house now and then; the house itself was a silent place, and the supper, the warm fire, and an absence of any new topics for conversation made the watchers drowsy. Sister Binson closed her eyes first, to rest them for a minute; and Mrs. Crowe glanced at her compassionately, with a new sympathy for the hard-worked little woman. She made up her mind to let Sarah Ann have a good rest, while she kept watch alone; but in a few minutes her own knitting was dropped, and she, too, fell asleep. Overhead, the pale shape of Tempy Dent, the outworn body of that generous, loving-hearted, simple soul, slept on also in its white raiment. Perhaps Tempy herself stood near, and saw her own life and its surroundings with new understanding. Perhaps she herself was the only watcher.

Later, by some hours, Sarah Ann Binson woke with a start. There was a pale light of dawn outside the small windows. Inside the kitchen, the lamp burned dim. Mrs. Crowe awoke, too.

"I think Tempy 'd be the first to say 'twas just as well we both had some rest," she said, not without a guilty feeling.

Her companion went to the outer door, and opened it wide. The fresh air was none too cold, and the brook's voice was not nearly so loud as it had been in the midnight darkness. She could see the shapes of the hills, and the great shadows that lay across the lower country. The east was fast growing bright.

"'Twill be a beautiful day for the funeral," she said, and turned again, with a sigh, to follow Mrs. Crowe up the stairs. The world seemed more and more empty without the kind face and helpful hands of Tempy Dent.

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

MORE than a hundred years ago
They raised for her this little stone;
"Miss Polly Townsend, aged nine,"
Under the grass lies here alone.

'Twas hard to leave your merry notes
For ranks of angels, robed and crowned,
To sleep until the Judgment Day
In Copp's Hill burying-ground.

You must have dreaded heaven then,—
A solemn doom of endless rest,
Where white-winged seraphs tuned their harps—
You surely liked this life the best!

The gray slate head-stones frightened you,
When from Christ Church your father brought
You here on Sunday afternoons,
And told you that this world was naught;
And you spelled out the carven names
Of people who, beneath the sod,
Hidden away from mortal eyes,
Were at the mercy of their God.

You had been taught that He was great,
And only hoped He might be good.—
An awful thought that you must join
This silent neighborhood.

No one remembers now the day
They buried you on Copp's Hill side;
No one remembers you, or grieves
Or misses you because you died.

I see the grave and reverend men
And pious women, meek and mild,
Walk two by two in company,
The mourners for this little child.

The harbor glistened in the sun,
The bell in Christ Church steeple tolled,
And all the playmates cried for her,
Miss Polly Townsend, nine years old.

Philip Henry Welch.

Born in Angelica, N. Y., 1849. Died in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1889.

SOCIAL PHONOGRAMS.

[*The Tailor-Made Girl. Her Friends, her Fashions, and her Follies.* 1888.]

AN EVENING OUT.

MR. TEWKSBURY. What beastly bore is on for to-night?

MRS. TEWKSBURY. I don't think your hostess would be flattered to hear you.

MR. T. It isn't the hostess—it's the whole blanked thing.

MRS. T. Oh!

MR. T. Who is she, by the way?

MRS. T. The blanked thing?

MR. T. No; the hostess.

MRS. T. Our first hostess is Mrs. B. G. Busby Salamander, for dinner, and——

MR. T. Gad! I hope the dinner will be as hot as the name——

MRS. T. Afterward a dance at the Robinsons——

MR. T. Cold soup may be all very well in Russia; but it is deuced poor stuff in New York.

Mrs. T. And where, may I ask, do you get cold soup?

Mr. T. At half the places we dine. A week ago at the Bitterns, Monday at the Tinderboxes, and last night down-stairs, my love, with my legs stretched under our own mahogany.

Mrs. T. It isn't mahogany, it's English oak.

Mr. T. A mere figure of speech—the soup was cold, just the same.

Mrs. T. A mere figure of speech—the soup was boiling.

Mr. T. My love!

Mrs. T. My dear!

Mr. T. Mrs. Tewksbury!

Mrs. T. Mr. Tewksbury!

Mr. T. You are warm, my love; wherein you are very unlike the soup.

Mrs. T. The soup was delicious.

Mr. T. The soup was execrable.

Mrs. T. Baron Vendredi spoke specially of it, and asked if our *chef* was a *cordon bleu*.

Mr. T. Did he? That's rich! I forgive the soup. What did you say?

Mrs. T. Oh, I parried the blow!

Mr. T. You were wise. Mrs. Magillicuddy may be a *bas bleu*, although I question any *bas* at all; but she is decidedly not a *cordon bleu*.

Mrs. T. Bridget is a very good cook.

Mr. T. Oh, yes—who's been at my dressing-case?

Mrs. T. Yourself, principally.

Mr. T. I can only find one brush.

Mrs. T. You have two in your hands.

Mr. T. Oh, so I have. I was going to remark, my dear, that Baron Vendredi pays you a good deal of attention.

Mrs. T. I was his hostess last night.

Mr. T. You are not always his hostess.

Mrs. T. Frenchmen are all manner, you know.

Mr. T. H'm. Does he dine at the Salamanders to-night?

Mrs. T. I believe so.

Mr. T. Does he know you are to be there?

Mrs. T. Probably—he sent me flowers to-day.

Mr. T. The devil!

Mrs. T. No; Baron Vendredi.

Mr. T. It's all the same. You shall not wear them.

Mrs. T. "Shall not" doesn't sound well, Mr. Tewksbury.

Mr. T. It means well, though. You are pinning them in your corsage now.

Mrs. T. Am I?

Mr. T. [*shouting*]. Yes, you are; and you may take them out too!

Mrs. T. [*removes them*]. As you like.

Mr. T. [*somewhat mollified*]. Thanks! You have other flowers?

Mrs. T. None that I care to wear.

Mr. T. I sent you some to-day.

Mrs. T. I received them.

Mr. T. Did they please you?

Mrs. T. Oh, yes!

Mr. T. Why don't you wear them?

Mrs. T. You told me not to.

Mr. T. I? Ah, I see! Those were my flowers you were fastening on your dress?

Mrs. T. Yes.

Mr. T. Mrs. Tewksbury, you are an angel, as usual, and as usual I am——

Mrs. T. Mr. Tewksbury.

Mr. T. Right you are! What shall it be?

Mrs. T. [*archly*]. Do you think that diamond bracelet——

Mr. T. You shall have it to-morrow morning. Am I forgiven?

Mrs. T. There is nothing to be forgiven. You laid the train, fired it, and then got singed with your own powder.

Mr. T. Then the bracelet——

Mrs. T. Will be merely a souvenir of the occasion.

Mr. T. Ah!

A BAD COUGH.

REV. DR. HAUTTON [*before service, to sexton*]. Jones, slant the second window to the left behind the pulpit; it throws a pleasant light on the reading-desk.

Jones. Very well, sir!

Rev. Dr. H. [*solus*]. The green hue also enhances the pallor of my face.

. . . .

Rev. Dr. H. [*after service*]. Good-morning, my dear Mr. Crœsus! What a charming day has been graciously vouchsafed to us!

Mr. Crœsus. H'm—yes—yes; fine season of the year!

Rev. Dr. H. [*coughing*]. I noticed Mrs. Crœsus's absence from church this morning. I hope the dear lady is not ill.

Mr. Crœsus. No, no—used up a little; she's been on that Kirmess all the week, you know, and it's (excuse me) been a dayvilish hard job.

Rev. Dr. H. Mrs. Crœsus is apt to go beyond her strength, I fear—her enthusiasm is so great.

Mr. Crœsus. It was pure spunk, this time; she made up her mind to lay the Bullion faction out cold, and she did it in great style.

Rev. Dr. H. [*coughing*]. I noticed a pleasant rivalry.

Mr. Crœsus. It was war to the knife. I told Julia to go in and win, and I'd back her any amount—and we got there! [*chuckling*].

Rev. Dr. H. The whole affair was very successful.

Mr. Crœsus. Successful! I should think so! Why, the Bullion booth couldn't hold a candle to ours! I paid seven hundred dollars for the floral decorations alone.

Rev. Dr. H. [*coughing violently*]. Your generous nature, Mr. Crœsus, is a noble endowment.

Mr. Crœsus. Ain't you barking more'n usual, Doctor?

Rev. Dr. H. A trifle only—my old bronchial trouble.

Mr. Crœsus. Better take a run down the coast. You ain't been away since you got home from Europe in November—and the summer vacation is two months off yet.

Rev. Dr. H. I presume my unremitting labors have somewhat aggravated my trouble, but——

Mr. Crœsus [*chuckling*]. Weak lot, these ministers—have to look after 'em all the time. I'll speak to the vestry.

Rev. Dr. H. [*smiling too*]. What a vein of humor you have!

. . . .

Rev. Dr. H. Good-morning, my dear Mrs. Bullion; in your place, as always.

Mrs. Bullion. Yes; *I* can come to church on Sunday if I *have* worked all the week; some people can't.

Rev. Dr. H. A little relaxation would have been pardoned to-day, dear Mrs. Bullion—your zeal during the past week has been so great.

Mrs. Bullion. I did work hard, and it was all the more galling to have my efforts so belittled, as they were in one direction.

Rev. Dr. H. [*coughing*]. Oh, I think not! Everybody spoke of your lovely booth.

Mrs. Bullion [*softening a little*]. Is that so? I'm really gratified. The Crœsuses party seemed to think there was nothing worth looking at but theirs. What a cold you have, Doctor Hautton! I told Mr. Bullion there was something more than mere money outlay to be looked for in the arrangement of the booth, and I am so pleased you recognized it.

Rev. Dr. H. [*coughing*]. I did, indeed! Mrs. Hautton, too, commented on the lovely combination of color.

Mrs. Bullion. Did she? She has so much taste! But you must take care of your cough—a little change would break it up the quickest.

Rev. Dr. H. Yes; I am thinking of a short sea-trip—a run down the coast, perhaps.

Mrs. Bullion. The very thing! I'll have Mr. Bullion see that you get off very soon.

Rev. Dr. H. You are so very sympathetic, dear Mrs. Bullion.

. . . .

Mrs. Backpew. Good-morning, Dr. Hautton!

Rev. Dr. H. Oh—ah—good-morning, good-morning!

Mrs. Backpew. I enjoyed the service so much this morning—it's the first time in seven weeks I've been at church.

Rev. Dr. H. H'm—a long time to be away from one's place in the Lord's house.

Mrs. Backpew. But you know my children have all been ill with scarlet fever.

Rev. Dr. H. Ah, true; that alters the case somewhat, still——

Mrs. Backpew. I was so afraid you or Mrs. Hautton might call. I sent a message to the rectory, begging you not to do so—the infection is so great, you know.

Rev. Dr. H. H'm—yes, very thoughtful, I'm sure. I presume the message was received, as we did not call—did we?

Mrs. Backpew. Oh, no! Now, however, all danger is over, and——

Rev. Dr. H. Oh, excuse me, if you please; I must speak to Mrs. Veuveriche a moment.

. . . .

Rev. Dr. H. Good-morning, my dear Mrs. Veuveriche! Allow me to see you to your carriage! [*coughing*].

Mrs. Veuveriche. Oh, Doctor Hautton, I want to see you! I am positively alarmed about you! Your pallor in the pulpit this morning was ghastly. You must have a change!

Rev. Dr. H. Oh, it is nothing, my dear madam, nothing!

Mrs. Veuveriche. Nonsense! it's a great deal. Come around with Mrs. Hautton, and take supper with me after service to-night. Bartrand shall make you a dish of your favorite terrapin, and we'll see what can be done for you.

Rev. Dr. H. What a great noble heart you have!

George Augustus Baker.

Born in New York, N. Y., 1849.

LOVE'S YOUNG DREAM.

[*Point-Lace and Diamonds.* 1875.]

THANK you—much obliged, old boy.
Yes, it's so; report says true.
I'm engaged to Nell Latine—
What else could a fellow do?

Governor was getting fierce;
Asked me, with paternal frown,
When I meant to go to work,
Take a wife, and settle down.
Stormed at my extravagance,
Talked of cutting off supplies—
Fairly bullied me, you know—
Sort of thing that I despise.

Well, you see, I lost worst way
At the races—Governor raged—
So, to try and smooth him down,
I went off, and got engaged.
Sort of put up thing, you know—
All arranged with old Latine—
Nelly raved about it first,
Said her "pa was awful mean!"

Now it's done we don't much mind—
Tell the truth, I'm rather glad;
Looking at it every way,
One must own it isn't bad.

She's good-looking, rather rich,—
Mother left her quite a pile;
Dances, goes out everywhere;
Fine old family, real good style.
Then she's good, as girls go now,
Some idea of wrong and right,
Don't let every man she meets
Kiss her, on the self-same night.

We don't do affection much,
Nell and I are real good friends,
Call there often, sit and chat,
Take her 'round, and there it ends.

Spooning! Well, I tried it once—
Acted like an awful calf—
Said I really loved her. Gad!
You should just have heard her laugh.
Why, she ran me for a month,
Teased me till she made me wince:
"Mustn't flirt with her," she said,
So I haven't tried it since.

'Twould be pleasant to be loved
Like you read about in books—
Mingling souls, and tender eyes—
Love, and that, in all their looks;
Thoughts of you, and no one else;
Voice that has a tender ring,
Sacrifices made, and—well—
You know—all that sort of thing.

That's all worn-out talk, they say,
Don't see any of it now—
Spooning on your *fiancée*
Isn't good style, anyhow.

Just suppose that one of us—
Nell and me, you know—some day
Got like that on some one else—
Might be rather awkward—eh!
All in earnest, like the books—
Wouldn't it be awful rough!
Jove! if I—but pshaw, what bosh!
Nell and I are safe enough.

Some time in the Spring, I guess;
Be on hand to wish us joy?
Be a groomsman, if you like—
Lots of wine—good-bye, old boy.

Katharine Sherwood Bonner McDowell.

Born in Holly Springs, Miss., 1849. Died there, 1883.

AUNT BECKEY "KUNJURED."

[*Suwanee River Tales. By Sherwood Bonner.* 1884.]

WHILE we were at breakfast, Aunt Beckey's niece, Leah, came running in. Leah was a queer little darky, with her hair tied in countless pigtails pointing in every direction, and her eyes continually rolling about like beads in a socket.

"Mars' Charles," said she, "Aunt Beckey done sont me fur you. She want ter see you quick. She's powerful low dis mornin'."

"What's the matter?"

"She *do* say she's been tricked"—in a loud whisper.

"Nonsense!" cried my father, tossing a biscuit at the small messenger. "Tell her I'll be with her in five minutes."

I went with father to Aunt Beckey's cabin. What a change in one night! Her face looked drawn and pinched; her eyes were startled and full of fear.

"Oh, Mars' Charles!" she cried, pitifully, "ole Sini has witched me sho' an' sartin', an' I'm full of little snakes!"

"Why, Aunt Beckey, what on earth do you mean?"

"Jes' what I say, Mars' Charles; an' it's God's trufe I'm speakin'. When I saw ole Sini at de camp meetin' I mistrusted dat she meant ter work me a mischief; an' I kep' away from her jes' as much as I could; fur, as sho'ly as de devil lives an' trimbles befo' de face o' de Lord, dat ole witch 'ooman hes got de *Evil Eye.* But I couldn't keep my thoughts off'n her; an' I wus a-wishin' her evil in my heart all de time."

"Well, Beckey, that was natural enough," said my father, kindly.

"Mebbe it wus natural," groaned Aunt Beckey; "but oh! it wus sinful, an' I am punished fur it, jes' as little Missy said I would be."

"Why, what have you to do with this?" said my father, turning to me sternly, to my great alarm.

"I only told her a proverb," faltered I.

"Curses, like chickens, come home ter roost," moaned Aunt Beckey.—"come home ter roost! Mebbe if I hadn't been harborin' sech wickedness an' ill-will in my heart, de good Lord would have protected me from her *deperadations* on me. For I'll tell you, Mars' Charles, what happened,"—and Aunt Beckey half raised herself in bed and fixed her great black feverish eyes on my father's face.

"Las' night I was a-lyin' here, wid my eyes wide open an' all my faculties broad awake, when in come ole Sini, a-slippin' an' a-glidin', like de snake dat she is. I tried ter jump up an' scream, but *she hel' me ter de bed* wid dat witch eye of hern, till I wus jes' *stagnated*, an' couldn't 'a' moved an inch. No, not if it had 'a' been ter have slipped my neck from de hang-man's noose.

"'Drink dis,' she says, bendin' over me, an hissin' hot in my ear. An' she hel' out a cup of water, witch water, full o' somethin' like wrigglin' hairs. I knowed dey wus snakes, but I had no power ter push dat cup away. I jes' drunk it down like a baby, an' from dat minnit I wus lost. Ole Sini laughed, an' a sort of blue flame busted out all around her, an' dar was sech a smell of brimstone dat I fainted clean away. When I come to, Sini wus gone, but dem snakes wus wrigglin' through me in streaks of pain, an' from dat on, Mars' Charles, I ain't had one minnit's peace."

"You should have sent for me, Beckey. I might have given you something to relieve that pain at once. You have evidently taken a violent cold; and your trouble is caused by your old foe, rheumatism. As for the rest, my poor soul, you have had a bad dream. Old Sini couldn't trick you if she wanted to! The good Lord never gave one mortal that power over another."

"And then, papa," cried I eagerly, "Sini lives on the Weatherly plantation, thirty miles away. She couldn't get here!"

"Dey rides through de air," murmured poor Aunt Beckey. "Dey rides on de souls o' lost sinners dat wanders up an' down an' over de earth."

"I won't have that nonsense," said my father sharply; "where is your common-sense, Beckey?"

"Snakes! snakes!" cried Aunt Beckey frantically; and then to our horror the poor creature went off into convulsions, foaming at the mouth, clinching her hands until the nails drew blood, stiffening and relaxing her form, resisting all attempts at quieting her, until forced to yield to the effects of an opiate.

This was the beginning. "And Heaven knows what the end will be," said my father, his kind face clouded with anxiety.

During the next two weeks three doctors in turn were called in to see Aunt Beckey. Through their skill, perhaps, the attack of pneumonia or inflammatory rheumatism with which she had seemed threatened was warded off; but she grew no stronger. All sorts of remedies were tried in vain. The doctors declared they could do no more for her, and that there was no reason why she should not, as it were, take up her bed and walk. But poor Aunt Beckey! There she lay, tranquil now, sometimes even smiling, saying little, losing flesh daily, looking out on the vanishing world with big solemn eyes glowing strangely in her gaunt face,—dying as surely as though Aunt Sini's imagined draught had been in truth the deadly Italian *acqua*, the *introvabile* poison whose traces could never be discovered, though one drop sufficed to kill with slow and nameless tortures.

My mother spent hours beside the sufferer, but all her influence was of no avail. Tricked Aunt Beckey was, and tricked she meant to remain, in the teeth of a whole college of physicians or sceptics.

"Don't you know, Aunt Beckey," cried my mother one day, "that what you say is impossible?—that snakes cannot live in the human stomach?"

"Dey ain't in my stomach, honey, not in *pertikeler*. Dey is everywhar dat feelin' lives, a-curlin' an' a-coilin' an' a-strikin' dar fangs over every part of my po' tormented body."

"Like Ariel, 'flaming amazement' over all the ship," murmured I; for I had just begun to read Shakespeare.

"Dey's in my legs now," continued Aunt Beckey, mournfully; "an' I tell you, Mis' Mary, I'd be willin' fur my legs ter be cut off, if I could git red of de snakes dat race from my knees ter my feet."

It was a strange, gloomy time. The place was never so quiet. No more dancing to the banjo's *ting*, nor singing on moonlight nights. The negroes moved about silently, and talked in low frightened whispers. Every evening the little cabin was filled with visitors from the adjoining plantations, who mourned and sang over Aunt Beckey, I believe, the entire night through. Some of their songs were fine old Methodist hymns, which were rolled out with grand effect; others must have been improvised for the occasion, as for instance:

Satan's sech a liar,
And a *kunjurer* too;
Ef *you* don't mind,
He'll kunjur you!
Kunjur you—
He will kunjur you!

During the fourth week of Aunt Beckey's illness, my father was called away from home, to be gone some days. But for his absence, the audacious piece of roguery I am about to chronicle would never have been attempted, and I should have had no story to tell.

It began with Cousin Henry's persuading mamma to let him take charge of Aunt Beckey's case.

"You know uncle has given her up," he urged.

"True," said my mother with a sigh; "he told me, the night before he left, that, although he believed her disease purely imaginary, yet he had given up all hope of saving her. But what can you do for her, Henry,—a mere boy like you, though you *are* a saucy medical student?"

"Fancying myself very wise!" laughed Henry. "Go on, Aunt May; I know you want a rap at my conceit! But I am not going over the old ground with Aunt Beckey. I fancy the wisdom of the schools has been exhausted in her behalf. I'm so liberal in my views that I've no objection to a bit of quackery, when I can gain a point by it."

"There seems to be only one thing to be said in favor of quacks," remarked my mother, thoughtfully; "they always cure their patients!"

"Treason in the home camp!" cried Henry. "What would uncle say to such a speech? But do let me try to help poor old Beckey, aunty dear. If I could save her life, would you object to any means by which that good end came about?"

"How *could* I?" cried my mother. "No indeed, Henry, if you can help poor Aunt Beckey, God's blessing will be on your effort; and my prayers will go with you every step of the way."

Henry had the grace to blush a little at this, but he skipped off quite cheerfully to Aunt Beckey's cabin. Of course I went with him. Where Henry led I usually followed in those days! What a torment I was, to be sure!

"I'm awfully sorry to see you so ill, Aunt Beckey," he said cordially.

"Yes, Marster, I'se mighty bad off," she said feebly. Poor soul! she talked no more of being tricked. She was tired of telling her story to sceptical ears.

Henry looked at her with perfect gravity. "There has been foul work here," said he; "this is a case of witchcraft."

Aunt Beckey burst into tears. At last she had found some one to believe her. "Oh, Mars' Henry! how come you so wise? You's de fust one—de only one—ter know de trufe."

"'None so blind as those who won't see,'" quoted Henry; "it's as plain to me as the sunlight; you've been *tricked.*"

"Not many days of life left for poor old Beckey," said the interesting victim.

"I'm not so sure of that," said Henry cheerfully. "I've studied this subject, and I know the ins and outs of it. I've read more books about demons than there are hairs on your head; and I've seen sights to make your heart jump out of your body. With my own eyes I have seen water blazing like a tar-barrel on fire; and I have seen a dead man rise in his shroud and thrust out his cold arm as if to seize you"——

"Oh! Mars' Henry, hush! it skeers me to hear sech things. Maybe you're a Hoodoo witch yourself."

"How can you think such a thing?" shouted Henry. "No! I am the bitterest enemy the Hoodoos have; and I know how to come up with all their tricks."

"Maybe you can help me," said Aunt Beckey timidly.

"Of course I can. I would have offered to do it long before, but these grand doctors were so sure they could cure you! But mind, Aunt Beckey! if I take you in hand you must obey me in *everything*. The least slip in following my directions might prove fatal."

"Try me! try me!" she cried, eagerly; "oh! Mars' Henry, you can't tell me nothin' tu hard ter do; fur I ain't ready yit—de good Lord knows I ain't—ter cross beyond de swellin' floods."

Henry drew a hideous little wooden image from his pocket, and gave it to Aunt Beckey with the injunction that she should wear it over her heart night and day. "It is a very powerful *fetich,*" said he, "and will protect you from any future harm."

Then he turned to gran'mammy, who stood by, with a gleam of hope brightening her face, and told her to kill a white chicken just as the moon rose, and make a strong broth for Aunt Beckey.

"Put plenty of red pepper and rice in it," said he, "and feed her *exactly one pint* every three hours; not a spoonful more or less, or I can't answer for the consequences. To-morrow I shall call at the same hour, and I will see to the snakes that have caused you so much trouble. I suppose you are willing to suffer some pain in order to get them out of your system?"

"Yes, Mars' Henry, God knows I'm willin' ter suffer anything." And Aunt Beckey closed her lips with the air of a martyr.

That afternoon my cousin and my small brother Sam went hunting. On their return, I noticed that Sam carried a small oblong box in his hand; but he would not tell us what it held.

The next day, at dusk, Cousin Henry led the way to Beckey's cabin, followed by mother, Ruth, Sam, and myself. Aunt Beckey looked better and brighter. She declared that she felt strength flowing into her from the little wooden idol that she held clasped tightly to her bosom. And it did not occur to the good simple soul that the chicken-soup might be responsible for this new-born strength! The backyard was densely packed with negroes, but not one was allowed to enter. Inside the cabin, the scene was worthy of a painter. The primitive lamp—an iron bowl of lard-oil, with a wick floating on the surface—burned with a black smoke above the flame, and cast strange, flaring, hobgoblin shadows on the whitewashed walls. Henry drew a chalk circle in the middle of the floor, marking inside of it ridiculous designs, which it pleased him to call cabalistic. Then he swung a lighted censer, chanted a Latin hymn, and was withal so grave that even I dared no longer smile, though the pungent odor of the incense set me sneezing.

Aunt Beckey's dark figure lay motionless on the bed; but her great hollow eyes followed Henry's every motion with painful eagerness, until at a signal from the impromptu doctor, my mother stepped forward and tied a cool bandage across the hot lids.

Gran'mammy bared her daughter's swollen rheumatic limbs, and Henry rubbed them gently for about half an hour. Then he said: "I find, Aunt Beckey, that the snakes are now all in the right leg. The *fetich* has troubled them so much that they are trying to get out. The only thing to do is to cut open the foot, and they will drop out of themselves. Are you willing?"

"Go on," said Aunt Beckey.

"Stand back, all of you!" cried Henry. "No one must come near me but Sam. He must hold the basin."

I saw a twinkle in the small boy's eye, and I crept pretty near myself, unrebuked by my absorbed cousin. He pierced the foot with a sharp lancet, and the blood flowed freely. The light was so dim that for all my efforts I could not quite see what was going on. But I noticed that Sam held the oblong box in one hand; and from time to time an exclamation from one of this precious pair—"There is another!" "Don't let it get away!" "Four, is it?" or some such significant cry—set us all quivering with excitement.

"That is all," said Henry at last. "She is saved."

He bound up the foot, and took the bandage from Aunt Beckey's eyes.

"Fetch another light," he said quietly.

Then he held the basin, so that she could examine its contents; and there were at least six wicked-looking little snakes. "Those who have eyes to see, let them see," said that wretched Henry, without so much as the flicker of an eyelash!

I can hear Aunt Beckey's scream of joy to this day! Then how she wept! What blessings she called down on the head of the arch impostor! What shouts of "Glory! Glory!" resounded through the little room! How the darkies outside took up the strain, and all night long praised the Lord in singing and in prayer.

As for my dear mother, she was so divided between indignation and laughter that she had to hurry away. She was so conscientious that she could not reconcile herself to such a tremendous fraud as that which Henry had practised; and yet, when she saw our dear old Aunt Beckey fast getting well, how could she help being grateful to the clever and mischievous boy who had brought it about?

My father heard the story with an unmoved face. "Lucky I was not here, you young rascal," he remarked.

"Lucky for Aunt Beckey," said Henry dryly.

Certainly, Aunt Beckey did get well, and appeared better in mind and body for her strange experience. She has not been tricked since; thanks perhaps to the fetich that she wears like an amulet over her heart; or to the charitable prayers that she is in the habit of offering for Aunt Sini.

"No mo' curses shell come home to roost on *my* head," she says, with slow, solemn words; "fur I bless, an' I curse not, an' I pray fur dem dat 'spitefully uses me; an' dis I shall do forevermo', as long as I live on de earth, an' my name is Beckey Bonner."

Thomas Chalmers Harbaugh.

Born in Middletown, Md., 1849.

GRANT—DYING.

IT seemed to me that yesternight
  I heard the branches sighing
Beneath my window, soft and low:
  "The great war chief is dying!"
His marches o'er, his battles won,
  His bright sword sheathed forever,
The grand old soldier stands beside
  The dark and silent river;

Whilst fame for him a chaplet weaves
  Within her fairest bowers,
Of Shiloh's never-fading leaves,
  And Donelson's bright flowers;
Grim Vicksburg gives a crimson rose,
  Embalmed in deathless story,
And Appomattox adds a star
  To crown the wreath of glory.

He's dying now! the angel Death,
  Insatiate and impartial,
With icy fingers, stoops to touch
  The Union's old field-marshal,
Who, like a soldier brave, awaits
  The summons so appalling,
While o'er the land, from sea to sea,
  The silent tear is falling.

Still in his veterans' hearts to-day
  His battle-drums are beating;
His bugles always blew advance—
  With him was no retreating;
And tenderly, with moistened eye,
  Columbia bends above him,
And everywhere the sorrowed heart
  Tells how the people love him.

From golden-fruited orange groves
  To where the pines are sighing,
The winds waft messages of love
  To Grant, the hero, dying.
The Old World sends across the wave
  A token of its sorrow;
The greatest chief alive to-day
  May fall asleep to-morrow.

O touch the hero gently, Death!
  The land is filled with weeping,
And be his passing like a child's—
  The counterfeit of sleeping.
A million boys in blue now stand
  Around their dying brother;
The mighty world knows but one Grant,
  'Twill never know another.

So let him die with honors crowned
To live fore'er in story;
The fields he won, the land he saved,
Will be his lasting glory.
O mighty Ajax of the North!
Old field-marshal immortal!
My saddened heart's with thee to-day
Before the darkened portal.

I listened to the winds last night,
How mournful was their sighing!
It seemed to me a nation's sobs
O'er Grant, the soldier, dying.
O touch him, touch him softly, Death,
Insatiate and impartial;
He is the Union's mightiest chief—
My cherished old field-marshal!

April, 1885.

Thomas Russell Sullivan.

BORN in Boston, Mass., 1849.

"SANS VIE, SANS AMOUR."

[*Roses of Shadow. A Novel.* 1885.]

THE walk was enchanting. The air was clear and fresh with just a touch of frost in it, cool in the shadow, but very warm in the sun. In a little patch of garden before the one house upon the island, the clumps of crimson and yellow dahlias had just reached perfection. A collie dog had stretched himself out in the porch. Near by stood a middle-aged woman picking grapes from a trellis. She had in her face that same placid, saint-like expression—the look of Sister Félicienne. "It is the place," thought Miss Gérard, and she longed to talk with her. But the woman looked at her shyly and did not speak. She walked on. The sumachs were blood-red, the maples were pink and gold; at her feet the ground was purple with great beds of wild asters. The little wood-paths running off into the wilderness were ankle-deep with fallen leaves, through which the squirrels scurried away at the sound of her step. She met no one. The rush of summer travel was over; the world and his wife had taken themselves off, and the wonderful island in all its tangled beauty was hers to enjoy alone. All around her, through the flickering leaves, the rapids leaped and shone and sung to the eternal drum, drum, drum of the cataract that thrilled her with its invisible presence. All that she could see delighted and exhilarated her. She gave herself up to this mysterious charm, lingering at every turn to draw long breaths, and to study the book that is open to all men, that no man ever learns. There was an old tree cut all over with names and dates—long-forgotten challenges to Time, some of them already blotted out by his reproving fingers. One name, high above the others, interested her. "Kenyon, 1821." A good name, an uncommon one; she remembered it in an old romance of Hawthorne. Perhaps he had first seen it there, and had stopped in that very place to write it down. "1821." It must have been deeply cut to endure so long. She wondered if Kenyon were still living and who he was.

She wandered down to a reedy spot on the shore, where the rapid, none the less swift for being shallow, went gliding along with hardly a ripple. For some time she watched its glassy surface and the smooth pebbles lying there just out of reach; then, turning away, she stumbled and almost fell over a rock half hidden in the yellow grass. Her eyes caught some lettering upon the stone, and she knelt down to read it. Many winters had dealt rudely with it—it was almost gone. There was no name; no date; but at last she made out these words:

ALL IS CHANGE
ETERNAL PROGRESS
NO DEATH

She pondered long over this strange inscription. She had never heard of it before. Whose work was it? The old story of the hermit of the falls came back to her; if that were true, he had built his rough shelter within a stone's throw; and but a few yards off he had gone to his death in the river, under the American Fall. Had he carved here at his own gravestone? Or had some hermit of a day, like this of hers, devoted himself to this memorial? No; the man who did that knew the ground well, and loved it as one loves a dear relation. The words would not go from her mind. "Eternal Progress!" The whole spirit of the place was there.

She followed the path again to the outer shore of the island, till far off upon the Canadian side the familiar lines of the convent came out against the sky. At last she stood in sight of home, yet parted from it by the wide river at its fiercest point—by that scene which is the despair of all who try to paint it, either in colors or in words. There was the broken verge of the great Horseshoe, along which the water waited, as if in wonder at its own recklessness, with the shining stretch of unbroken green in it, down which nothing seemed to move. There, too, almost in the centre of the fall, and on its very edge, was the flat rock that the water never covers, even for an instant. As a child, she had often longed for the power to stand there and look down. She had known the Horseshoe well, but never well enough. For the greater fall, unlike its American fellow, permits no one to enter upon intimate relations with it, but holds itself aloof, as Jove did from Semele. From many points upon the shore it is possible to get glimpses of its far-off grandeur. At either end one may draw nearer, and lose one half of it in peering over at the other. But no man has ever seen it all and lived.

Leaving behind her all this tumult of the waters, Miss Gérard turned off into the quiet woods, among the startled squirrels, through the thickly-strewn leaves, and over mossy logs that crumbled when she stepped upon them. Here there were no paths; but she pushed on, until she came out upon another shore, at the southern end of the island. Here a triangular shoal stretches away for a long distance, to a vanishing point where the river divides into two branches that form the American and Canadian Rapids, between which Goat Island lies. This reach of still water, hardly three feet in depth, is smooth as the water of a lake—so smooth that on that day it only lapped gently the grassy bank upon which Miss Gérard sat down to rest. There was little here to attract the eye or to divert the mind. It was a quiet nook, where one might easily drowse away an hour in a waking dream. And before long such a dream began to steal in upon Miss Gérard—a dream of her past life, in which, one by one, came trooping back, unbidden, a host of recollections, some sad, some bright; all its great events, and others so slight that they had been long forgotten. . . . . .

To-day all these forgotten things came back with strange vividness as she sat alone in sight of the very spot where her career of ingratitude had begun. An hour passed and left her still absorbed, struggling against herself in her own defence, this time with indifferent success. At last she forced herself to think of other things. She looked out over the quiet shoal to the point beyond it, where the rapid changed its course and broke into two streams; beyond that still to the distant river, that looked as calm as the water at her feet. She could see the white sail of a boat there miles away. She wondered how near the rapid it would be safe for the boat to come. What if it should venture too near and be drawn down beyond the reach of help? It would not take long. From that place to the great fall could hardly be a minute's journey, by the river.

The shadows were growing longer. Just one look at another place close by, and she would turn back to the hotel, and then to the ferry. It was time to go on.

Stretching from the south shore of Goat Island straight out into the heart of the boiling rapid are three wonders of Niagara, that till lately were inaccessible—three feathery islands, known as the Three Sisters, separated from their huge brother by three chasms, over which light bridges have been thrown. Through these channels, that it is always wearing deeper, the river plunges in three sister torrents, all beautiful, yet resembling each other only faintly as sisters are wont to do. The first stream, that falls over its black rocks like a net-work of jewels, is comparatively shallow, yet it would be unsafe to set foot in it. The first island, like the others, is a jungle of pine and birch and swamp-maple, struggling up between mossy rocks and the decayed stumps of older growth. Miss Gérard did not wait here long, for just at the end of the bridge she found an artist sketching. She remembered his face at the hotel, and perhaps he remembered hers, for he eyed it curiously over his easel. She went on over the second torrent, which breaks into a bar of foam above the bridge and tumbles all in a heap below. Queer little bits of rainbow play about the foaming places, but if looked for twice are not to be found. She watched for them a moment or two, and then followed the path along over the middle isle to its farther shore, where some wooden steps lead down to the rocks below the last bridge. She was well out into the river, and this was the point she wanted. Here she seated herself close upon the brink of the third torrent, which is deeper and wider and wilder than the others. As she looked up at it, the water formed for her its broken horizon line against the sky, and seemed to come tearing down out of the blue distance, as if all the evil spirits of Baron Fouqué were struggling and snarling in it for the mastery. It was of all colors from bottle-green to black; and, at its lowest point, the water was lashed into showers of drops, tossed high into the air and glittering like bits of ice. The gulf is perhaps thirty yards in width, and beyond it lies the narrow strip of the outer island; beyond that, the great Canadian Rapid stretches away like the sea, but more terrible than the sea, because of its reckless onward movement that never slackens, that no human force can stem or resist even for a single instant. Far out in this fearful current, a great, broken globe of foam rises and falls incessantly above the highest waves. This column of water, which has been named the Leaping Rock, seems to nod and beckon with uncouth gestures, as though there were life imprisoned in it. To Miss Gérard, in childhood, it had been the embodiment of Kühleborn, the evil genius of the story of Undine. She had watched it often from her window; it had been a real thing to her then, and she half believed that its frantic motions had some hidden meaning in them that could be learned. To-day, she looked at it again and shuddered.

All around her the noise was deafening. The water at her feet was of the purest green, so beautiful that it was hard to believe death lurked in it. Down the river, a few hundred yards to the north, this same color repeated itself in a clear, glassy line—the brink of the Horseshoe—where all this rush and roar of water seemed to end quietly without a murmur or a ripple. And the convent had come in sight again; it made a dark blot there on the western sky. That was her goal. It looked not unlike a prison. It was a grim rest, after all, that awaited her behind those stone walls. Was it worth while to come so far and gain so little? She shook her head and sighed.

Then the past came rushing back with all its bitter memories, its charges that she knew were just. They could not be denied, they would not be forgotten. The cross! Ah, the cross! If she had only not stolen it; if, having stolen it, she had only sent it back in answer to her sister's letter! And her course with Mr. Musgrave—how she had deceived him! She had been false as the water there—as cold and cruel and heartless as that smiling rapid. How she had lied over and over again to him and to Gilbert Marvin! Marvin! Ah, there was a despairing thought! She had been so near to real happiness. In another moment she believed he would have spoken. Then all these wrongs might have been set right. Her love for him was so far above all other influences she had ever known, that in time it must have changed her nature, and given her the power to make atonement for every sin she had committed. How, she did not know; but in that way peace of mind would have surely come. And now she had shut the door upon the world. Well, it had treated her harshly. Why had she been made to suffer and endure so much? She had not asked for life—it was all a mistake; and yet, perhaps, she had fifty years to live.

A white sea-gull soared along overhead. How strange to see him there so far from home! She watched him as he flew northward toward Lake Ontario. "He will drop down there," she thought, "upon some gentle wave, fold his wings and rest." And for her there was no rest. She could never stay in the convent. While life lasted, through all those fifty years, the eternal struggle must go on. She was like the rapid.

She looked down at it; the spray was flying over her, the water was within reach of her hand. She knew every turn of it well. It had a dreadful beauty, like that of Medusa and the Sirens; their danger, too. To watch and listen there gave one a longing to leap into it. It held her now with an impression of enchanting loveliness, of power and of cruelty. It was merciless, irresistible.

"*Sans vie, sans amour!*" Yes, she was like the rapid. Then, why not one with it? Why not yield to this new impulse, make the plunge, and become a part of that inexorable force that seemed to draw her down? One little moment would spare her all the weariness of living. "It is only putting one's foot into cold water," she thought. She caught up a twig and tossed it into the foam. "Just there—it would be just there!" she said aloud; and before she spoke the twig was out of sight.

An old tree grew on the very edge, throwing one great lower limb out over the water. She leaped up and ran along it, ready to throw herself headlong. She waited a second too long and could not do it. "No, I dare not," she cried; "I am not fit to die so. I must live—live and pray!" She started back along the branch; there came a crash, and she knew that it had broken. Then, with a wild shriek that her own ears hardly caught above the mocking uproar that surrounded her, she fell through the shining water-drops—and was gone.

They never found her. Hours afterward, when she was missed, the artist remembered that she had passed him on the way to the outer islands, and that he had not noticed her return. A search revealed the broken branch and a footprint or two, from which her death and the manner of it were surmised. The story passed into the folk-lore of the place; and to this day the queer, amphibious guides to the ledge below the Horseshoe whisper of a sunless cavern, where her bones are said to lie with the water dripping over them, turned into stone so hard that not Niagara itself can ever soften it or wear it away. And on through all the years go those foaming ridges, howling like fiends, lashing the dark cliffs, sweeping round the great whirlpool and still pressing forward in eternal progress.

Eternal Progress! Yes. But it leads on through an Eternal Peace in the depths of the great lake, where the white-winged sea-gull settled down. And the waters there are as blue as the wide arch of Heaven.

Francis Saltus Saltus.

BORN in New York, N. Y., 1849. DIED at Tarrytown, N. Y., 1889.

GRAVES.

THE sad night-wind, sighing o'er sea and strand,
Haunts the cold marble where Napoleon sleeps;
O'er Charlemagne's grave, far in the northern land,
A vigil through the centuries it keeps.
O'er Grecian kings its plaintive music sweeps;
Proud Philip's tomb is by its dark wings fanned,
And round old Pharaohs, deep in desert sand,
Where the grim Sphinx leers to the stars, it creeps.

Yet weary it is of this chill, spectral gloom,
  For mouldering grandeur it can have no care,
Rich mausoleums in their granite doom
  It fain would leave, to wander on elsewhere,
To cool the violets upon Gautier's tomb,
  And lull the long grass over Baudelaire.

1874.

ANANKÉ.

A TREE is blooming in some distant grove,
  A mammoth oak whose branches pierce the sky,
Peopled with birds, where agile squirrels rove,
  Where owlets hoot, and where the eagles die.

A maid is seated in a dreary room,
  Her drearier thoughts are far, ah! far away,
While with a heart immersed in utter gloom
  She weaves a cerement till the close of day.

Fair flowers are sleeping in the frozen ground
  Until spring beckons them in ways unseen,
To aid the glory of new Nature crowned,
  And, star-like, light the meadow's dewy green.

A block of marble in a quarry lies,
  Inert, unfeeling, in its silent sleep,
While o'er it, roaring through the sombre skies,
  The wintry winds their doleful vigils keep.

. . . .

From that same tree my coffin will be wrought,
  Kind hands will place that flower upon my head;
The maiden's work will be the shroud I sought,
  The marble block will hold me with the dead.

Thomas Allibone Janvier.

BORN in Philadelphia, Penn., 1849.

SAN ANTONIO OF THE GARDENS.

[*The Century Magazine.* 1889.]

HE who goes westward from the City of Mexico goes out by the gate of the Tlaxpana, and so along the causeway to Tacuba, the very path over which the Spaniards passed, leaving many killed and of the living nearly all being sore wounded, when they fled from the city that dismal night more than three hundred and fifty years ago.

But this now is a very pleasant path; for on the right and on the left of it are fertile fields and trimly kept gardens, and shading it are many great green trees. And only a little way out upon it is the village of San Antonio, built of gray-brown adobe on the level land beside the causeway, and peopled by certain ragged, uncared-for, easy-going descendants of the race that now serves where once it ruled.

The wayfaring stranger who loves a dish of friendly talk with chance acquaintances—and the wayfaring stranger not thus socially disposed will find all lands barren, and will come again to his own land not one whit the wiser of the world than when he left his home—will rest awhile in this village to chat with whomsoever it may please Heaven to send him to hold converse with. Nor need he fear that Heaven will not provide him with a talking-mate. Let him but seat himself beneath one of the great trees beside the roadway, and presently a stray old man will pause to pass a greeting with him; then a vender of earthen pots, coming in from some outlying village to the city to sell his wares, will halt his donkey—on whose patient back the great red pots are high heaped up—and will ask in a gentle voice for a light for his corn-husk cigarito; an old woman will hobble up and say a friendly word or two; a young woman with a baby in her arms will edge out shyly from a near-by doorway, and so stand modestly aside, but ready to add her contribution to the conversation when it shall become a little more general and when amicable relations with the stranger shall become a little more assured; then another old man or two will join the group, accepting with a grave courtesy the offered cigarito; a lazy young fellow with baskets to sell, but with no apparent desire to sell them, will seat himself near; and outside of all will be a light fringe of pernicious ragged little boys. And all of these simple-hearted folk presently will be as frank and as friendly as though they had known their chance acquaintance all their lives.

It will be in such wayside talk as this that the stranger alone will learn—for in books he will look for it in vain—the story of the little church that once stood hereabouts; of the very little convent there was adjoining it; of the two Franciscan friars who ministered in the church, dwelling in the convent, and whose earthly possessions (and these but held in trust from Heaven) were a little garden, and the doves which had built nests in a corner of the convent, and a certain grave, black cat, and a lame and very lazy ass.

It was all in the far-back time when the Spanish viceroys were the rulers of Mexico; when the fleet sailed once a year from Cadiz westward, and once a year sailed eastward again from Vera Cruz laden deep with silver from the mines; when hushed voices still told in horror of great cruelties done by the fierce Chichemecas to frontier adventurers into the region north of Querétaro; and when the good fathers, setting death and torture at defiance that God's work might be done by them, still were busy sending out their holy missions for the saving of heathen souls. The viceroy in those days was the illustrious Don Antonio Sebastian de Toledo, Marques de Mancera; who came into the capital of his vice-kingdom and there assumed the duties of his high office in the month of October in the year 1664.

About this time it was that in the convent of San Antonio de Padua—that in a little time came to be known only as San Antonio of the Gardens, because hereabouts, then as now, the fertile land was laid out in many little gardens which the Indians tilled—there dwelt the two brothers Antonio and Inocencio. Fray Inocencio was a short and round and plump-cheeked, ruddy little man; and Fray Antonio was very tall and thin and pale. These brothers were vowed to the rule of St. Francis, and until ordered hither for the cure of Indians' souls the great convent of San Francisco in the City of Mexico had been their home. A wonderful change it was for them when they came out from that "vast bee-hive of holiness"—as the convent of San Francisco is called by a chronicler of the time—to dwell in a convent whereof they were the only inhabitants, and the extent of which, not counting the tiny sacristy of their tiny church, was just a little refectory, that also was a kitchen, and two cells. Yet had it been the size of a city they scarcely could have been more elated by their translation; for whereas in the great convent they were but two brothers among hundreds, with many above them in degree, here they were everything themselves—free to divide between them the whole range of the conventual offices, from that of Portero up to that of Guardian.

As they stood for the first time alone together in the little garden, the door behind them that opened upon the causeway being closed and barred, and as the knowledge of the absolute power that was theirs in this their kingdom came into their hearts, Fray Inocencio, who was of a lively disposition and very quick to give animated expression to his thoughts, skipped in a most carnal fashion; and still more carnally stood for an appreciable length of time upon one leg while he held the other leg in the air.

Fray Antonio, whose mind was of a graver and more temperate cast, looked upon this exhibition of worldly pride sorrowfully, but not reproachfully. Weakness of the flesh was Fray Inocencio's besetting sin; but he knew his weakness, and when he failed to overcome it he expiated it by penance and sought remission of it in prayer. This was known to Fray Antonio, and so was his loving, gentle soul the less disposed to manifest by outward sign his inward sorrow when, as now, his brother lapsed from grace.

In the darkness that night Fray Antonio heard the sound of scourging in Fray Inocencio's cell, and in the morning the usually ruddy cheeks of the little round brother were pale and his eyes were dull; but peace rested on him, for he felt that through the sacrifice of the flesh the sin of the flesh had been expiated, and so his spirit was at rest.

When the mass which they celebrated together was ended, and they had come into the refectory to make and to drink their chocolate, he said simply, as he stood beside the fireplace, stirring the chocolate in its earthen pot: "God brings the least deserving of us, brother, into the high places of the earth; but he loves best those who, though thus exalted, still serve him humbly. We have only to seek his aid, and of his strength he will so arm our weakness that we may prevail over the sin that shows itself in carnal pride."

The gentle eyes of Fray Antonio rested lovingly upon Fray Inocencio, and in them shone the light of a comforting and sustaining trust as he answered: "Brother, the grace of God ever is greater than our sins." Nor did the thought at all enter his simple soul—as assuredly it would have entered a soul

Thos. A. Janvier

in which there had been even the very least of worldly guile—that other than a serious meaning could attach to Fray Inocencio's reference to the exaltation of their estate. Thus ever did Fray Antonio help and strengthen Fray Inocencio with a sweet and holy love: and many needs had Fray Inocencio of such comforting, for, the flesh proverbially being weak in little round and ruddy men, the seasons were sadly short in which he had not some misdeed of his unruly nature to bemoan.

In all seasons a heavy burden rested upon Fray Inocencio's soul because he was so ruddy and so fat. This corporal affliction, sadly unseemly in one vowed to the austerities of the religious life, was of such a nature that abstinence had no effect upon it, and for the removal of it even prayer was without avail; so that what little solace his case allowed him was to be got by regarding his fatness as a cross put upon him for his soul's sake, warning him to eat little and so to mortify the flesh that good might come to him in the end. Yet was this a hard cross for Fray Inocencio to bear; for he had a very eager natural love, as strong as it was sinful, for all manner of toothsome things. Especially had he a most passionate fondness for beans which after being well boiled were fried delicately in lard—which dish was not less delicious than it was damnably fattening. Most pathetic was his look of resignation when beans thus cooked were served in the refectory of the great convent of San Francisco, as he resisted their succulent temptation and ate instead the little dry cakes of corn-meal.

In the convent of San Antonio of the Gardens Fray Inocencio was spared the temptation of fried beans, for Fray Antonio, that his brother might not be led into sin, declared that he preferred his beans boiled. And more than this did Fray Antonio do for his brother's comforting. Being himself a most abstemious man naturally, with no liking for food save as a means of sustaining his life and strength in God's service, he deliberately set himself to eating in private great quantities of all manner of fattening things; and this he did to the end that by rounding out his own leanness he might make the plumpness of Fray Inocencio easier for him to bear. But beyond throwing into disorder by such unwonted quantities of rich food the functions of his liver, the stuffing that Fray Antonio gave himself produced no results. Therefore, being as yellow as an orange, he gladly gave over his strange discipline. And this was wise of him: for the simple truth of the matter was that it had pleased God that one of these brothers should be fat and that the other should be thin; and neither of them, howsoever he might strive, the one by eating too little and the other by eating too much, could change that which God had decreed.

Though thus tried in flesh and in spirit, these brothers were very happy in their life in the little convent and in their ministrations of the sacred offices in the little church. In their garden they tilled the earth lovingly, taking great pleasure in its sweet, fresh smell, and in the bounteous return that it yielded them. Fray Inocencio had a rare knowledge of the gardener's craft, and especially had he a relish for growing such vegetables as were good to eat. In this previcarious form of gluttony, as it might be called, he did not deny himself; for, setting a stout guard upon the cravings of his own stomach, he carried on his back the best of all the good things which he grew to the great convent, where the brothers, less scrupulous than himself, ate them all with a prompt avidity. Fray Antonio, though he did his share of work in the kitchen-garden, found his pleasure in the growing of beautiful and sweet-smelling flowers, which each day he set before the sacred image of the great San Antonio that the little church enshrined. Sometimes Fray Antonio fancied that as he placed upon the altar dedicated to his holy namesake these sweet offerings there shone upon the gentle face of the saint a loving smile. Nor would such miracle have been surprising, for this very image—as the chronicler Vetancurt tells—had raised a dead child to life! In that good time faith was a living principle in the hearts of men, and the blessed saints graciously requited the trust that was placed in them by working many miracles. It is not so in these evil later days.

In the holy work that was set them of saving heathen souls the brothers ever were instant and zealous. Fray Inocencio assailed the devil at all times and in all places with a stout energy that was in keeping with the sturdiness of his body and mind. Indeed, such pictures as this plump little friar drew of the entire devilishness of a very personal devil, and of the blazing horrors of a most real hell, sufficed to scare many an Indian, though through all his life set firmly in the wicked courses of idolatry, into the saving ways of Christian righteousness. Fray Antonio was less successful as an exorciser, but his gentle words and great tenderness of heart and spirit enabled him to make, perhaps, more lasting converts. Through the ministrations of this good brother many a troubled heathen soul was set at rest in Christian holiness, being brought happily to grace through love.

. . . .

So far as this was possible in one whose heart was full of love and charity, Fray Inocencio at times envied Fray Antonio because he was superior to the many temptations which made his own life burdensome; but he knew nothing of the temptations of the spirit which beset his finer-natured companion, which sometimes, as in the present yielding to a too whimsical humor,—that yet was as much a part of his natural being as of Fray Inocencio's natural being were his stoutness and his ruddy cheeks,—begot evil results which caused him heart-bitterness and much distress of soul.

Doubtless, being more sublimate, the pains of conscience which attend upon waywardness of the spirit are more searching than those which attend upon waywardness of the flesh; yet because of their gross and tangible nature the fleshly sins are more instantly appalling. Thus Fray Inocencio probably would have reasoned, had he possessed a mind disposed towards such abstract considerations, together with a knowledge of the spiritual suffering which Fray Antonio at times endured; but as neither of these possessions was his, he simply bemoaned very heartily his own frequent lapses from grace. And greatly did he lament one especially great sin, the doing of which came about in this wise:

One day, while Fray Inocencio was gathering lettuces, and while Fray Antonio was tending lovingly his flowers, there came over the top of the garden wall the sound of angry words, and then of heavy blows, and then of a cry that was something like the bray of an ass, and—being a very great cry and terrible—something like the shriek of a giant in pain. With the promptness that was customary with him, Fray Inocencio unbarred the door and ran out upon the causeway to see what was the meaning of this commotion; and as beside the door stood a stout staff, that he carried with him for support when he walked to the great convent with a back-load of vegetables, he seized it that he might not affront the danger, if danger there were, unarmed. More deliberately came out also through the doorway Fray Antonio. And very pitiable was the sight that met their eyes.

Upon the ground lay a poor ass, laden with great earthen pots, and the two Indians with him were beating him with their sticks to make him rise, the while shouting at him all manner of coarse abuse. The ass, with so agonized a look that a heart of stone would have been melted by it with pity, was crying aloud in pain; for one of his legs—as the brothers saw, though the Indians seemed to perceive it not—had broken under him as he fell beneath his too-heavy load. He was but a small ass, and his lading of pots would have been overheavy for a strong mule.

Then was the wrath of Fray Inocencio so kindled within him that every fibre of his little round person tingled with rage. Forgetting all the teachings of gentleness of the blessed saints, and the example of long-suffering set him by the good father St. Francis, and his own vow to a life of peace and holiness—forgetting all this, Fray Inocencio in an instant had gathered up and tucked into his girdle the skirts of his blue gown, that he might have the free use of his short stout legs, and most carnally had fallen afoul of the backs and shoulders of those cruel Indians with his staff.

As for the Indians, this visible outbreak of the wrath of God took them so sharply by surprise, while such pain penetrated their brown hides with the blows which Fray Inocencio rained down upon them, that without pausing for thought or consideration they incontinently took to their heels. In an instant they had plunged through the slimy water of the *acéquia* beside the causeway, and were fleeing away across the meadow-land beyond as though their assailant had been not a little stout friar, but the devil himself.

Then Fray Inocencio, puffing greatly—for at the best of times he was but a short-winded man—knelt down beside the ass with Fray Antonio and aided him to loose the cords which bound the pots upon its back, and so set it free of its grievous load. Together, very tenderly, they lifted the maimed creature and carried it into the convent garden; and while Fray Inocencio gave it water to drink—and this before he had quenched his own thirst—Fray Antonio, who had a good knowledge of the surgeon's craft, set himself to binding up the broken leg in a splint. And the poor ass, seeming to understand that it was being dealt with by friends who meant well by it, suffered them to do with it what they would.

It was not until their labors were ended—the broken leg well set, and the ass straitly fastened in a little stall that they made for him that he might not stir the leg in its setting—that Fray Inocencio had time to think of the sin which he had fallen into in giving his righteous anger such unrighteous vent. He was the more distressed in spirit because, for the very life of him, he could not create in his heart a sincere repentance of having given to those Indians so sound a beating. Strive however much he might to crush it, the thought would assert itself that they richly deserved not only every blow that they received, but also the great many more blows which they escaped by running away. And with this thought most persistently came a carnal longing to get at them again and finish the work that he had so vigorously begun. To Fray Inocencio's dying day this sin remained with him; and while the prickings of it were hard to bear, he had of it, at least, the compensating advantage that it always was with him as a wholesome reminder to keep his too-ready anger within due bounds.

Fortunately—for it is to be feared that he could not have resisted it—the temptation to finish the beating was not put in his way. That the Indians returned and carried off their earthen pots was inferred by the brothers when, having ended their surgical and other ministrations to the ass's comfort, they looked out upon the causeway and found that the pots were gone. And they believed that from the Indians came the rather mysterious old man who presented himself the next day at the convent with a confused request for medicine for a sick child; and who contrived, while the apothecary-work was in progress, to get into the garden where the hurt ass was and make an examination of its state. But from this old man they could learn nothing of the owners of the ass; nor were their many inquiries among the Indians round about better rewarded. That the owners thus modestly veiled their identity, and that they made no effort to reclaim their property, on the whole was not surprising. No doubt they held, and wisely, that a broken-legged ass was not worth adventuring for within the dangerous range of the little friar's staff.

Chiefly, as Fray Inocencio very firmly believed, because of the many prayers to this end that he addressed to the miracle-working image of San Antonio that was in the little church, the ass in due season got well. But as, through some mischance, the broken bone had gone awry in the splint, it healed crookedly; so that that leg was shorter than the other legs. From this fresh misfortune the ass suffered no pain, but thenceforward he was very lame.

Being thus healed, and, after a fashion, a serviceable ass once more, the question what they should do with him perplexed the brothers sadly. Of other valuable property, being strictly vowed to poverty, they had none. The cat Timoteo, called Susurro, and the doves, were wild things of nature; of no use to man save in so far as they were a source of happiness through the love in them and for them that God inspired. But the case of the ass, an animal both useful and valuable, was different. Fray Inocencio, into whose heart the devil put the thought that the ass very well might bear to the great convent the loads which he himself was wont to carry thither on his back, reasoned that, inasmuch as the ass in truth was not their own, but only in their ward until his rightful owners should be found, they might use him in all conscionable work without falling into sin. But Fray Antonio, seeing more clearly, pointed out that they had striven earnestly but vainly to find the ass's owner, and that now there was small chance that the owner ever would be found at all; and he showed, further, that no matter in whom might vest his actual ownership, to them would belong, should they elect to avail themselves of it, his usufruct; which possession was a thing of value inconsistent with the poverty to which they were vowed. Yet, since the ass was not truly their own, he admitted, they had no right to sell him and to give the money to the poor—supposing the somewhat improbable case of any one being found willing to buy an ass that in addition to great natural laziness was hopelessly lame; nor were they free to give him away. Giving him in trust, to be surrendered should his owner ever be found, was the only solution of the matter that they could arrive at; and this failed because they could find no one who would accept the ass on these—or, indeed, on any other—terms. Yet to support an ass in absolute idleness, as Fray Antonio was forced to own, would be to violate the law of his being under which a beneficent Creator had placed him in the world for the good of man.

Altogether this case of conscience was so nice a one, and so beset by difficulties, that after the brothers had debated it for a long while together fruitlessly, and had prayed for guidance without receiving light upon their path in answer to their prayer, they determined to relegate its decision, through Fray Agustin de Vetancurt,—to whom, their little church being adjunct to the parish church of San José in San Francisco, they were directly responsible,—to the Very Reverend Father Friar Juan Gutierrez, who then governed the province of the Santo Evangelio, to which their convent pertained, and who was the Senior Provincial of the Franciscan order in New Spain.

This high resolve they executed. Driving before them the cause of their spiritual tribulation, and accommodating their steps to the halting slowness of his gait, and even stopping when he turned aside to crop in a meditative fashion at some especially tempting bunch of grass, they went together along the causeway, past the church of San Cosme, the convent of San Diego, the burning-place of the Inquisition, and the Alameda, and so through the outskirts of the city to the great convent. They entered by the gate from the Zuleta, and fastened the ass in the courtyard beneath the windows of the building set apart for the use of the commissioners-general of the order—the same building that now profanely has been changed into a hotel.

There was not a little merriment among the brothers when the purpose for which Fray Antonio and Fray Inocencio had come thither with the ass was known; for already the brothers within this convent, being grown rich and lustful of earthly pleasures, had so fallen from grace that conscientious scruples in regard to the ownership of a lame, wretched ass seemed to them laughable. But the Father Vetancurt, who was a holy man, and who had chosen Fray Antonio and Fray Inocencio for the missionary work that they had in charge because in the midst of much that was evil and corrupt they had remained pure, treated with a due seriousness the case of conscience that they had come to have resolved. That he smiled a little as he exhibited the matter to the Father Provincial is true; and this great dignitary smiled also on hearing what a quaint cause of perplexity beset the souls of the two brothers, and had been brought by them, in their rare simplicity, to him for resolution and adjustment. But the smiles of these two good men had in them nothing of derision, and, in truth, were not far removed from tears.

"It is the spirit of our father St. Francis alive again," said the Provincial, reverently; and in all humility they thanked God that innocency so excellent should be found remaining pure amid so much of earthly corruption and spiritual guile.

Then came the brothers before the Father Provincial, and by his grace told him the whole of the matter that filled with anxious doubts their souls. Fray Antonio, who feared nothing but evil and the doing thereof, said what he had to say reverently, as became him in such a case, yet plainly and at his ease: telling how the ass came into their possession, yet touching but lightly upon the fiery part that Fray Inocencio had played; how they had sought earnestly but had failed to find his lawful owner, and therefore had no right either to sell him or to give him away; how no one could be found willing to accept him as a trust; and how, being thus forced to keep him themselves, they feared that the use of him was a valuable possession that their vow of poverty forbade. Fray Inocencio, who was terribly frightened at speaking to so great a personage, grew pale and stumbled in his speech; but by God's help he told truly how he had beaten those cruel Indians; how his repentance of this act was not complete, since he could not banish from his heart the wish to finish the punishment that he had begun; and how the devil had put into his heart the desire to keep the ass, that in bringing vegetables to the great convent his own back might be spared. Having thus said to the end what he felt it to be his duty to say, he drew a long breath, wiped with the sleeve of his gown the beads of sweat from his forehead, and was still. That the case might be complete, the Father Provincial looked from the window and saw the ass fastened in the court below, and the brothers pointed to his crooked leg and told how in its healing the bone had gone awry; and the ass, hearing the voices of his friends, looked up towards them with affection and brayed a mighty bray.

With a full heart answered to them the Father Provincial:

"It is God himself, my brothers, who hath given this ass to you in reward for your tenderness and goodness of heart, and to accept a gift from him surely is no infraction of your vow. Go in peace to your convent again, and keep for your service this poor beast that you have saved from a life of misery, and in whose brute heart I perceive that there is for you such well-deserved love. Take you also my blessing—though, in truth, rather should I ask your blessing than thus give you mine."

And the brothers, very grateful for the dispensation in their favor, but not at all understanding the full meaning of the Father Provincial's words, made proper reverence to him and went their way homeward; being full of happiness because of the glad consciousness, untroubled by doubt or misgiving, that the ass now really was their very own.

Thereafter so often as it was necessary that vegetables should be brought from the little convent to the great one the bearer of the load was the lame ass, and behind him or beside him Fray Inocencio walked. As they slowly journeyed, these two held pleasant converse together; for Fray Inocencio maintained that the ass understood the meaning of human speech as well as he himself understood the meaning of the glances which the ass gave him, and the various twitchings of his scraggy tail, and the shakings of his head, and, above all, the whole vocabulary that was in the waggings of his ample ears.

It was, indeed, a cheery sight to see these friends upon the road together. At his best the ass hobbled along at a pace that a tortoise would have scorned for its slowness; and at times he would stop wholly and would gaze around him with a look of thoughtful inquiry; or he would step aside to crop a bit of grass that pleased his fancy; and ever and anon he would edge up to his friend and rub his long nose gently against the friar's side, and then would look into his face with a glance so movingly tender that nothing more could have been added to it for the expression of his love. For his part, Fray Inocencio patiently accommodated the naturally brisk movements of his own stout little legs to the ass's infinite slowness: when the ass would stop, he would stop also; when by any chance the ass missed sight of a choice bunch of grass, he would lead him to it and would wait by him until he had cropped it to the very last blade; and when the ass by his nose-rubbings would manifest his love, he would gather the ass's long, shaggy head in his arms against his breast and would lavish upon him all manner of terms of endearment as he gently stroked his fuzzy ears.

So the fame of these two went through all the city; and upon the ass, who truly was as lazy as he was lame, the common people bestowed the name of Flojo, which word, in the Spanish tongue, signifies "the lazy one." In this wise came the proverb that is spoken of any one who greatly loves a useless beast or person: he loves him as Fray Inocencio loved Flojo, the lame ass.

Over the brothers, dwelling peacefully in their little convent, and serving God by loving his creatures and by ministering faithfully to the welfare of the souls of their fellow-men, the years drifted happily. Unharmed by Timoteo, called Susurro, who waxed fat and sluggish as age stole upon him, yet lost nothing of the sweetness of his nature nor of the thunderousness of his purr, the doves increased and multiplied; the little garden yielded ever freshly its substance of fresh food and sweet-smelling flowers; the ass, Flojo, tenderly cherished by his masters, developed yet greater prodigies of laziness as his years advanced; and the brothers themselves, happy in leading a life in all ways innocent and very excellent in the sight of Heaven, knew not what it was to grow old, because their hearts ever remained young.

And in the fulness of their years, their good lives ended, Fray Antonio and Fray Inocencio passed out gently from time into eternity, and were gathered home to God.

Mary Newmarch Prescott.

BORN in Calais, Me., 1849. DIED at Deer Island, Amesbury, Mass., 1888.

THE OLD STORY.

BY the pleasant paths we know
All familiar flowers would grow,
Though we two were gone;
Moon and stars would rise and set,
Dawn the laggard night forget,
And the world move on.

Spring would carol through the wood,
Life be counted sweet and good,
While the seasons sped;
Winter storms would prove their might,
Winter frosts make bold to bite,
Clouds lift overhead.

Still the sunset lights would glow,
Still the heaven-appointed bow
In its place be hung;
Not one flower the less would bloom,
Though we two had met our doom,
No song less be sung.

Other lovers through the dew
Would go, loitering, two and two,
When the day was done;
Lips would pass the kiss divine,
Hearts would beat like yours and mine,—
Hearts that beat as one.

SONG.

SLIPPING, drifting with the tide,
All the summer twilight through,
While in heaven the stars abide,
In my heart sweet dreams of you.

Echoes following from the shore
Seem the chorus of our song,
Summer odors blown before
Float the tune along.

Shall we linger till the day
Paints the earth a thing divine?
Spread the sail and haste away
Where the distant breakers shine?

Held within their fearful grasp,
Would they crush us like a shell?
Dying, dearest, in your clasp
All would yet be well!

ASLEEP.

SOUND asleep: no sigh can reach
Him who dreams the heavenly dream;
No to-morrow's silver speech
Wake him with an earthly theme.
Summer rains relentlessly
Patter where his head doth lie;
There the wild fern and the brake
All their summer leisure take,
Violets blinded with the dew,
Perfume lend to the sad rue,
Till the day breaks, fair and clear,
And no shadow doth appear.

Henry Francis Keenan.

BORN in Rochester, N. Y., 1849.

THE SACRIFICE OF LA ROQUETTE.

[*Trajan.* 1885.]

TORTURED by the burden of his fear that Elliot in his new madness would destroy the chance fortune had given him, Trajan crouched in the darkness, uncertain whether to make an effort for his own life or not. If Elliot persisted in his purpose and came back to the cell, all chance for either of them would be gone. But for Elliot's safety some one must be in the cell when the keeper opened it an hour later. Elliot's change from blond to brunette made it possible for him to deceive anything but close scrutiny.

The two were nearly the same stature, and in such confusion as marked the last days of the patriot's administration, the light eyes of Arden would not be remarked or the sudden change to black. Provided Elliot did not persist in his marplot purpose, the key in his possession might give him an opportunity to escape. At any rate to return to the cell was the only present safety. He could denounce Elliot as a madman if he came to undo the work he had begun.

He breathed with a sort of tranquil satisfaction as he sank down on the cot where Elliot had passed a day and night of terror.

Worn out by the fatigue of the days he had endured without rest, he did not awake until the turnkey passed on his second tour—ten o'clock in the morning. He confronted the official fearlessly now, for he had not seen him before and suspected that he was a new-comer. Trajan, wondering why he had been allowed to sleep so long, asked the keeper if there was no breakfast for him. The man laughed, answering significantly:

"You will be let out soon, don't give yourself any uneasiness about food. The patriots have none to spare now—since the Versaillaise have entered the city!"

This explained the change in the routine, and Trajan didn't know whether to rejoice or fear. He knew what the "letting out" meant. It was the hideous buffoonery of the assassins, signifying shooting. He had seen scores, happy in the delusion of liberation thus announced to them, marched upon ambuscades of musketry and drawn bayonets.

The glowing sunshine of the 24th of May stole in through the long narrow slits far above the dungeon. The priests in the cells opposite were absorbed in devotion. The gray hair of the poor old archbishop could be seen, like the pale shade of a martyr's crown, as he kneeled by his miserable cot. For a half hour during the afternoon the priests and Judge Bonjean were taken out and permitted to descend to the prison garden for air and recreation. It was a touching spectacle, as the six, whom every one knew were doomed, walked calmly down the great corridor, the guards insulting and berating them. They bore the curses and even blows with saintly meekness—one of them, a handsome young priest, provoking the buffets upon himself, that the sacred person of the prelate might be spared.

The prison shook at times with the explosions that seemed to come from a not distant quarter. Every one realized that a decisive moment was at hand. The chance of Elliot's doing anything desperate diminished with every hour, and Trajan began to think of a means of flying to the succor he knew to be near. If he could have seen or signalled the old keeper, whom he knew to be a foe to the commune at heart, he would have asked him to lend him assistance. But the man was nowhere to be seen. The corridors began to fill with unfamiliar uniforms. At seven o'clock, when the first friendly dimness was settling over the gloomy towers, a loud shouting was heard at the end of the prison, toward the stairs.

A group of scarlet-sashed personages tramped in, and behind them a mob of reeling, gesticulating figures. Trajan's heart leaped to his throat; among them he saw a dozen not in uniform. He was saved. He could, when the friendly darkness became thick enough, mingle with these and take his chances for flying to the soldiers. He could not contain his impatience. Had he the key? Yes, safe. Would it work? His hands shook with excitement. He dared not try it in the lock. He listened eagerly. A great glare of light suddenly came in wavering streaks from the direction of the vestibule. Heavy steps sounded nearer and nearer and nearer. Heavens, could it be Elliot coming to bring ruin, now that release was in sight? Under the overmastering fear of it, he thrust his hand through the bars, resolved to fly and be himself shot down before the foolish fellow could compromise himself. A voice in the next cell arrested his movement.

"My God, it is Ferré! The priests will be slaughtered!"

The marching group had now come in direct range of Trajan's cell. Sure enough! There was the young miscreant he had exposed as a thief in the club. His glasses were still on his eyes, secured by a gold chain, instead of the paper cord he had worn in his student days. His slim body was gorgeous in a closely fitting Prince Albert of white cloth; the scarlet insignia of his office passed diagonally over his shoulder. He was flanked by fellow dignitaries, and with these again crowded by a howling bedlam of guards of all descriptions—drunk with madness or liquor, probably both—insatiable now for blood, as the dream of pillage drew to a term. Ranging themselves midway between Trajan's and the priests' cells, Ferré commanded silence, and holding a paper lavishly blotched with red ink, called out as the turnkey threw the doors open.

"Georges Darboy, calling himself servant of a person named God!" He paused.

From cell 23, the aged archbishop came out into the hideous mass of anarchy, for a moment silent. His purple *soutane* covered his emaciated figure. His hands hung beside him. He came quite forward to his assassins and bowing his head meekly waited, shading his eyes with the paper, held as a screen. Ferré gave the pathetic figure a verifying glance and then resumed the fearful roll-call.

"Gaspard Déguerrey, *soi disant serviteur d'un nommé Dieu!*" the voice tranquil, decisive and egotistically prolonged, as if the assassin called the mob to remark the confidence with which he swept these instruments of superstition from the path of the people.

At the call, an aged man, past his eightieth year, dragged his poor old limbs tremblingly forward, and, like the bishop, answered simply and meekly: "Here."

Then came the *nommé* Léon De Coudray—a large fine-looking man in middle life, rector of the School of St. Geneviève, and a Jesuit. There was no meekness in the resonant "*me voici*" with which he answered his name, nor quailing in the glance of derisive contempt with which he swept the tatterdemalion mob, whose eyes flamed in impatient ferocity for his audacious blood.

Alexis Clerc, a brother Jesuit, hastened from his cell, with a buoyant step and sparkling eye. He was still a mere boy, having but just attained orders. He had coveted martyrdom since his novitiate, and now that the crown was in his sight he was joyous as the lover before the rose garlands of the marriage feast. A murmur ran through the reeking mass of lust and murder as the young handsome face became visible; but Ferré, repressing the outbreak by a terrible "Silence, citoyens!" proceeded to the end of the list marked for sacrifice.

The last of the five names called was Louis Bonjean, president of the "Cour de Cassation," a man in vigorous old age, who was put among the hostages through private spite of lawyers in the commune against whom he had made decisions in other years. The list complete, Ferré gave the order to march the victims, two by two, and the archbishop, leaning on the arm of the judge, was last in the line.

To Trajan's unspeakable surprise, instead of retracing the way they had come, Ferré led the soldiers toward the narrow cylinder staircase, within a few yards of the scene that had just passed. Now, if ever, was the time for him to make use of the key. The flaming torches of petroleum passed to the front, on a call from Ferré, to light the dark stairs.

In the friendly gloom thus flung over the corridor, the door was softly opened and in two minutes Trajan was mingling with the mob, pushing and jostling down the narrow corkscrew stairs. When pressed forward by the eager throng behind, he reached the landing on the second floor, Ferré was enforcing order and selecting the firing party. The first spot selected was found to be in full view of the invalids in the infirmary, whose heads were thrust against the grating; for some reason the place was deemed inappropriate and the cortège, retracing its steps, came out in the broad court of the prison. While some one went forward to unlock the iron gates leading to a smaller paved court, the archbishop leaned wearily against the railings. It was a sepulchral spectacle. What with the darkness of the night and the thick blackness of the smoke settling in fantastic shapes over the awful work, the deed and its surroundings were in ghastly sympathy. The flaming torches threw just enough light to give the scene diabolic outline and atmosphere. At the bend in the wide avenue running around the interior building the party came to a final halt.

In all the horror of his own critical position, Trajan felt an instinctive sense of guilt in being one, even involuntarily, of this sacrilegious massacre. He had only escaped Ferré's clutches by causing his friends in the "Treize" to circulate the rumor that Gray was still in Spain with Gambetta. Ferré had denounced him to the Committee of Public Safety, and he had been declared *hors la loi;* any patriot bringing his head to the committee would be rewarded by the *patrie.* His mind was divided between the nearness of his own and Elliot's danger and the anguish of the scene. He scrutinized as closely as he dared the hideous faces about him, in search of Elliot, dreading an imprudent exclamation on the latter's part should he suddenly recognize his rescuer.

The prisoners were placed in a row, their backs against the wall. As the bishop was hustled roughly into place, with a gentle movement he arrested the steps of his guards, and, turning to the group, now motionless, said, with an accent of sincerity that drew tears on many an eye:

"My children! I freely forgive you. If the cause of my Master can be served in this sacrifice, I surrender my short remaining space of life as gladly as I have devoted fifty years to his sublime ministry. But my heart aches for you; I know you do not know what you do, and I pray the good God that this may not be visited upon you—I"——

But here, with a brutal curse, Ferré ordered the crowd to clamor the benignant voice into silence. At this, moved beyond resistance, two of the guards fell on their knees imploring the martyr's blessing.

Outraged by such pusillanimity and surrender to the superstition of the *nommé* God, the mob of guards, with Ferré at their head, seized the recalcitrants and whisked them away under a volley of such frightful blasphemy as the French language alone seems the fit vehicle for.

Trajan could not believe that the scene was real. The figures swam before his eyes. The savage guards, the revolting jests and scurrilities, the priests ranged in line along the wall. Surely, it was a phantom horror that was pranking in this devil's comedy before him! No! The victims stand erect; the priests, with clasped hands, are praying; the glistening barrels are raised on a line; the hoarse clamor is hushed; the figure of Ferré, rigid, satanic, jocose, looms up under the spluttering flame—

"Make ready—fire!"

A cry of horror, a confused gurgling of insatiable execration, a demon chorus of exultant joy, possible to no human throats,—and the figures at the wall lie a confused mass. But they have not met the mercy of swift death. There is a gasping movement in the tortured heap; another volley is fired, then straggling shots, as if to prolong the delights of it; and then Ferré himself, to mark his place in the tragedy, runs to the mass, and planting his pistol on the gray hairs of the bishop, fires the last shot.

Some ran shrieking from the scene; others moved solemnly away. The guards were formed in confused order, the mob was driven before them, and the place left in darkness—Cimmerian—terrifying. Horror was in the air, thick, choking, blinding. The guilty mob fled, and Trajan was borne with them, through the wide roadway, through the gloomy passages, into the great court, where the first-comers looked back in dread, as if they expected to see the bloody corpses with the whips and scorpions of vengeance upborne in their dead hands.

Virginia Wales Johnson.

BORN in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1849.

AT VENICE.

[*The House of the Musician.* 1887.]

GESUALDA was in the kitchen. Bianca paused irresolutely.

"We must tell her that we are going out," she demurred, with a doubtful glance at Marina.

"Let her alone. We shall return in half an hour," said the elder sister, yawning slightly.

"Gesualda seems to have lost her head this morning," said Bianca. "I believe it is the lottery."

"Who knows?" was the enigmatical response.

The walk was not as purposeless as it at first appeared. Marina left Bianca gazing in at the window of a jeweller's shop, retraced her steps along a narrow *calle,* and entered the Monte di Pietà, where she unhesitatingly pawned the valuable watch and chain of her father.

Before rejoining Bianca, she sought a stand of *gondoliere* of the vicinity, and, avoiding the older men, talked long and earnestly with a young fellow of sturdy build, and a good-humored, *insouciant* physiognomy.

As a result of the colloquy, Marina sprang lightly into the gondola, and was taken around the corner into a dark little canal, where, beneath an arching bridge, she divided the money received for the watch into two piles. One portion she thrust into the hand of the bewildered *gondoliere,* and restored the other to her own purse.

"Listen! We must go over there to meet an old servant of our family this morning," she explained. "It is an affair of property and creditors, my friend. If you take us swiftly, the rest of this sum of money will belong to you as well."

The *gondoliere* shrugged his broad shoulders.

"*Altro!* I do not object to running a little risk now and then, and one must live. The wind is rising, *signora,* and soon"——

"It is perfectly safe at this hour," interposed Marina imperiously.

Bianca was astonished to hear the voice of her sister calling to her by name from the water. Approaching the bridge, she discerned Marina in the gondola, leaning back languidly among the cushions.

"We are to go on the canal in such weather!" exclaimed the young girl, shrinking back.

"The weather is good, *signorina*," protested the *gondoliere* eagerly.

The money intoxicated him, and he longed to claim the rest.

"I am tired," said Marina. "Let us go back thus."

Relieved of her vague apprehensions, Bianca entered the gondola. Marina's hand, cold, but firm as steel, closed on her wrist, as if holding her prisoner. Bianca did not attempt to release her soft arm. They would be home as soon as the pigeon delivered the note, she reasoned, and Gerard would laugh at her fears. Still she did not like the glitter of Marina's eye, her quiet demeanor, the set look of her mouth.

The gondola threaded rapidly the most sheltered by-ways, then suddenly swept out on the broader space where the tide was beginning to run high.

The sea-flood threatened the city.

Bianca uttered a wondering cry.

"Oh, why are we here?" she demanded piteously. The grasp of Marina's fingers on her wrist tightened.

"Don't be a fool!" she whispered, in menacing accents. "The *gondoliere* must suspect nothing, or he might be tempted to rob us. Listen. Something has happened to Gesualda, and she has sent for us to come over here immediately. Child! The message was very curious. I will tell you later, when the man yonder is not all ears. Oh, I do not believe it is a misfortune! Hush! Gesualda must have found a treasure."

"A treasure?" gasped Bianca, and her blue eyes dilated with childish surprise. "Gesualda should have told us at home, and not have sent for us out here, when *sirocco* is beginning to blow."

"We can return as soon as we find her. Do you fear that the artist will miss you too much?" inquired Marina, with a bitter sneer.

Bianca blushed and became silent.

The light craft skimmed over the water in the direction of the sandy ledge, until Marina indicated a spot where she wished to land.

She allowed Bianca to first step ashore.

"Look for Gesualda, and bid her hasten back with us," she urged.

"How can Gesualda be here, when we left her in the kitchen at home?" protested Bianca, with fresh misgivings.

"You must ask her that question. Go!"

Bianca, thus admonished, and fearful of the threatening aspect of sea and sky, lost no time in obeying.

"Gesualda!" she called aloud, running over the sands, and looking eagerly about for the stout and familiar figure of the nurse.

Marina placed the remainder of the sum promised in the palm of the *gondoliere*.

"Now go back while the canal is safe," she said.

The man stared at her doubtfully.

"How will the ladies return?" he demurred.

"Oh, we are not going back to-day," she replied with a smile. "Our old servant lives among the fisher-folk yonder."

"To-morrow there will be a sea-flood in the city," warned the *gondoliere*, shaking his head.

"Then we will remain," said Marina Bardi, still smiling. "Ah! I like the storm."

"Gesualda is not here," cried Bianca, retracing her steps. "I have searched for her. Oh, it is some trick, Marina *mia*. Did the dwarf tell you? Let us go back at once."

Marina was walking toward her. The gondola had turned in the direction of the town.

Bianca paused, grew pale, and reeled beneath the shock of terror and bewilderment. Oh, why had she consented to enter the gondola at all? She read her own doom in the stern look fixed upon her by Marina, and, falling on her knees, burst into sobs and tears.

"Oh, what is it?" shrieked the girl. "What has happened, that we may not go home in the gondola? You will drive me mad if you look at me like that."

Marina threw herself down on the sands beside her cowering companion, and, taking the blonde head of Bianca between her hands, covered curls and brow with hot and rapid kisses.

"I love thee, little one!" she said wildly. "Ah, I have brought thee away safely from all evil. Child, Gesualda is not here. We are alone, the Bardi daughters, dearest. This is the end. Even our house will soon be taken from us. There remains for us only to die."

At these words Bianca, flushed and panting, tore herself, by a desperate effort, from the arms encircling her, and fled towards the sandy brink of shore, screaming aloud for help.

The gondola was rapidly disappearing, and the wind bore away the sound of her voice unheard.

Marina followed her.

"Shriek thyself hoarse, and weep thyself blind, my beautiful angel. No one will hear," she said tauntingly.

Bianca wrung her hands together in an agony of despair, and continued to strain her eyes gazing over the waters. Surely help must come!

Marina approached nearer. The contemplation of the girl's agitation and fear seemed to inspire in her a savage joy, much as a feline creature plays with the trembling prey before devouring it.

"Did you love the artist?" she demanded fiercely.

"Yes," faltered Bianca.

"Poor child! I save thee from all the miseries of deception and cruel desertion."

"But Gerard loves me," said Bianca wonderingly.

"Loves thee!" echoed the elder sister with scornful bitterness. "Loves thee with a boy's sportive fancy, and until he meets another girl with a skin as white and hair as yellow as thine! Loves thee as an artist, until he finds a new model. We have sheltered a traitor beneath our roof."

"It is false! Oh, he is good, and he loves me," cried Bianca, with sudden spirit.

The next moment she cowered before Marina's look, fell again on her knees, and, stretching out her hands towards the city, began to pray with a fervor of appeal urged by despair.

Gerard must have received her note by the faithful pigeon. Gesualda must have missed her nursling by this time, and be arousing the neighbors by her cries and lamentations, to hasten to the rescue.

The quivering lips framed every supplication ever taught them in the parish church, and implored the aid of all the saints of the calendar. Buoyed up by her own supplications, she beheld Gerard, as in a vision, coming over the water, the St. George strong to rescue.

Marina observed her curiously. She listened without respect, but also without derision.

"What use to pray?" she scoffed. "The saints will not hear. They never help trouble and pain. Do I not know?"

Then Bianca cast herself at Marina's feet, and besought to be spared. Why should they die, when life was so beautiful?

In all her fawning caresses and tears, instinct prompted the girl to gain time, to divert the sombre thoughts of her sister, and avert the danger, even by an hour, a moment, hanging over their heads.

"No!" retorted Marina.

Gradually she ceased to listen to the appeals of the young creature clinging to her feet. She had finished with the wearisome bondage called life. The straw of Gerard's devotion, at which she had caught with eager fingers, had broken, casting her back into the gulf; and as the ground crumbled beneath her feet, she had taken Bianca with her. Bianca was to be the lamb sacrificed on this altar of a terrible vengeance. She saved the child in her innocence. Bianca should not be left behind to suffer for the love of man.

The exaltation of her mood was fast gaining upon her. She cast aside her hat and loosened the heavy masses of her black hair, turning a look of irrepressible longing towards the sea. Out there amidst the tossing surges were to be found oblivion, annihilation.

The spot was isolated, and the weather rendered the scene one of most tragic desolation. The sisters stood on a waste of sand, which wended inland in irregular mounds, seamed by sluggish pools and winding channels. The low-hanging clouds seemed to mingle their dun-colored masses with the billows of the Adriatic, which were tawny and crested with foam, as they beat on the shore with ever-increasing violence. Lightning flashed on the horizon, and the tide flowing towards Venice in the channels had acquired the tint of jade-stone.

Not a human being was in sight. A sail flitted before the blast, and several sea-birds winged their flight across the Lido. The gondola could not have made its way here at this hour.

Time had ceased for Marina Bardi. Bianca, exhausted by her own supplications, lay prone on the ground, stunned by the thunder of the surf and the rush of the wind.

"Enough!" exclaimed Marina, arousing her victim roughly. "I have listened patiently and long. Finish."

She dragged the trembling Bianca to an upright posture, and took from her bosom a thin and flat bottle which contained a white liquid.

"Half for thee, and half for me," she said.

A wail of despair was wrung from Bianca's lips at these words; but only the sea-birds answered her, by a harsh note, as they flew past overhead.

Marina had found this vial in the chest of the musician's chamber. The glass stopple was covered with skin, and by way of label Leonardo Bardi had written:

The Great Temptation.

She now tore off the skin covering the cork, and proffered it to Bianca.

"Drink!" she commanded.

Bianca received the fatal bottle in her cold hands, and looked fixedly at her sister. Escape was impossible. Hope was spent.

Marina's eyes wavered, shifted, and she averted her head. No! Even in the shadowy land beyond, she could not confront the ordeal of having watched Bianca put the bottle to her lips.

There was a momentary silence before Marina extended her fingers to receive back the vial. Even then she moved away, without again looking at her companion. She heard a feeble cry behind her, and was dimly aware that Bianca had fallen insensible on the sands.

The distant city was already a blank, the girl on the sands forgotten; for before her extended the sea, storm-driven.

"*Enrico mio!*" she cried aloud; and the mingled voices of the tossing surges and the wind caught up the name, until the prolonged echo filled all space.

The *sirocco* lifted her tangled hair, the salt spray blinded her, the wide-spreading circles of white foam obliterated her footsteps.

What did she behold, pausing there on the brink of eternity? A leaf caught in the eddy of the tempest, a creature of the dust blaspheming against her Creator,—surely in the awful flash of awakening, as the lightning sparkled on the dim horizon, and in the emptiness and darkness of her soul's misery, she saw

"The grave's mouth, the heaven's gate, God's face
With implacable love evermore."

And so slept.

Robert Burns Wilson.

BORN in Washington Co., Penn., 1850.

THE DEATH OF WINTER.

[*Life and Love. Poems.* 1887.]

PIERCED by the sun's bright arrows, Winter lies
With dabbled robes upon the blurred hill-side;
Fast runs the clear cold blood, in vain he tries
With cooling breath to check the flowing tide.

He faintly hears the footsteps of fair Spring
Advancing through the woodland to the dell,

Anon she stops to hear the waters sing,
  And call the flowers, that know her voice full well.

Ah, now she smiles to see the glancing stream;
  She stirs the dead leaves with her anxious feet;
She stoops to plant the first awakening beam,
  And woos the cold Earth with warm breathings sweet.

"Ah, gentle mistress, doth thy soul rejoice
  To find me thus laid low? So fair thou art!
Let me but hear the music of thy voice;
  Let me but die upon thy pitying heart.

"Soon endeth life for me. Thou wilt be blessed;
  The flowering fields, the budding trees be thine.
Grant me the pillow of thy fragrant breast;
  Then come, oblivion, I no more repine."

Thus urged the dying Winter. She, the fair,
  Whose heart hath love, and only love, to give,
Did quickly lay her full warm bosom bare
  For his cold cheek, and fondly whispered "Live."

His cold white lips close to her heart she pressed;
  Her sighs were mingled with each breath he drew;
And when the strong life faded, on her breast
  Her own soft tears fell down like heavenly dew.

O ye sweet blossoms of the whispering lea,
  Ye fair, frail children of the woodland wide,
Ye are the fruit of that dear love which she
  Did give to wounded Winter ere he died.

And some are tinted like her eyes of blue,
  Some hold the blush that on her cheek did glow,
Some from her lips have caught their scarlet hue,
  But more still keep the whiteness of the snow.

Lafcadio Hearn.

Born in Leucadia, Santa Maura, Ionian Islands, 1850.

THE LEGEND OF L'ÎLE DERNIÈRE.

[*Chita: a Memory of Last Island.* 1889.]

THIRTY years ago, Last Island lay steeped in the enormous light of . . . magical days. July was dying;—for weeks no fleck of cloud had broken the heaven's blue dream of eternity; winds held their breath; slow wavelets caressed the bland brown beach with a sound as of kisses and whispers. To one who found himself alone, beyond the limits of the village and beyond the hearing of its voices,—the vast silence, the vast light, seemed full of weirdness. And these hushes, these transparencies, do not always inspire a causeless apprehension: they are omens sometimes—omens of coming tempest. Nature,—incomprehensible Sphinx!—before her mightiest bursts of rage, ever puts forth her divinest witchery, makes more manifest her awful beauty. . . .

But in that forgotten summer the witchery lasted many long days,—days born in rose-light, buried in gold. It was the height of the season. The long myrtle-shadowed village was thronged with its summer population;—the big hotel could hardly accommodate all its guests;—the bathing-houses were too few for the crowds who flocked to the water morning and evening. There were diversions for all,—hunting and fishing parties, yachting excursions, rides, music, games, promenades. Carriage-wheels whirled flickering along the beach, seaming its smoothness noiselessly, as if muffled. Love wrote its dreams upon the sand. . . .

. . . Then one great noon, when the blue abyss of day seemed to yawn over the world more deeply than ever before, a sudden change touched the quicksilver smoothness of the waters—the swaying shadow of a vast motion. First the whole sea-circle appeared to rise up bodily at the sky; the horizon-curve lifted to a straight line; the line darkened and approached,—a monstrous wrinkle, an immeasurable fold of green water, moving swift as a cloud-shadow pursued by sunlight. But it had looked formidable only by startling contrast with the previous placidity of the open: it was scarcely two feet high;—it curled slowly as it neared the beach, and combed itself out in sheets of woolly foam with a low, rich roll of whispered thunder. Swift in pursuit another followed—a third—a feebler fourth; then the sea only swayed a little, and stilled again. Minutes passed, and the immeasurable heaving recommenced—one, two, three, four . . . seven long swells this time;—and the Gulf smoothed itself once more. Irregularly the phenomenon continued to repeat itself, each time with heavier billowing and briefer intervals of quiet—until at last the whole sea grew restless and shifted color and flickered green;—the swells became shorter and changed form. Then from horizon to shore ran one uninterrupted heaving—one vast green swarming of snaky shapes, rolling in to hiss and flatten upon the sand. Yet no single cirrus-speck revealed itself through all the violet heights: there was no wind!—you might have fancied the sea had been upheaved from beneath. . . .

And indeed the fancy of a seismic origin for a windless surge would not appear in these latitudes to be utterly without foundation. On the fairest days a southeast breeze may bear you an odor singular enough to startle you from sleep,—a strong, sharp smell as of fish-oil; and gazing at the sea you might be still more startled at the sudden apparition of great oleaginous patches spreading over the water, sheeting over the swells. That is, if you had never heard of the mysterious submarine oil-wells, the volcanic fountains, unexplored, that well up with the eternal pulsing of the Gulf-Stream. . . .

But the pleasure-seekers of Last Island knew there must have been a "great blow" somewhere that day. Still the sea swelled; and a splendid surf made the evening bath delightful. Then, just at sundown, a beautiful cloud-bridge grew up and arched the sky with a single span of cottony pink vapor, that changed and deepened color with the dying of the iridescent day. And the cloud-bridge approached, stretched, strained, and swung round at last to make way for the coming of the gale,—even as the light bridges that traverse the dreamy Têche swing open when luggermen sound through their conch-shells the long, bellowing signal of approach.

Then the wind began to blow, with the passing of July. It blew from the northeast, clear, cool. It blew in enormous sighs, dying away at regular intervals, as if pausing to draw breath. All night it blew ; and in each pause could be heard the answering moan of the rising surf,—as if the rhythm of the sea moulded itself after the rhythm of the air,—as if the waving of the water responded precisely to the waving of the wind,—a billow for every puff, a surge for every sigh.

The August morning broke in a bright sky ;—the breeze still came cool and clear from the northeast. The waves were running now at a sharp angle to the shore : they began to carry fleeces, an innumerable flock of vague green shapes, wind-driven to be despoiled of their ghostly wool. Far as the eye could follow the line of the beach, all the slope was white with the great shearing of them. Clouds came, flew as in a panic against the face of the sun, and passed. All that day and through the night and into the morning again the breeze continued from the northeast, blowing like an equinoctial gale. . . .

Then day by day the vast breath freshened steadily, and the waters heightened. A week later sea-bathing had become perilous : colossal breakers were herding in, like moving leviathan-backs, twice the height of a man. Still the gale grew, and the billowing waxed mightier, and faster and faster overhead flew the tatters of torn cloud. The gray morning of the 9th wanly lighted a surf that appalled the best swimmers : the sea was one wild agony of foam, the gale was rending off the heads of the waves and veiling the horizon with a fog of salt spray. Shadowless and gray the day remained ; there were mad bursts of lashing rain. Evening brought with it a sinister apparition, looming through a cloud-rent in the west—a scarlet sun in a green sky. His sanguine disk, enormously magnified, seemed barred like the body of a belted planet. A moment, and the crimson spectre vanished ; and the moonless night came.

Then the Wind grew weird. It ceased being a breath ; it became a Voice moaning across the world,—hooting,—uttering nightmare sounds,—*Whoo!—whoo!—whoo!*—and with each stupendous owl-cry the mooing of the waters seemed to deepen, more and more abysmally, through all the hours of darkness. From the northwest the breakers of the bay began to roll high over the sandy slope, into the salines ;—the village bayou broadened to a bellowing flood. . . . So the tumult swelled and the turmoil heightened until morning,—a morning of gray gloom and whistling rain. Rain of bursting clouds and rain of wind-blown brine from the great spuming agony of the sea.

The steamer *Star* was due from St. Mary's that fearful morning. Could she come ? No one really believed it,—no one. And nevertheless men struggled to the roaring beach to look for her, because hope is stronger than reason. . . .

Even to-day, in these Creole islands, the advent of the steamer is the great event of the week. There are no telegraph lines, no telephones: the mail-packet is the only trustworthy medium of communication with the outer world, bringing friends, news, letters. The magic of steam has placed New Orleans nearer to New York than to the Timbaliers, nearer to Washington than to Wine Island, nearer to Chicago than to Barataria Bay. And even during the deepest sleep of waves and winds there will come betimes to sojourners in this unfamiliar archipelago a feeling of lonesomeness that is a fear, a feeling of isolation from the world of men,—totally unlike that sense of solitude which haunts one in the silence of mountain-heights, or amid the eternal tumult of lofty granitic coasts: a sense of helpless insecurity. The land seems but an undulation of the sea-bed: its highest ridges do not rise more than the height of a man above the salines on either side;—the salines themselves lie almost level with the level of the flood-tides;—the tides are variable, treacherous, mysterious. But when all around and above these ever-changing shores the twin vastnesses of heaven and sea begin to utter the tremendous revelation of themselves as infinite forces in contention, then indeed this sense of separation from humanity appalls. . . . Perhaps it was such a feeling which forced men, on the tenth day of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six, to hope against hope for the coming of the *Star*, and to strain their eyes towards far-off Terrebonne. "It was a wind you could lie down on," said my friend the pilot.

. . . "Great God!" shrieked a voice above the shouting of the storm,—"*she is coming!*" . . . It was true. Down the Atchafalaya, and thence through strange mazes of bayou, lakelet, and pass, by a rear route familiar only to the best of pilots, the frail river-craft had toiled into Caillou Bay, running close to the main shore;—and now she was heading right for the island, with the wind aft, over the monstrous sea. On she came, swaying, rocking, plunging,—with a great whiteness wrapping her about like a cloud, and moving with her moving,—a tempest-whirl of spray;—ghost-white and like a ghost she came, for her smoke-stacks exhaled no visible smoke—the wind devoured it! The excitement on shore became wild;—men shouted themselves hoarse; women laughed and cried. Every telescope and opera-glass was directed upon the coming apparition; all wondered how the pilot kept his feet; all marvelled at the madness of the captain.

But Captain Abraham Smith was not mad. A veteran American sailor, he had learned to know the great Gulf as scholars know deep books by heart: he knew the birthplace of its tempests, the mystery of its tides, the omens of its hurricanes. While lying at Brashear City he felt the storm had not yet reached its highest, vaguely foresaw a mighty peril, and resolved to wait no longer for a lull. "Boys," he said, "we've got to take her out in spite of Hell!" And they "took her out." Through all the peril, his men stayed by him and obeyed him. By mid-morning the wind had deepened to a roar,—lowering sometimes to a rumble, sometimes bursting upon the ears like a measureless and deafening crash. Then the captain knew the *Star* was running a race with Death. "She'll win it," he muttered;—"she'll stand it. . . . Perhaps they'll have need of me to-night."

She won! With a sonorous steam-chant of triumph the brave little vessel rode at last into the bayou, and anchored hard by her accustomed resting-place, in full view of the hotel, though not near enough to shore to lower her gang-plank. . . . But she had sung her swan-song. Gathering in from the northeast, the waters of the bay were already marbling over the salines and half across the island; and still the wind increased its paroxysmal power.

Cottages began to rock. Some slid away from the solid props upon which they rested. A chimney tumbled. Shutters were wrenched off; verandas demolished. Light roofs lifted, dropped again, and flapped into ruin. Trees bent their heads to the earth. And still the storm grew louder and blacker with every passing hour.

The *Star* rose with the rising of the waters, dragging her anchor. Two more anchors were put out, and still she dragged—dragged in with the flood,—twisting, shuddering, careening in her agony. Evening fell; the sand began to move with the wind, stinging faces like a continuous fire of fine shot; and frenzied blasts came to buffet the steamer forward, sideward. Then one of her hog-chains parted with a clang like the boom of a big bell. Then another! . . . Then the captain bade his men to cut away all her upper works, clean to the deck. Overboard in the seething went her stacks, her pilot-house, her cabins,—and whirled away. And the naked hull of the *Star*, still dragging her three anchors, labored on through the darkness, nearer and nearer to the immense silhouette of the hotel, whose hundred windows were now all aflame. The vast timber building seemed to defy the storm. The wind, roaring round its broad verandas,—hissing through every crevice with the sound and force of steam,—appeared to waste its rage. And in the half-lull between two terrible gusts there came to the captain's ears a sound that seemed strange in that night of multitudinous terrors . . . a sound of music!

. . . Almost every evening throughout the season there had been dancing in the great hall;—there was dancing that night also. The population of the hotel had been augmented by the advent of families from other parts of the island, who found their summer cottages insecure places of shelter: there were nearly four hundred guests assembled. Perhaps it was for this reason that the entertainment had been prepared upon a grander plan than usual, that it assumed the form of a fashionable ball. And all those pleasure-seekers,—representing the wealth and beauty of the Creole parishes,—whether from Ascension or Assumption, St. Mary's or St. Landry's, Iberville or Terrebonne, whether inhabitants of the multi-colored and many-balconied Creole quarter of the quaint metropolis, or dwellers in the dreamy paradises of the Têche,—mingled joyously, knowing each other, feeling in some sort akin—whether affiliated by blood, connaturalized by caste, or simply inter-associated by traditional sympathies of class sentiment and class interest. Perhaps in the more than ordinary merriment of that evening something of nervous exaltation might have been discerned,—something like a feverish resolve to oppose apprehension with gayety, to combat uneasiness by diversion.

But the hours passed in mirthfulness; the first general feeling of depression began to weigh less and less upon the guests; they had found reason to confide in the solidity of the massive building; there were no positive terrors, no outspoken fears; and the new conviction of all had found expression in the words of the host himself,—"*Il n'y a rien de mieux à faire que de s'amuser!*" Of what avail to lament the prospective devastation of cane-fields,—to discuss the possible ruin of crops? Better to seek solace in choregraphic harmonies, in the rhythm of gracious motion and of perfect melody, than hearken to the discords of the wild orchestra of storms;—wiser to admire the grace of Parisian toilets, the eddy of trailing robes with its fairy-foam of lace, the ivorine loveliness of glossy shoulders and jewelled throats, the glimmering of satin-slippered feet,—than to watch the raging of the flood without, or the flying of the wrack. . . .

So the music and the mirth went on: they made joy for themselves—those elegant guests; they jested and sipped rich wines;—they pledged, and hoped, and loved, and promised, with never a thought of the morrow, on the night of the tenth of August, eighteen hundred and fifty-six. Observant parents were there, planning for the future bliss of their nearest and dearest;—mothers and fathers of handsome lads, lithe and elegant as young pines, and fresh from the polish of foreign university training;—mothers and fathers of splendid girls whose simplest attitudes were witcheries. Young cheeks flushed, young hearts fluttered with an emotion more puissant than the excitement of the dance;—young eyes betrayed the happy secret discreeter lips would have preserved. Slave-servants circled through the aristocratic press, bearing dainties and wines, praying permission to pass in terms at once humble and officious,—always in the excellent French which well-trained house-servants were taught to use on such occasions.

. . . Night wore on: still the shining floor palpitated to the feet of the dancers; still the pianoforte pealed, and still the violins sang,—and the sound of their singing shrilled through the darkness, in gasps of the gale, to the ears of Captain Smith, as he strove to keep his footing on the spray-drenched deck of the *Star*.

—"Christ!" he muttered,—"a dance! If that wind whips round south, there'll be another dance! . . . But I guess the *Star* will stay." . . .

Half an hour might have passed; still the lights flamed calmly, and the violins trilled, and the perfumed whirl went on. . . . And suddenly the wind veered!

Again the *Star* reeled, and shuddered, and turned, and began to drag all her anchors. But she now dragged away from the great building and its lights,—away from the voluptuous thunder of the grand piano,—even at that moment outpouring the great joy of Weber's melody orchestrated by Berlioz: *l'Invitation à la Valse*,—with its marvellous musical swing!

—"Waltzing!" cried the captain. "God help them!—God help us all now! . . . *The Wind waltzes to-night, with the Sea for his partner!*" . . .

O the stupendous Valse-Tourbillon! O the mighty Dancer! One—two—

three! From northeast to east, from east to southeast, from southeast to south: then from the south he came, whirling the Sea in his arms. . . .

. . . Some one shrieked in the midst of the revels;—some girl who found her pretty slippers wet. What could it be? Thin streams of water were spreading over the level planking,—curling about the feet of the dancers. . . . What could it be? All the land had begun to quake, even as, but a moment before, the polished floor was trembling to the pressure of circling steps;—all the building shook now; every beam uttered its groan. What could it be? . . .

There was a clamor, a panic, a rush to the windy night. Infinite darkness above and beyond; but the lantern-beams danced far out over an unbroken circle of heaving and swirling black water. Stealthily, swiftly, the measureless sea-flood was rising.

—"*Messieurs—mesdames, ce n'est rien.* Nothing serious, ladies, I assure you. . . . *Mais nous en avons vu bien souvent, les inondations comme celle-ci; ça passe vite!* The water will go down in a few hours, ladies; it never rises higher than this; *il n'y a pas le moindre danger, je vous dis! Allons! il n'y a—* My God! what is that?" . . .

For a moment there was a ghastly hush of voices. And through that hush there burst upon the ears of all a fearful and unfamiliar sound, as of a colossal cannonade—rolling up from the south, with volleying lightnings. Vastly and swiftly, nearer and nearer it came,—a ponderous and unbroken thunder-roll, terrible as the long muttering of an earthquake.

The nearest mainland,—across mad Caillou Bay to the sea-marshes,—lay twelve miles north; west, by the Gulf, the nearest solid ground was twenty miles distant. There were boats, yes!—but the stoutest swimmer might never reach them now! . . .

Then rose a frightful cry,—the hoarse, hideous, indescribable cry of hopeless fear,—the despairing animal-cry man utters when suddenly brought face to face with Nothingness, without preparation, without consolation, without possibility of respite. . . . *Sauve qui peut!* Some wrenched down the doors; some clung to the heavy banquet-tables, to the sofas, to the billiard-tables:—during one terrible instant,—against fruitless heroisms, against futile generosities,—raged all the frenzy of selfishness, all the brutalities of panic. And then—then came, thundering through the blackness, the giant swells, boom on boom! . . . One crash!—the huge frame building rocks like a cradle, seesaws, crackles. What are human shrieks now?—the tornado is shrieking! Another!—chandeliers splinter; lights are dashed out; a sweeping cataract hurls in: the immense hall rises,—oscillates,—twirls as upon a pivot,—crepitates,—crumbles into ruin. Crash again!—the swirling wreck dissolves into the wallowing of another monster billow; and a hundred cottages overturn, spin in sudden eddies, quiver, disjoint, and melt into the seething.

. . . So the hurricane passed,—tearing off the heads of the prodigious waves, to hurl them a hundred feet in air,—heaping up the ocean against the land,—upturning the woods. Bays and passes were swollen to abysses; rivers regorged; the sea-marshes were changed to raging wastes of water. Before New Orleans the flood of the mile-broad Mississippi rose six feet above highest water-mark. One hundred and ten miles away, Donaldsonville trembled at the towering tide of the Lafourche. Lakes strove to burst their boundaries. Far-off river-steamers tugged wildly at their cables,—shivering like tethered creatures that hear by night the approaching howl of destroyers. Smoke-stacks were hurled overboard, pilot-houses torn away, cabins blown to fragments.

And over roaring Kaimbuck Pass,—over the agony of Caillou Bay,—the billowing tide rushed unresisted from the Gulf,—tearing and swallowing the land in its course,—ploughing out deep-sea channels where sleek herds had been grazing but a few hours before,—rending islands in twain,—and ever bearing with it, through the night, enormous vortex of wreck and vast wan drift of corpses. . . .

But the *Star* remained. And Captain Abraham Smith, with a long, good rope about his waist, dashed again and again into that awful surging to snatch victims from death,—clutching at passing hands, heads, garments, in the cataract-sweep of the seas,—saving, aiding, cheering, though blinded by spray and battered by drifting wreck, until his strength failed in the unequal struggle at last, and his men drew him aboard senseless, with some beautiful half-drowned girl safe in his arms. But well-nigh twoscore souls had been rescued by him; and the *Star* stayed on through it all.

Long years after, the weed-grown ribs of her graceful skeleton could still be seen, curving up from the sand-dunes of Last Island, in valiant witness of how well she stayed.

Day breaks through the flying wrack, over the infinite heaving of the sea, over the low land made vast with desolation. It is a spectral dawn: a wan light, like the light of a dying sun.

The wind has waned and veered; the flood sinks slowly back to its abysses—abandoning its plunder,—scattering its piteous waifs over bar and dune, over shoal and marsh, among the silences of the mango-swamps, over the long low reaches of sand-grasses and drowned weeds, for more than a hundred miles. From the shell-reefs of Pointe-au-Fer to the shallows of Pelto Bay the dead lie mingled with the high-heaped drift;—from their cypress groves the vultures rise to dispute a share of the feast with the shrieking frigate-birds and squeaking gulls. And as the tremendous tide withdraws its plunging waters, all the pirates of air follow the great white-gleaming retreat: a storm of billowing wings and screaming throats.

And swift in the wake of gull and frigate-bird the Wreckers come, the Spoilers of the dead,—savage skimmers of the sea,—hurricane-riders wont to spread their canvas-pinions in the face of storms; Sicilian and Corsican outlaws, Manilamen from the marshes, deserters from many navies, Lascars, marooners, refugees of a hundred nationalities,—fishers and shrimpers by name, smugglers by opportunity,—wild channel-finders from obscure bayous and unfamiliar *chénières*, all skilled in the mysteries of these mysterious waters beyond the comprehension of the oldest licensed pilot. . . .

There is plunder for all—birds and men. There are drowned sheep in multitude, heaped carcasses of kine. There are casks of claret and kegs of brandy and legions of bottles bobbing in the surf. There are billiard-tables overturned upon the sand;—there are sofas, pianos, footstools and music-stools, luxurious chairs, lounges of bamboo. There are chests of cedar, and toilet-tables of rosewood, and trunks of fine stamped leather stored with precious apparel. There are *objets de luxe* innumerable. There are children's playthings: French dolls in marvellous toilets, and toy carts, and wooden horses, and wooden spades, and brave little wooden ships that rode out the gale in which the great *Nautilus* went down. There is money in notes and in coin—in purses, in pocket-books, and in pockets: plenty of it! There are silks, satins, laces, and fine linen to be stripped from the bodies of the drowned,—and necklaces, bracelets, watches, finger-rings and fine chains, brooches and trinkets. . . . "*Chi bidizza!—Oh! chi bedda mughieri! Eccu, la bidizza!*" That ball-dress was made in Paris by— But you never heard of him, Sicilian Vicenzu. . . . "*Che bella sposina!*" Her betrothal ring will not come off, Giuseppe; but the delicate bone snaps easily: your oyster-knife can sever the tendon. . . . "*Guardate! chi bedda picciota!*" Over her heart you will find it, Valentino—the locket held by that fine Swiss chain of woven hair—"*Caya manan!*" And it is not your quadroon bondsmaid, sweet lady, who now disrobes you so roughly; those Malay hands are less deft than hers,—but she slumbers very far away from you, and may not be aroused from her sleep. "*Na quita mo! dalaga!—na quita maganda!*" . . . Juan, the fastenings of those diamond ear-drops are much too complicated for your peon fingers: tear them out!—"*Dispense, chulita!*" . . .

. . . Suddenly a long, mighty silver trilling fills the ears of all: there is a wild hurrying and scurrying; swiftly, one after another, the overburdened luggers spread wings and flutter away.

Thrice the great cry rings rippling through the gray air, and over the green sea, and over the far-flooded shell-reefs, where the huge white flashes are,—sheet-lightning of breakers,—and over the weird wash of corpses coming in.

It is the steam-call of the relief-boat, hastening to rescue the living, to gather in the dead.

The tremendous tragedy is over!

George Washington Wright Houghton.

Born in Cambridge, Mass., 1850.

THE WITCH OF YORK.

[*Niagara, and other Poems.* 1882.]

Up o'er the hill and broken wall
There stole a weird form, bent but tall;
And softly through our unlatched door
She crept unbidden, and before
The hearth-fire crouching, gazed upon us all.

All looked, none spake; the chimney sighed;
The cat mewed drearily and tried
To go but could not; close and dim
The room became, and ghastly grim
The ghosts that fell on us and multiplied.

We heard the gusts ride through the pines,
We heard them twist from the trellised vines
The bean-blows; and the scowling west
Sent up a growl of hoarse unrest,
As of some hungry beast that frets and whines.

Lean spectres seemed to spur the wind,
Weird doubts and fancies stormed the mind,
And doubt is fear, and what is fear
But anguish!—"Say! what lurketh near?
Shall our to-morrow cruel prove, or kind?"

Then from her breast the creature drew
Her fate-pack; moodily she blew
And deftly shuffled black with red;
Till Esther gaped and whispering said
To Robert, "One would think she thought she knew."

Whereat, the eyes of the woman-witch
First sparkled, then grew black as pitch;
We shivered at her evil look,
Her ear-rings in the glamour shook,
And we could see her neck-cords writhe and twitch.

The low clouds huddled overhead
In black disorder; on the shed
We watched the sunshine, charging, beat
Them back, then struggle and retreat:
"Come, woman, come! 'twill soon be time for bed!"

She passed the pack; the maiden broke
It into three; then Robert spoke:
"Tell, mother, this my sister's fate."
The woman only muttered, "Wait!"
And silent, fanned the embers into smoke.

The dim light lit the topmost card,
She looked upon it long and hard,
Then peering through her grisly brow
Glared upward at the girl—"Now, now,
Will I unlock my lips; mind you each card!

"Ace hearts: sole child, and of love's bed;
A spade twice next: both parents dead;
Black tenners twice in turn—beware!
Though comely shaped, thy features fair,
Thy feet in snares I see, webs round thy head.

"No sister thou!—black seven: no kin;
Aha! queen clover, treacherous then!
Well may thy pouting mouth turn pale,
Within a deuce, beneath swollen sail
Thou fliest from some sorrow or some sin.

"The second deal holds more. Still pain!
Within a *trés* behold thy stain
A smoke to blur and blind the skies,
A fire kindled, that thine eyes
May quench not though they should dissolve as rain.

"Black still and clover: in a one
A coffin; now third deal, and done.
Hearts six, and dabbled o'er with red:
Within that space thy wooer dead;
Spades seven: to thee are left seven years to run."

Aghast we stood; she spake no more,
But flung the cards across the floor,
And up the yawning chimney's throat,
With wind-rush and one thunder note,
She swept.—We looked, and saw the buttoned door.

We heard the swallows cry and call,
Then late, the storm's long-looked-for brawl;
And louder, shriller than the last,
Up through the cavernous flue one blast
Sucked flame and fuel, cat and cards,—and all!

Henry Cabot Lodge.

Born in Boston, Mass., 1850.

THE REAL GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[*George Washington.—American Statesmen Series.* 1889.]

TO no man in our history has greater injustice of a certain kind been done, or more misunderstanding been meted out, than to Washington, and although this sounds like the merest paradox, it is nevertheless true. From the hour when the door of the tomb at Mount Vernon closed behind his coffin to the present instant, the chorus of praise and eulogy has never ceased, but has swelled deeper and louder with each succeeding year. He has been set apart high above all other men, and reverenced with the unquestioning veneration accorded only to the leaders of mankind and the founders of nations; and in this very devotion lies one secret at least of the fact that, while all men have praised Washington, comparatively few have understood him. He has been lifted high up into a lonely greatness, and unconsciously put outside the range of human sympathy. He has been accepted as a being as nearly perfect as it is given to man to be, but our warm personal interest has been reserved for other and lesser men who seemed to be nearer to us in their virtues and their errors alike. Such isolation, lofty though it be, is perilous and leads to grievous misunderstandings. From it has come the widespread idea that Washington was cold, and as devoid of human sympathies as he was free from the common failings of humanity.

Of this there will be something to say presently, but meantime there is another more prolific source of error in regard to Washington to be considered. Men who are loudly proclaimed to be faultless always excite a certain kind of resentment. It is a dangerous eminence for any one to occupy. The temples of Greece are in ruins, and her marvellous literature is little more than a collection of fragments, but the feelings of the citizens who exiled Aristides because they were weary of hearing him called "just" exist still, unchanged and unchangeable. Washington has not only been called "just," but he has had every other good quality attributed to him by countless biographers and eulogists with an almost painful iteration, and the natural result has followed. Many persons have felt the sense of fatigue which the Athenians expressed practically by their oyster shells, and have been led to cast doubts on Washington's perfection as the only consolation for their own sense of injury. Then, again, Washington's fame has been so overshadowing, and his greatness so immutable, that he has been very inconvenient to the admirers and the biographers of other distinguished men. From these two sources, from the general jealousy of the classic Greek variety, and the particular jealousy born of the necessities of some other hero, much adverse and misleading criticism has come. It has never been a safe or popular amusement to assail Washington directly, and this course usually has been shunned; but although the attacks have been veiled they have none the less existed, and they have been all the more dangerous because they were insidious.

In his lifetime Washington had his enemies and detractors in abundance. . . . Adverse contemporary criticism, however, is slight in amount and vague in character; it can be readily dismissed, and it has in no case weight enough to demand much consideration. Modern criticism of the same kind has been even less direct, but is much more serious and cannot be lightly passed over. It invariably proceeds by negations setting out with an apparently complete acceptance of Washington's greatness, and then assailing him by telling us what he was not. Few persons who have not given this matter a careful study realize how far criticism of this sort has gone, and there is indeed no better way of learning what Washington really was than by examining the various negations which tell us what he was not.

Let us take the gravest first. It has been confidently asserted that Washington was not an American in anything but the technical sense. This idea is more diffused than, perhaps, would be generally supposed, and it has also been formally set down in print, in which we are more fortunate than in many other instances where the accusation has not got beyond the elusive condition of loose talk.

In that most noble poem, the "Commemoration Ode," Mr. Lowell speaks of Lincoln as "the first American." The poet's winged words fly far, and find a resting-place in many minds. This idea has become widespread, and has recently found fuller expression in Mr. Clarence King's prefatory note to the great life of Lincoln by Hay and Nicolay. Mr. King says: "Abraham Lincoln was the first American to reach the lonely height of immortal fame. Before him, within the narrow compass of our history, were but two preëminent names—Columbus the discoverer, and Washington the founder; the one an Italian seer, the other an English country gentleman. In a narrow sense, of course, Washington was an American. . . . For all that, he was English in his nature, habits, moral standards, and social theories; in short, in all points which, aside from mere geographical position, make up a man, he was as thorough-going a British colonial gentleman as one could find anywhere beneath the Union Jack. The genuine American of Lincoln's type came later. . . . George Washington, an English commoner, vanquished George, an English king."

In order to point his sentence and prove his first postulate, Mr. King is obliged not only to dispose of Washington, but to introduce Columbus, who never was imagined in the wildest fantasy to be an American, and to omit Franklin. The omission of itself is fatal to Mr. King's case. Franklin has certainly a "preëminent name." He has, too, "immortal fame," although of course of a widely different character from that of either Washington or Lincoln, but he was a great man in the broad sense of a world-wide reputation. Yet no one has ever ventured to call Benjamin Franklin an Englishman. He was a colonial American, of course, but he was as intensely an American as any man who has lived on this continent before or since. A man of the people, he was American by the character of his genius, by his versatility, the vivacity of his intellect, and his mental dexterity. In his abilities, his virtues, and his defects he was an American, and so plainly one as to be beyond the reach of doubt or question. There were others of that period, too, who were as genuine Americans as Franklin or Lincoln. . . . But Franklin is enough. Unless one is prepared to set Franklin down as an Englishman, which would be as reasonable as to say that Daniel Webster was a fine example of the Slavic race, it must be admitted that it was possible for the thirteen colonies to produce in the eighteenth century a genuine American who won immortal fame. If they could produce one of one type, they could produce a second of another type, and there was, therefore, nothing inherently impossible in existing conditions to prevent Washington from being an American.

Lincoln was undoubtedly the first great American of his type, but that is not the only type of American. It is one which, as bodied forth in Abraham Lincoln, commands the love and veneration of the people of the United States, and the admiration of the world wherever his name is known. To the noble and towering greatness of his mind and character it does not add one hair's breadth to say that he was the first American, or that he was of a common or uncommon type. Greatness like Lincoln's is far beyond such qualifications, and least of all is it necessary to his fame to push Washington from his birthright. To say that George Washington, an English commoner, vanquished George, an English king, is clever and picturesque, but like many other pleasing antitheses it is painfully inaccurate. Allegiance does not make race or nationality. The Hindoos are subjects of Victoria, but they are not Englishmen.

Franklin shows that it was possible to produce a most genuine American of unquestioned greatness in the eighteenth century, and with all possible deference to Mr. Lowell and Mr. King, I venture the assertion that George Washington was as genuine an American as Lincoln or Franklin. He was an American of the eighteenth and not of the nineteenth century, but he was none the less an American. I will go further. Washington was not only an American of a pure and noble type, but he was the first thorough American in the broad, national sense, as distinct from the colonial American of his time.

After all, what is it to be an American? Surely it does not consist in the number of generations merely which separate the individual from his forefathers who first settled here. Washington was fourth in descent from the first American of his name, while Lincoln was in the sixth generation. This difference certainly constitutes no real distinction. There are people to-day, not many luckily, whose families have been here for two hundred and fifty years, and who are as utterly un-American as it is possible to be, while there are others, whose fathers were immigrants, who are as intensely American as any one can desire or imagine. In a new country, peopled in two hundred and fifty years by immigrants from the old world and their descendants, the process of Americanization is not limited by any hard and fast rules as to time and generations, but is altogether a matter of individual and race temperament. The production of the well-defined American types and of the fixed national characteristics which now exist has been going on during all that period, but in any special instance the type to which a given man belongs must be settled by special study and examination.

Washington belonged to the English-speaking race. So did Lincoln. Both sprang from the splendid stock which was formed during centuries from a mixture of the Celtic, Teutonic, Scandinavian, and Norman peoples, and which is known to the world as English. Both, so far as we can tell, had nothing but English blood, as it would be commonly called, in their veins, and both were of that part of the English race which emigrated to America, where it has been the principal factor in the development of the new people called Americans. They were men of English race, modified and changed in the fourth and sixth generations by the new country, the new conditions, and the new life, and by the contact and admixture of other races. Lincoln, a very great man, one who has reached "immortal fame," was clearly an American of a type that the old world cannot show, or at least has not produced. The idea of many persons in regard to Washington seems to be, that he was a great man of a type which the old world, or, to be more exact, which England, had produced. One hears it often said that Washington was simply an American Hampden. Such a comparison is an easy method of description, nothing more. Hampden is memorable among men, not for his abilities, which there is no reason to suppose were very extraordinary, but for his devoted and unselfish patriotism, his courage, his honor, and his pure and lofty spirit. He embodied what his countrymen believe to be the moral qualities of their race in their finest flower, and no nation, be it said, could have a nobler ideal. Washington was conspicuous for the same qualities, exhibited in like fashion. Is there a single one of the essential attributes of Hampden that Lincoln also did not possess? Was he not an unselfish and devoted patriot, pure in heart, gentle of spirit, high of honor, brave, merciful, and temperate? Did he not lay down his life for his country in the box at Ford's Theatre as ungrudgingly as Hampden offered his in the smoke of battle upon Chalgrove field? Surely we must answer yes. In other words, these three men all had the great moral attributes which are the characteristics of the English race in its highest and purest development on either side of the Atlantic. Yet no one has ever called Lincoln an American Hampden, simply because Hampden and Washington were men of ancient family, members of an aristocracy by birth, and Lincoln was not This is the distinction between them; and how vain it is, in the light of their lives and deeds, which make all pedigrees and social ranks look so poor and worthless! The differences among them are trivial, the resemblances deep and lasting.

I have followed out this comparison because it illustrates perfectly the entirely superficial character of the reasons which have led men to speak of Washington as an English country gentleman. It has been said that he was English in his habits, moral standards, and social theories, which has an important sound, but which for the most part comes down to a question of dress and manners. He wore black velvet and powdered hair, knee-breeches and diamond buckles, which are certainly not American fashions to-day. But they were American fashions in the last century, and every man wore them who could afford to, no matter what his origin. Let it be remembered, however, that Washington also wore the hunting-shirt and fringed leggings of the backwoodsman, and that it was he who introduced this purely American dress into the army as a uniform.

His manners likewise were those of the century in which he lived, formal and stately, and of course colored by his own temperament. His moral standards were those of a high-minded, honorable man. Are we ready to say that they were not American? Did they differ in any vital point from those of Lincoln? His social theories were simple in the extreme. He neither overvalued nor underrated social conventions, for he knew that they were a part of the fabric of civilized society, not vitally important and yet not wholly trivial. . . . .

Once more, what is it to be an American? Putting aside all the outer shows of dress and manners, social customs and physical peculiarities, is it not to believe in America and in the American people? Is it not to have an abiding and moving faith in the future and in the destiny of America?—something above and beyond the patriotism and love which every man whose soul is not dead within him feels for the land of his birth? Is it not to be national and not sectional, independent and not colonial? Is it not to have a high conception of what this great new country should be, and to follow out that ideal with loyalty and truth?

Has any man in our history fulfilled these conditions more perfectly and completely than George Washington? Has any man ever lived who served the American people more faithfully, or with a higher and truer conception of the destiny and possibilities of the country? . . . .

He was the first to rise above all colonial or state lines, and grasp firmly the conception of a nation to be formed from the thirteen jarring colonies. The necessity of national action in the army was of course at once apparent to him, although not to others; but he carried the same broad views into widely different fields, where at the time they wholly escaped notice. It was Washington, oppressed by a thousand cares, who in the early days of the Revolution saw the need of Federal courts for admiralty cases and for other purposes. It was he who suggested this scheme, years before any one even dreamed of the Constitution; and from the special committees of Congress, formed for this object in accordance with this advice, came, in the process of time, the Federal judiciary of the United States. Even in that early dawn of the Revolution, Washington had clear in his own mind the need of a continental system for war, diplomacy, finance, and law, and he worked steadily to bring this policy to fulfilment.

When the war was over, the thought that engaged his mind most was of the best means to give room for expansion, and to open up the unconquered continent to the forerunners of a mighty army of settlers. For this purpose all his projects for roads, canals, and surveys were formed and forced into public notice. He looked beyond the limits of the Atlantic colonies. His vision went far over the barriers of the Alleghanies; and where others saw thirteen infant States backed by the wilderness, he beheld the germs of a great empire. While striving thus to lay the West open to the march of the settler, he threw himself into the great struggle, where Hamilton and Madison, and all who "thought continentally," were laboring for that union without which all else was worse than futile. . . . .

His personal impressiveness affected every one upon all occasions.

Mr. Rush, for instance, saw Washington go on one occasion to open Congress. He drove to the hall in a handsome carriage of his own, with his servants dressed in white liveries. When he had alighted he stopped on the step, and pausing faced round to wait for his secretary. The vast crowd looked at him in dead silence, and then, when he turned away, broke into wild cheering. At his second inauguration he was dressed in deep mourning for the death of his nephew. He took the oath of office in the Senate Chamber, and Major Forman, who was present, wrote in his diary : "Every eye was on him. When he said, 'I, George Washington,' my blood seemed to run cold, and every one seemed to start." At the inauguration of Adams, another eye-witness wrote that Washington, dressed in black velvet, with a military hat and black cockade, was the central figure in the scene, and when he left the chamber the crowds followed him, cheering and shouting to the door of his own house.

There must have been something very impressive about a man who, with no pretensions to the art of the orator and with no touch of the charlatan, could so move and affect vast bodies of men by his presence alone. But the people, with the keen eye of affection, looked beyond the mere outward nobility of form. They saw the soldier who had given them victory, the great statesman who had led them out of confusion and faction to order and good government. Party newspapers might rave, but the instinct of the people was never at fault. They loved, trusted, and wellnigh worshipped Washington living, and they have honored and reverenced him with an unchanging fidelity since his death, nearly a century ago.

But little more remains to be said. Washington had his faults, for he was human ; but they are not easy to point out, so perfect was his mastery of himself. He was intensely reserved and very silent, and these are the qualities which gave him the reputation in history of being distant and unsympathetic. In truth, he had not only warm affections and a generous heart, but there was a strong vein of sentiment in his composition. At the same time he was in no wise romantic, and the ruling element in his make-up was prose, good solid prose, and not poetry. He did not have the poetical and imaginative quality so strongly developed in Lincoln. Yet he was not devoid of imagination, although it was here that he was lacking, if anywhere. He saw facts, knew them, mastered and used them, and never gave much play to fancy ; but as his business in life was with men and facts, this deficiency, if it was one, was of little moment. He was also a man of the strongest passions in every way, but he dominated them; they never ruled him. Vigorous animal passions were inevitable, of course, in a man of such a physical make-up as his. How far he gave way to them in his youth no one knows, but the scandals which many persons now desire to have printed, ostensibly for the sake of truth, are, so far as I have been able to learn, of entirely modern parentage. I have run many of them to earth ; none have any contemporary authority, and they may be relegated to the dust-heaps. If he gave way to these propensities in his youth, the only conclusion that I have been able to come to is that he mastered them when he reached man's estate.

He had, too, a fierce temper, and although he gradually subdued it, he would sometimes lose control of himself and burst out into a tempest of rage. When he did so he would use strong and even violent language, as he did at Kip's landing and at Monmouth. Well-intentioned persons in their desire to make him a faultless being have argued at great length that Washington never swore, and but for their argument the matter would never have attracted much attention. He was anything but a profane man, but the evidence is beyond question that if deeply angered he would use a hearty English oath; and not seldom the action accompanied the word, as when he rode among the fleeing soldiers at Kip's landing, striking them with his sword, and almost beside himself at their cowardice. Judge Marshall used to tell also of an occasion when Washington sent out an officer to cross a river and bring back some information about the enemy, on which the action of the morrow would depend. The officer was gone some time, came back, and found the General impatiently pacing his tent. On being asked what he had learned, he replied that the night was dark and stormy, the river full of ice, and that he had not been able to cross. Washington glared at him a moment, seized a large leaden inkstand from the table, hurled it at the offender's head, and said with a fierce oath: "Be off, and send me a *man!*" The officer went, crossed the river, and brought back the information.

But although he would now and then give way to these tremendous bursts of anger, Washington was never unjust. As he said to one officer, "I never judge the propriety of actions by after events;" and in that sound philosophy is found the secret not only of much of his own success, but of the devotion of his officers and men. He might be angry with them, but he was never unfair. In truth, he was too generous to be unjust or even over-severe to any one, and there is not a line in all his writings which even suggests that he ever envied any man. So long as the work in hand was done, he cared not who had the glory, and he was perfectly magnanimous and perfectly at ease about his own reputation. He never showed the slightest anxiety to write his own memoirs, and he was not in the least alarmed when it was proposed to publish the memoirs of other people, like General Charles Lee, which would probably reflect upon him.

He had the same confidence in the judgment of posterity that he had in the future beyond the grave. He regarded death with entire calmness and even indifference not only when it came to him, but when in previous years it had threatened him. He loved life and tasted of it deeply, but the courage which never forsook him made him ready to face the inevitable at any moment with an unruffled spirit. In this he was helped by his religious faith, which was as simple as it was profound. He had been brought up in the Protestant Episcopal Church, and to that church he always adhered; for its splendid liturgy and stately forms appealed to him and satisfied him. He loved it too as the church of his home and his childhood. Yet he was as far as possible from being sectarian, and there is not a word of his which shows anything but the most entire liberality and toleration. He made no parade of his religion, for in this as in other things he was perfectly simple and sincere. He was tortured by no doubts or questionings, but believed always in an overruling Providence and in a merciful God, to whom he knelt and prayed in the day of darkness or in the hour of triumph with a supreme and childlike confidence. . . . .

For many years I have studied minutely the career of Washington, and with every step the greatness of the man has grown upon me, for analysis has failed to discover the act of his life which, under the conditions of the time, I could unhesitatingly pronounce to have been an error. Such has been my experience, and although my deductions may be wrong, they at least have been carefully and slowly made. I see in Washington a great soldier who fought a trying war to a successful end impossible without him; a great statesman who did more than all other men to lay the foundations of a republic which has endured in prosperity for more than a century. I find in him a marvellous judgment which was never at fault, a penetrating vision which beheld the future of America when it was dim to other eyes, a great intellectual force, a will of iron, an unyielding grasp of facts, and an unequalled strength of patriotic purpose. I see in him too a pure and high-minded gentleman of dauntless courage and stainless honor, simple and stately of manner, kind and generous of heart. Such he was in truth. The historian and the biographer may fail to do him justice, but the instinct of mankind will not fail. The real hero needs not books to give him worshippers. George Washington will always receive the love and reverence of men because they see embodied in him the noblest possibilities of humanity.

Lucy White Jennison.

Born in Newton, Mass.

A SIMILE.

[*Love Poems and Sonnets. By Owen Innsly.* 1882.]

AT sea, far parted from the happy shore,
The solitary rock lies all unmoved
By the caressing waves, though unreproved
Their constant kisses on its breast they pour.
So it stands witnessed by all human lore,
Where'er the wanton god of love has roved,
His shafts fell never equal; one beloved,
One lover, there must be forevermore.
Dear, if thou wilt, be thou that rock at sea,
But let me be the waves that never leave
Their yearning towards it through the ocean space;
And be thou the belovèd, but let me
Be the fond lover destined to receive
And hold thee in love's infinite embrace.

A DREAM OF DEATH.

HELENA.

Du hast mich beschworen aus dem Grab
Durch deinen Zauberwillen,
Belebtest mich mit Wollustgluth,
Jetzt kannst du die Gluth nicht stillen.

Press deinen Mund auf meinen Mund,
Der Menschen Odem ist göttlich,
Ich trinke deine Seele aus,
Die Todten sind unersättlich.—*Heine.*

I DIED; they wrapped me in a shroud,
With hollow mourning, far too loud,
And sighs that were but empty sound,
And laid me low within the ground.
I felt *her* tears through all the rest;
Past sheet and shroud they reached my breast;
They warmed to life the frozen clay,
And I began to smile and say:
At last thou lov'st me, Helena!

I rose up in the dead of night;
I sought her window;—'twas alight.
A pebble clattered 'gainst the pane,—
“Who's there? the wind and falling rain?”
“Ah! no; but one thy tears have led
To leave his chill and narrow bed
To warm himself before thy breath;
Who for thy sake has conquered death.
Arise, and love me, Helena!”

She oped the door, she drew me in.
Her mouth was pale, her cheek was thin;
Her eyes were dim; its length unrolled,
Fell loosely down her hair of gold.
My presence wrought her grief's eclipse;
She pressed her lips upon my lips,
She held me fast in her embrace,
Her hands went wandering o'er my face:
At last thou lov'dst me, Helena!

The days are dark, the days are cold,
And heavy lies the churchyard mould.
But ever, at the deep of night,
Their faith the dead and living plight.
Who would not die if certain bliss
Could be foreknown? and such as this
No life—away! the hour is nigh,
With heart on fire she waits my cry:
Arise, and love me, Helena!

CHAUCER.

A LIMPID source, a clear and bubbling spring,
Born in some wooded dell unknown of heat,
Above whose breast the leafy branches meet
And kiss, and earthward wavering shadows fling;
Upon whose brink the perfumed flower-cups swing
'Neath the light tread of hurrying insect feet;
Such, Chaucer, seems the sturdy note and sweet
In thine unfettered song reëchoing.
Hence they who sometimes weary of the play
Of fountains and the artificial jets
Which in gay parks and gardens dance and leap,
Turn back again into that forest-way
Where thy fresh stream the grass and mosses wets
That slumber on its margin cool and deep.

Arlo Bates.

Born in East Machias, Me., 1850.

A BRIDE'S INHERITANCE.

[*A Wheel of Fire.* 1885.]

IT had been Damaris's wish to be married in a dark travelling-dress, but she had deferred to the desire of Elsie and of Sherlock, and consented to be what the former called "a real bride" in white. The gown which her cousin and old Hannah assisted her in donning was a perfectly plain robe of creamy Ottoman silk, heavy and soft, relieved with no trimming but some time-yellow lace which Elsie declared made her willing to break all the commandments at once through envy. She was pale as ever, seeming doubly so from the darkness of her thick hair, which, plainly arranged, showed well the shape of her head; but she had never been more beautiful.

"It is all a trick, Maris," Elsie declared, "you look pale on purpose, because it is becoming. You look as distinguished as Mary Queen of Scots going to be executed."

"Executed!" repeated Hannah Stearns under her breath, with the indignation of a superstitious woman who regards the speaking of baleful words upon a wedding-day as of ill omen.

"Oh, a wedding is a sort of execution," ran on Elsie, laughing. "There's an end of all your independence now, my lady, let me tell you that. Have you got on something borrowed?"

"Yes," Damaris answered smilingly. "I have them all:

"'Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue.'

Is there anything else absurd you can think of?"

"There's something about which foot to put over the threshold, but I can't remember which it is, so perhaps it's better to leave it to luck. It is such a pity you wouldn't have bridesmaids, at least me."

"You may come after me, if you like, and carry my train."

"No, I thank you. Oh, Maris, you are just perfect. It is such a shame that you are not going to be married in Trinity Church. You'd be such a credit to the family, and Kate West would be so enraged. She's the last one of our class left single but myself, and I never let a chance slip of reminding her of it. She takes every wedding in our set as a personal insult."

"Is everything ready down-stairs?"

"Everything. They are all sitting about in the parlor with the cheerfully solemn air of chief mourners. Mother has her handkerchief all ready to weep, and father is wondering how much he can lose by possible changes in the stock market before he gets back to State street."

Hannah Stearns regarded the excited girl with an air of serious disfavor, but she contented herself with setting her lips together in an expression of firm disapproval and laying her hands over her wrists in that attitude which is so much more expressive of virtuous indignation than even the most aggressive folding of the arms.

"Go into the front chamber," pursued Elsie, no more observing the effect of her words than if the housekeeper had been a piece of the furniture, "and I'll send him up. It's a great pity you can't have a wedding without having a great, horrid man mixed up in it."

She walked laughing to the door, but turned back impulsively to clasp her cousin in her arms, the quick tears in her eyes.

"Oh, Maris, Maris," she whispered, kissing the bride fervently. "There," she went on, springing away and wiping her eyes. "I hope I didn't muss you, but I couldn't help it. You look so white and so still and so blessed. Bah! What a goose I am!"

Hannah Stearns looked after the girl as she ran hastily away with a softening of her rigid old features.

"She isn't so bad at heart," she commented.

Damaris smiled faintly and passed through alone into the other chamber.

It was the room which Dr. Wilson had occupied during his stay at Ash Nook, and the antique mirror before which Damaris sat down to wait her bridegroom was the same in which Chauncy had admired the reflection of his handsome features, glowing with youth and vigor. It was the same mirror in which once Damaris, passing the half-open door of the chamber, had seen a picture of her lover's beautiful, manly hand, and she had more than once smiled to herself before the old glass as if she could at will invoke from it the vanished image. Over the secrets of its depths brooded the quaintly carved bird, brave in the glory of time-tarnished gilding, a guardian genius uncommunicative and impassive. Generations of fair women and brave men had seen their fleeting shadows in the antique surface, but never shape more beautiful and sad had passed before it than the lovely white-robed creature who now gazed intently at the picture it gave back.

It seemed to Damaris as if a hand of ice clutched her heart. Since the question of her right to marry had been the problem which had tortured her, the ceremony itself had come illogically but naturally to seem the awful crisis, and she was possessed by a vague feeling that if she could so far evade the vigilance of malevolent fate as to get past the actual rite, she might yet escape. She felt as if she could not bear the delay of an instant, so strongly was she oppressed with a horrible sense that her doom was approaching with swift feet, and that if she were not Lincoln's wife before the horror could reach her she must fall a victim to its fury. The moments she waited seemed to her endless. She heard Hannah moving in the next room, unwilling to go down stairs until her mistress did, and it was with difficulty Damaris restrained herself from calling out to bid her inquire why the groom did not come.

Then she smiled with a painful sense of her folly, and endeavored to be reasonable. She knew it had in reality been but a moment since Elsie left her, and she tried to give her whole attention to the details of her toilet. She looked into the mirror to see if the lace at her throat was graceful in its folds, and suddenly, without warning, a horrible fancy came to her that it would be a wild joy to clutch such a soft, white neck with fierce fingers and crush out all the life! She seemed impelled to reach out to catch and strangle that image in the glass; yet, too, she felt, in a strange double consciousness, as if some one behind her chair were preparing to seize her. Then with a thrill of agony she realized what she was thinking, and she cast around her a beseeching glance, vainly seeking help.

Yet surely that girl in the mirror was another creature than herself. Damaris extended her hand toward the figure with a mocking gesture, and laughed a little, in an absent-minded, absorbed fashion, when the white-robed stranger did the same. She dropped her hands into her lap, and, watching with a glance of horrible cunning from beneath her drooping lids the white, smooth neck of that other girl, she began with furtive haste to pull off her gloves. She would assure herself whether the fair throat were as soft as it appeared; and with motions cat-like and swift she cast the gloves to the floor and rose to steal upon the stranger.

Then it occurred to her that this must be some guest at her own wedding, and the hereditary instinct of hospitality asserted itself. She sank back into her chair, her hands falling passive in her lap. She felt confused and dizzy. Something seemed to be unutterably wrong, yet she knew not what it was. Why should this stranger be here, and why did she regard her so closely? She struggled with her wandering thoughts, striving painfully to understand how it chanced that she was not alone.

Watching intently, she saw with a shock of surprise and pity that this hapless girl in the mirror was twisting her fingers in the well-remembered gesture which in her mother had shown the coming on of madness. Damaris was seized with a great compassion of grief for the fair young creature whom such an awful doom had overtaken. The fate of this stranger had been swifter, Damaris reflected, than the feet of her bridegroom. Her bridegroom! The word touched the very core of her half-dazed intelligence. Like the swift thrust of a white-hot sword, with rending, searing agony, the truth came home to her.

She knew the image was herself.

The unspeakable anguish of ages of pain was concentrated into that moment. It was like the horror of one who hangs a measureless instant upon the dizzy brink of an abyss down which he knows himself dashing. That fatal gesture which she knew so well smote the hapless bride with a terror too great for words. All power failed her; she could not breathe; an intolerable pressure crushed her bosom. Great drops of suffering beaded her forehead, and she gasped with as absolute a sense of suffocation as if an ocean had suddenly rolled over her head.

She heard Wallace at the door, and with a mad impulse to flee she sprang to her feet just as Lincoln knocked. The sound seemed to come from some far distance, and was muffled and half-lost amid the confused murmur which filled her ears like the beat of rushing waters. Then once more for an instant her failing reason struggled to consciousness, as a drowning swimmer writhes a last time to the surface and gasps a breath only to give it up in futile bubbles that mark the spot where he sank. With a supreme effort her vanquished will for a moment reasserted itself. She knew her lover was at the door, and she knew also that the feet of doom had been swifter than those of the bridegroom. She even asked herself in agonized frenzy if she might not have been saved had Sherlock reached her a moment sooner. And as she thought, she sprang forward and threw open the door.

"I am mad!" she shrieked, in a voice which pierced to every corner of the old mansion.

The housekeeper came running from the inner chamber, while Wallace shrank whining at his mistress's feet. Lincoln, white as death, caught Damaris in his arms, as if he would snatch her from the jaws of death itself if need be. She struggled in his embrace, a wild glare replacing the flickering light of intelligence in her eyes.

Then Hannah Stearns took her from him, drew her into the chamber, and closed the door.

THE DANZA.

[*Berries of the Brier*. 1886.]

IF you never have danced the *danza*,
With its wondrous rhythmic swirl,
While close to your bosom panted
Some dark-eyed Creole girl,
Of dancing you know naught!
By Inez I was taught.

'Tis a dance with strangest pauses;
It moves as the breezes blow:
Her lips were like pomegranate blossoms,
While her teeth were white as snow.
Of beauty I knew naught;
By Inez I was taught.

The fountain splashed in the garden
Where the palm-trees hid the moon;
Who well had danced the *danza*,
A kiss might crave as boon.
Of loving I knew naught;
By Inez I was taught!

A SHADOW BOAT.

UNDER my keel another boat
Sails as I sail, floats as I float;
Silent and dim and mystic still,
It steals through that weird nether-world,
Mocking my power, though at my will
The foam before its prow is curled,
Or calm it lies, with canvas furled.
Vainly I peer, and fain would see
What phantom in that boat may be;
Yet half I dread, lest I with ruth
Some ghost of my dead past divine,
Some gracious shape of my lost youth,
Whose deathless eyes once fixed on mine
Would draw me downward through the brine!

A LAMENT.

LET gleeful muses sing their roundelays!
So might my muse have sung;
But in the jocund days
When she was young,
She chanced upon a grave
New-made, and since, there strays
A mournful cadence through her lightest stave.

Her mask, however gay,
Still covers cheeks tear-wet;
She cannot, in her singing, smile
Until she can forget.

A BROWNING CLUB IN BOSTON.

[*The Philistines.* 1889.]

THE president of the club, at this moment, called the assembly to order, and announced that Mr. Fenwick had kindly consented—"Readers always kindly consent," muttered Fenton aside to Mrs. Staggchase—to read "Bishop Blougram's Apology," to which they would now listen. There was a rustle of people settling back into their chairs; the reader brushed a lank black lock from his sallow brow, and with a tone of sepulchral earnestness began:

"'No more wine? then we'll push back chairs, and talk.'"

For something over an hour the monotonous voice of the reader went dully on. Fenton drew out his tablets and amused himself and Miss Dimmont by drawing caricatures of the company, ending with a sketch of a handsome old dowager who went so soundly to sleep that her jaw fell. Over this his companion laughed so heartily that Mrs. Staggchase leaned forward smilingly and took his tablets away from him; whereat he produced an envelope from his pocket and was about to begin another sketch, when suddenly, and apparently somewhat to the surprise of the reader, the poem came to an end.

There was a joyful stir. The dowager awoke, and there was a perfunctory clapping of hands when Mr. Fenwick laid down his volume, and people were assured that there was no mistake about his being really quite through. A few murmurs of admiration were heard, and then there was an awful pause, while the president, as usual, waited in the never-fulfilled hope that the discussion would start itself without help on his part.

"How cleverly you do sketch," Miss Dimmont said, under her breath; "but it was horrid of you to make me laugh."

"You are grateful," Fenton returned, in the same tone. "You know I kept you from being bored to death."

"I have a cousin, Miss Wainwright," pursued Miss Dimmont, "whose picture we want you to paint."

"If she is as good a subject as *her* cousin," Fenton answered, "I shall be delighted to do it."

The president had, meantime, got somewhat ponderously upon his feet, half a century of good living not having tended to increase his natural agility, and remarked that the company were, he was sure, extremely grateful to Mr. Fenwick for his very intelligent interpretation of the poem read.

"Did he interpret it?" Fenton whispered to Mrs. Staggchase. "Why wasn't I told?"

"Hush!" she answered, "I will never let you sit by me again if you do not behave better."

"Sitting isn't my *metier*, you know," he retorted.

The president went on to say that the lines of thought opened by the poem were so various and so wide that they could scarcely hope to explore them all in one evening, but that he was sure there must be many who had thoughts or questions they wished to express, and to start the discussion he would call upon a gentleman whom he had observed taking notes during the reading —Mr. Fenton.

"The old scaramouch!" Fenton muttered, under his breath. "I'll paint his portrait and send it to 'Punch.'"

Then with perfect coolness he got upon his feet and looked about the parlor.

"I am so seldom able to come to these meetings," he said, "that I am not at all familiar with your methods, and I certainly had no idea of saying anything; I was merely jotting down a few things to think over at home, and not making notes for a speech, as you would see if you examined the paper."

At this point Miss Dimmont gave a cough which had a sound strangely like a laugh strangled at its birth.

"The poem is one so subtile," Fenton continued, unmoved; "it is so clever in its knowledge of human nature, that I always have to take a certain time after reading it to get myself out of the mood of merely admiring its technique, before I can think of it critically at all. Of course the bit about 'an artist whose religion is his art' touches me keenly, for I have long held to the heresy that art is the highest thing in the world, and, as a matter of fact, the only thing one can depend upon. The clever sophistry of Bishop Blougram shows well enough how one can juggle with theology; and, after all, theology is chiefly some one man's insistence that everybody else shall make the same mistakes that he does."

Fenton felt that he was not taking the right direction in his talk, and that in his anxiety to extricate himself from a slight awkwardness he was rapidly getting himself into a worse one. It was one of those odd whimsicalities which always came as a surprise when committed by a man who usually displayed so much mental dexterity, that now, instead of endeavoring to get upon the right track, he simply broke off abruptly and sat down.

His words had, however, the effect of calling out instantly a protest from the Rev. De Lancy Candish. Mr. Candish was the rector of the Church of the Nativity, the exceedingly ritualistic organization with which Mrs. Fenton was connected. He was a tall and bony young man, with abundant auburn hair and freckles, the most ungainly feet and hands, and eyes of eager enthusiasm, which showed how the result of New England Puritanism had been to implant in his soul the true martyr spirit. Fenton was never weary of jeering at Mr. Candish's uncouthness, his jests serving as an outlet not only for the irritation physical ugliness always begot in him, but for his feeling of opposition to his wife's orthodoxy, in which he regarded the clergyman as upholding her. The rector's self-sacrificing devotion to truth, moreover, awakened in the artist a certain inner discomfort. To the keenly sensitive mind there is no rebuke more galling than the unconscious reproof of a character which holds steadfastly to ideals which it has basely forsaken. Arthur said to himself that he hated Candish for his ungainly person. "He is so out of drawing," he once told his wife, "that I always have a strong inclination to rub him out and make him over again." In that inmost chamber of his consciousness where he allowed himself the luxury of absolute frankness, however, the artist confessed that his animosity to the young rector had other causes.

As Fenton sank into his seat, Mrs. Staggchase leaned over to quote from the poem—

"'For Blougram, he believed, say, half he spoke.'"

The artist turned upon her a glance of comprehension and amusement, but before he could reply, the rough, rather loud voice of Mr. Candish arrested his attention.

"If the poem teaches anything," Mr. Candish said, speaking according to his custom, somewhat too warmly, "it seems to me it is the sophistry of the sort of talk which puts art above religion. The thing that offends an honest man in Bishop Blougram is the fact that he looks at religion as if it were an art, and not a vital and eternal necessity,—a living truth that cannot be trifled with."

"Ah," Fenton's smooth and beautiful voice rejoined, "that is to confound art with the artificial, which is an obvious error. Art is a passion, an utter devotion to an ideal, an absolute lifting of man out of himself into that essential truth which is the only lasting bond by which mankind is united."

Fenton's coolness always had a confusing and irritating effect upon Mr. Candish, who was too thoroughly honest and earnest to quibble, and far from possessing the dexterity needed to fence with the artist. He began confusedly to speak, but with the first word became aware that Mrs. Fenton had come to the rescue. Edith never saw a contest between her husband and the clergyman without interfering if she could, and now she instinctively spoke, without stopping to consider where she was.

"It is precisely for that reason," she said, "that art seems to me to fall below religion. Art can make man contented with life only by keeping his attention fixed upon an ideal, while religion reconciles us to life as it really is."

A murmur of assent showed Arthur how much against the feeling of those around him were the views he was advancing.

"Oh, well," he said, in a droll *sotto voce,* "if it is coming down to a family difference we will continue it in private."

And he abandoned the discussion.

"It seems to me," pursued Mr. Candish, only half conscious that Mrs. Fenton had come to his aid, "that Bishop Blougram represents the most dangerous spirit of the age. His paltering with truth is a form of casuistry of which we see altogether too much nowadays."

"Do you think," asked a timid feminine voice, "that Blougram was *quite* serious? That he really meant all he said, I mean?"

The president looked at the speaker with despair in his glance; but she was adorably pretty and of excellent social position, so that snubbing was not to be thought of. Moreover, he was thoroughly well trained in keeping his temper under the severest provocation, so he expressed his feelings merely by a deprecatory smile.

"We have the poet's authority," he responded, in a softly patient voice, "for saying that he believed only half."

There was a little rustle of leaves, as if people were looking over their books, in order to find the passage to which he alluded. Then a young girl in the front row of chairs, a pretty creature, just on the edge of womanhood, looked up earnestly, her finger at a line on the page before her.

"I can't make out what this means," she announced, knitting her girlish brow:

"'Here, we've got callous to the Virgin's winks
That used to puzzle people wholesomely.'

Of course he can't mean that the Madonna winks; that would be too irreverent."

There were little murmurs of satisfaction that the question had been asked, confusing explanations which evidently puzzled some who had not thought of being confused before; and then another girl, ignoring the fact that the first difficulty had not been disposed of, propounded another.

"Isn't the phrase rather bold," she asked, "where he speaks of 'blessed evil'?"

"Where is that?" some one asked.

"On page 106, in my edition," was the reply; and a couple of moments were given to finding the place in the various books.

"Oh, I see the line," said an old lady, at last. "It's one—two—three—five lines from the bottom of the page:

"'And that's what all the blessed evil's for.'"

"You don't think," queried the first speaker, appealing personally to the president, "that Mr. Browning can really have meant that evil is blessed, do you?"

The president regarded her with an affectionate and fatherly smile.

"I think," he said, with an air of settling everything, "that the explanation of his meaning is to be found in the line which follows—

"'It's use in Time is to environ us.'"

"Heavens!" whispered Fenton to Mrs. Staggchase; "fancy that incarnate respectability environed by 'blessed evil'!"

"For my part," she returned, in the same tone, "I feel as if I were visiting a lunatic asylum."

"Yes, that line does make it beautifully clear," observed the voice of Miss Catherine Penwick; "and I think that's so beautiful about the exposed brain, and lidless eyes, and disemprisoned heart. The image is so exquisite when he speaks of their withering up at once."

Fenton made a droll grimace for the benefit of his neighbor, and then observed with great apparent seriousness:

"The poem is most remarkable for the intimate knowledge it shows of human nature. Take a line like

> "'Men have outgrown the shame of being fools;'

We can see such striking instances of its truth all about us."

"How can you?" exclaimed Elsie Dimmont, under her breath.

Fenton had not been able wholly to keep out of his tone the mockery which he intended, and several people looked at him askance. Fortunately for him, a nice old gentleman who, being rather hard of hearing, had not caught what was said, now broke in with the inevitable question, which, sooner or later, was sure to come into every discussion of the club:

"Isn't this poem to be most satisfactorily understood when it is regarded as an allegory?"

The members, however, did not take kindly to this suggestion in the present instance. The question passed unnoticed, while a severe-faced woman inquired, with an air of vast superiority:

"I have understood that Bishop Blougram is intended as a portrait of Cardinal Wiseman; can any one tell me if Gigadibs is also a portrait?"

"Oh, Lord!" muttered Fenton, half audibly. "I can't stand any more of this."

And at that moment a servant came to tell him that his carriage was waiting.

OUR DEAD.

[*Sonnets in Shadow.* 1887.]

WE must be nobler for our dead, be sure,
Than for the quick. We might their living eyes
Deceive with gloss of seeming; but all lies
Were vain to cheat a prescience spirit-pure.

Our soul's true worth and aim, however poor,
They see who watch us from some deathless skies
With glance death-quickened. That no sad surprise
Sting them in seeing, be ours to secure.

Living, our loved ones make us what they dream;
 Dead, if they see, they know us as we are.
Henceforward we must be, not merely seem.

Bitterer woe than death it were by far
 To fail their hopes who love us to redeem;
Loss were thrice loss that thus their faith should mar.

Anna Bowman Dodd.

Born in Brooklyn, N. Y.

A PLANTATION ROSALIND.

[*Glorinda. A Story.* 1888.]

WHEN on the plantation, Withers at once began a diligent search for Glorinda. He went into all the rooms on the ground-floor, but she was not in any of them. He made a tour of the porticos; she was beneath none of them. He strolled through the outhouses and the yard, among the trees in front of the house; only Parthenia and the turkeys inhabited those domains. He was on the eve of asking Parthenia to see if Miss Glory was in her room and would come down to him, when he bethought him of the wood. It came to him with a swift flash of divination that she had surely gone there; she would be the more likely to have gone, since she supposed him off for the day.

The woods, as he entered them, seemed as empty and deserted as the house and park. As he cautiously made his way toward his old hiding-place, his quick ear soon detected the sounds of a voice. It was a voice he knew well now, and it was pitched in a tragic key; but it was still melodious and sonorous. She was there, and was reciting. His heart gave a quickened throb.

He almost crept along, beneath the protecting shelter of the tree-trunks. As he neared his old ambuscade, creep he did in reality, on hands and knees, pushing the briers aside, working his way through the tangled underbrush, letting the weight of his knees and feet strike the crackling forest leaves as lightly as he could. For nothing in the world would he have her see him; he felt it indeed to be a kind of treachery to push his way toward her, to spy her thus unseen. Yet he felt that for nothing in the world would he miss seeing her once more, as he had first seen her, in the comical yet strangely beautiful surroundings which her extraordinary fancy had conjured about her.

He had reached the poke-berries now. He was behind them. In front of him was a protecting cluster of young sumach. The leaves were more brilliantly scarlet than they had been a week since; they made the better shelter. They made also a kind of flaming network through which, as he crouched behind them, Withers could look out into the little amphitheatre in front of him.

The voice was declaiming in strained, affected tones; there were the same misplaced accents, the same melodramatic changes he had heard before. The girl herself he could not see; she was not in her old place, under the great elm. The little dusky audience, however, was in full session. The group of darkies beneath the shade of the great trees was lying in various postures and in the most complete stillness. Ever and anon the canopy of leaves above the recumbent figures would be lifted by a light slow breeze. Then the noon sun would flood the upturned faces and black skins in a bath of broad sunlight; and the motionless little negroes were like so many bronze figures. From the intent expression of their round fixed eyes Withers could divine the direction from which the voice came. They were as still as if under the magnetism of some spell, as through the trees came the fluttering sound of advancing footsteps.

> "Come, woo me, woo me! for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent,"

Glorinda's rich voice cried out. The next instant, as she went on finishing the lines, she came, springing with light steps with hair afloat, her blue mantle caught into wind-swept folds, from the sudden rush she made as she rounded a near tree-trunk. And Glorinda—and Rosalind—stood before Withers's eyes.

She had on the famous blue tights. The mantle, the cloak she had worn as Juliet, fell to her knees, the splendid masses of her hair almost covering it. Some tunic she wore beneath, which he could not distinguish; all Withers really saw was the slender line from the knee downward, and the glorious hair that swept her figure like a veil.

"My God! how beautiful she is!" he cried out under his breath.

She was a vision as she stood there, the sun showering its light upon her, crowning her head like an aureole, dusting her brown tresses into a cloud of light, her face swept by the strong fierce brightness till it shone with a transfigured glory. The blue mantle encased her like some royal robe. The delicate limbs, released from their petticoat bondage, freed for the full play of their lovely sinuous action, palpitated in motion beneath, as one sees the stir of life beneath the wing of a bird.

She was reciting Orlando's part now, in the deep bass notes he had heard before. It was like a child playing at make-believe, he said to himself.

> "How if the kiss be denied?"

said the pseudo-bass voice.

> "Then she puts you to entreaty,"

Rosalind answered, changing swiftly to falsetto. But in spite of the falsetto she was charming, she was adorable. She was better as Rosalind than she had been as Juliet; she was more coquettish, her touch was lighter, she had more movement and action, Withers said to himself beneath his breath, as he watched her. Nothing could be prettier than her innocent by-play, of the real conception of which she had no more knowledge than a kitten; yet it was charming by-play for all that. Beautiful indeed she was when she clasped her white arms above her head, to look her imaginary Orlando in the face; more adorably lovely still when she made her red lips pout in imitation of a kiss.

Then, all at once, there fell upon the air a terrible stillness.

Glorinda's voice had stopped with an awful suddenness. She was standing quite still, and she was looking at him, full, straight in the eyes. She had seen him through the bushes; he must have ventured too far beyond them.

Glorinda grew at first deadly white. Withers felt his own face to be turning to flame.

It was a full moment before she recovered herself. Then she went on—continuing, however, to give the lines in a perfectly commonplace voice—in tones which it made Withers's heart ache to hear, they were so treacherously unsteady.

She did not go to the end of the scene. She gave a few more lines, and then stopped. With a sudden access of self-possession she turned toward him, looking him full in the eyes again; through the network of leaves her eyes seemed like two threatening flames in their brilliancy.

She spoke to the negroes, although Withers knew only too well whom she was really addressing.

"You may go now; I can't go on—it's too hot, and I'm tired. Please go away at once."

He knew himself to be dismissed, and yet he could not move; he felt himself to be glued to the spot. He must see her once, cost what it might; he must speak to her and gain her forgiveness.

The little audience had quickly scattered. Withers rose then, pushing his way toward the place where she had been standing. But she was no longer there; she had gone down into the hollow to undress, probably; he would wait. Then a low, stifled sob fell on his ear; the edge of a blue mantle caught his eye. It must be—it was Glorinda; she was lying on the ground, on the other side of the tree-trunk.

She had thrown herself prone upon the ground; she had hidden her face in her mantle; she was sobbing convulsively.

Withers was beside her in an instant. Unconsciously he put his arm about her, as he knelt over her.

"Oh, don't, don't, Miss Glory!" he cried out, as he tried to raise her, to clasp her waist, and to pull her upward. "I—I am a brute; I am ashamed; I can never forgive myself; but oh, for Heaven's sake don't weep! you will break my heart; you will make yourself ill;" and he went on struggling to raise her all the while, to turn her face toward him. But Glory still kept it hidden, now in her mantle, now in the masses of her hair. She was weeping still, but not so violently. She was sobbing softly as she let him pull her toward him, raising her till she was sitting beside him, with her face still buried in her hair. She kept on weeping, but less and less bitterly. Withers stroked the long tresses with his hand, as for a few brief seconds Glorinda's head lay, in the abandonment of her distress, upon his shoulder. He kept on talking all the while in the heat of his remorse and repentance.

"I can never forgive myself—never. I am ashamed,—I am ashamed even to ask you to forgive me for doing such an outrageous thing,—for spying on you like that."

The head on his shoulder gave a convulsive little sob.

"But you see," he went on, trying to lift the head that he might look into her face,—"but you see, I had done it before, I had seen you before, as—Juliet—last week—before I came, and"——

The head was suddenly raised now. Glorinda's sobbing ceased. She brushed a wet mist from before her eyes, as she sat, drawing herself away from him, that she might look him quite full in the face.

"You saw me before as Juliet?" She had found her voice, which was firm in spite of the tears still hanging on her wet eyelids.

"Yes, yes, it was by accident—wholly by accident. I was passing, you know, through the woods, resting here, and I couldn't help seeing you; you were acting when I got here,—before I came"——

"Then you have known all the time, ever since you came, that I—that"—She almost broke down here, her voice dying into a half-born sob; but she rallied, straightening herself up with a bravery that made Withers ache to see. Some new force now possessed her; for her eyes suddenly brightened, in spite of the tears which suffused them.

"Then, since you've seen me, since you know all, you can tell me—will you—truly, frankly?" In her new-born earnestness, she leaned toward Withers, grasping his hand, as she spoke.

"Tell you—tell you what? I'll tell you anything; you know I will!"

"Then—tell me—do you think I shall succeed,—do you think there's any chance?"

Withers could scarcely divine her meaning. She seemed to see, to comprehend his perplexity. She went on:

"I mean, do you think there's any chance for me in the theatres; that any one would take me? You ought to know; you live in the great cities. I've thought of asking you before; but—but I've never dared; I was afraid"——

"My dear little girl, what has put such nonsense into your head? why do you want to act?" Withers answered, as he took both Glory's hands in one of his, turning her face full in front of him with the other. He had a hard truth to tell, and he felt it would be easier to do so if he could look into her eyes. They did not lower beneath his gaze, as she responded quickly:

"Because—because I must; because we are so—so poor. Don't you think I could?"

He could see that she was in an agony of suspense.

"Yes, I do, with years of practice, under skilled teachers. But that means time and money; and if you want"——

"Oh, couldn't I begin at once, in little parts,—in tiny, tiny parts? I've heard of others doing that, and rising"——

"Yes; but such a life is one you couldn't lead. What do you know of the world? Who could go about with you, to protect you? And besides, where would the money come from? For in little parts you'd get little or no pay. No, no, Miss Glory, you'd better give it up; it isn't any sort of a life for you."

Her face, as he had gone on trying to say all he must, as kindly as he could, had worn a hundred different expressions, as it was swept by the emotions that were rending her young bosom. If the gift of mobility were all an actress needed as a pledge of success, she was at least fully equipped in that capacity. But she did not look in the least like taking his advice, like renouncing her hopes, as he drew to the end of his sentence; the buoyancy had died out of her face, but the determination was still set on brow and lip.

"Why—why couldn't I try as Juliet, as Rosalind, then, at once? Others have, who've not been trained,—I've read of them; perhaps I'd succeed, too. Are you sure I wouldn't succeed?" she went on, gazing up at him with a passion of hope in her great eyes.

As she had gone on talking, she had begun to braid her hair, to get it out of the way. She was braiding the last ends now, as she continued to look up at him; her swift fingers were running in and out of the strands like pink and white shuttles through a golden web. In the hurry of her braiding, the blue mantle had slipped. It had become loosened at the shoulder; it had fallen so that the short tunic and the encased limbs were fully revealed.

As his eye swept the full yet delicate lines of her figure, Withers could have laughed aloud at her question; for hers was the shape, and these were the curves, of a young goddess. Succeed? Good God! what couldn't she do with such a beauty as hers?

He held his breath. He could barely summon strength to meet her eyes; for she was still looking up at him with her wild-eyed, eager, expectant gaze, as she went on mechanically braiding her hair.

For one fierce moment the temptation nearly blinded him to clasp her to him, to gather all that beauty and loveliness in one sweet swift embrace to his arms, to his lips. Then Withers turned to clutch wildly at the tufts of grass, digging the hand on which he was leaning deep into the moist dull earth, and the moment of his temptation had passed. That cool touch of the soil beneath his fingers was the drop of moisture that checked the fever in his blood.

Edward Bellamy.

BORN in Chicopee Falls, Mass., 1850.

A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

[*Looking Backward: 2000–1887.* 1888.]

FOR a considerable time I remained . . . sitting up in bed gazing at vacancy, absorbed in recalling the scenes and incidents of my fantastic appearance. Sawyer, alarmed at my looks, was meanwhile anxiously inquiring what was the matter with me. Roused at length by his importunities to a recognition of my surroundings, I pulled myself together with an effort and assured the faithful fellow that I was all right. "I have had an extraordinary dream, that's all, Sawyer," I said,—"a most ex-traor-dinary dream."

I dressed in a mechanical way, feeling light-headed and oddly uncertain of myself, and sat down to the coffee and rolls which Sawyer was in the habit of providing for my refreshment before I left the house. The morning newspaper lay by my plate. I took it up, and my eye fell on the date May 31, 1887. I had known, of course, from the moment I opened my eyes that my long and detailed experience in another century had been a dream, and yet it was startling to have it so conclusively demonstrated that the world was but a few hours older than when I had lain down to sleep.

Glancing at the table of contents at the head of the paper which reviewed the news of the morning, I read the following summary:

"FOREIGN AFFAIRS.—The impending war between France and Germany. The French Chambers asked for new military credits to meet Germany's increase of her army. Probability that all Europe will be involved in case of war.—Great suffering among the unemployed in London. They demand work. Monster demonstration to be made. The authorities uneasy.—Great strikes in Belgium. The government preparing to repress outbreaks. Shocking facts in regard to the employment of girls in Belgian coal-mines. —Wholesale evictions in Ireland.

"HOME AFFAIRS.—The epidemic of fraud unchecked. Embezzlement of half a million in New York.—Misappropriation of a trust fund by executors. Orphans left penniless.—Clever system of thefts by a bank-teller; $50,000 gone.—The coal barons decide to advance the price of coal and reduce production.—Speculators engineering a great wheat corner at Chicago.—A clique forcing up the price of coffee.—Enormous land-grabs of Western syndicates.—Revelations of shocking corruption among Chicago officials. Systematic bribery.—The trials of the Boodle aldermen to go on at New York.—Large failures of business houses. Fears of a business crisis.—A large grist of burglaries and larcenies.—A woman murdered in cold blood for her money at New Haven.—A householder shot by a burglar in this city last night.—A man shoots himself in Worcester because he could not get work. A large family left destitute.—An aged couple in New Jersey commit suicide rather than go to the poor-house.—Pitiable destitution among the women wage-workers in the great cities.—Startling growth of illiteracy in Massachusetts. —More insane asylums wanted.—Decoration Day addresses. Professor Brown's oration on the moral grandeur of nineteenth century civilization."

It was indeed the nineteenth century to which I had awaked; there could be no kind of doubt about that. Its complete microcosm this summary of the day's news had presented, even to that last unmistakable touch of fatuous self-complacency. Coming after such a damning indictment of the age as that one day's chronicle of world-wide bloodshed, greed and tyranny, it was a bit of cynicism worthy of Mephistopheles, and yet of all whose eyes it had met this morning I was, perhaps, the only one who perceived the cynicism, and but yesterday I should have perceived it no more than the others. That strange dream it was which had made all the difference. For I know not how long I forgot my surroundings after this, and was again in fancy moving in that vivid dream-world, in that glorious city, with its homes of simple comfort and its gorgeous public palaces. Around me were again faces unmarred by arrogance or servility, by envy or greed, by anxious care or feverish ambition, and stately forms of men and women who had never known fear of a fellow man or depended on his favor, but always, in the words of that sermon which still rang in my ears, had "stood up straight before God."

With a profound sigh and a sense of irreparable loss, not the less poignant that it was a loss of what had never really been, I roused at last from my revery, and soon after left the house.

A dozen times between my door and Washington street I had to stop and pull myself together, such power had been in that vision of the Boston of the future to make the real Boston strange. The squalor and malodorousness of the town struck me, from the moment I stood upon the street, as facts I had never before observed. But yesterday, moreover, it had seemed quite a matter of course that some of my fellow-citizens should wear silks and others rags; that some should look well fed and others hungry. Now on the contrary the glaring disparities in the dress and condition of the men and women who brushed each other on the sidewalks shocked me at every step, and yet more the entire indifference which the prosperous showed to the plight of the unfortunate. Were these human beings, who could behold the wretchedness of their fellows without so much as a change of countenance? And yet, all the while, I knew well that it was I who had changed, and not my contemporaries. I had dreamed of a city whose people fared all alike as children of one family and were one another's keepers in all things.

Another feature of the real Boston which assumed the extraordinary effect of strangeness that marks familiar things seen in a new light was the prevalence of advertising. There had been no personal advertising in the Boston of the twentieth century, because there was no need of any, but here the walls of the buildings, the windows, the broadsides of the newspapers in every hand, the very pavements, everything in fact in sight, save the sky, were covered with the appeals of individuals who sought, under innumerable pretexts, to attract the contributions of others to their support. However the wording might vary, the tenor of all these appeals was the same:

"Help John Jones. Never mind the rest. They are frauds. I, John Jones, am the right one. Buy of me. Employ me. Visit me. Hear me, John Jones. Look at me. Make no mistake, John Jones is the man and nobody else. Let the rest starve, but for God's sake remember John Jones!"

Whether the pathos or the moral repulsiveness of the spectacle most impressed me, so suddenly become a stranger in my own city, I know not. Wretched men, I was moved to cry, who, because they will not learn to be helpers of one another, are doomed to be beggars of one another from the least to the greatest! This horrible babel of shameless self-assertion and mutual depreciation, this stunning clamor of conflicting boasts, appeals, and adjurations, this stupendous system of brazen beggary, what was it all but the necessity of a society in which the opportunity to serve the world according to his gifts, instead of being secured to every man as the first object of social organization, had to be fought for!

I reached Washington street at the busiest point, and there I stood and laughed aloud, to the scandal of the passers by. For my life I could not have helped it, with such a mad humor was I moved at sight of the interminable rows of stores on either side, up and down the street so far as I could see, scores of them, to make the spectacle more utterly preposterous, within a stone's throw devoted to selling the same sort of goods. Stores! stores! stores! miles of stores! ten thousand stores to distribute the goods needed by this one city, which in my dream had been supplied with all things from a single warehouse, as they were ordered through one great store in every quarter where the buyer, without waste of time or labor, found under one roof the world's assortment in whatever line he desired. There the labor of distribution had been so slight as to add but a scarcely perceptible fraction to the cost of commodities to the user. The cost of production was virtually all he paid. But here the mere distribution of the goods, their handling alone, added a fourth, a third, a half and more, to the cost. All these ten thousand plants must be paid for, their rent, their staffs of superintendence, their platoons of salesmen, their ten thousand sets of accountants, jobbers, and business dependents, with all they spent in advertising themselves and fighting one another, and the consumers must do the paying. What a famous process for beggaring a nation!

Were these serious men I saw about me, or children, who did their business on such a plan? Could they be reasoning beings who did not see the folly which, when the product is made and ready for use, wastes so much of it in getting it to the user? If people eat with a spoon that leaks half its contents between bowl and lip, are they not likely to go hungry?

I had passed through Washington street thousands of times before and viewed the ways of those who sold merchandise, but my curiosity concerning them was as if I had never gone by their way before. I took wondering note of the show-windows of the stores, filled with goods arranged with a wealth of pains and artistic device to attract the eye. I saw the throngs of ladies looking in, and the proprietors eagerly watching the effect of the bait. I went within and noted the hawk-eyed floor-walker watching for business, overlooking the clerks, keeping them up to their task of inducing the customers to buy, buy, buy for money if they had it, for credit if they had it not, to buy what they wanted not, more than they wanted, what they could not afford. At times I momentarily lost the clew and was confused by the sight. Why this effort to induce people to buy? Surely that had nothing to do with the legitimate business of distributing products to those who needed them. Surely it was the sheerest waste to force upon people what they did not want, but what might be useful to another. The nation was so much the poorer for every such achievement. What were these clerks thinking of? Then I would remember that they were not acting as distributors like those in the store I had visited in the dream Boston. They were not serving the public interest, but their immediate personal interest, and it was nothing to them what the ultimate effect of their course on the general prosperity might be, if but they increased their own hoard, for these goods were their own, and the more they sold and the more they got for them the greater their gain. The more wasteful the people were, the more articles they did not want which they could be induced to buy, the better for these sellers. To encourage prodigality was the express aim of the ten thousand stores of Boston.

Nor were these storekeepers and clerks a whit worse men than any others in Boston. They must earn a living and support their families, and how were they to find a trade to do it by which did not necessitate placing their individual interests before those of others and that of all? They could not be asked to starve while they waited for an order of things such as I had seen in my dream, in which the interest of each and that of all were identical. But, God in heaven! what wonder, under such a system as this about me, what wonder that the city was so shabby, and the people so meanly dressed, and so many of them ragged and hungry!

Some time after this it was that I drifted over into South Boston and found myself among the manufacturing establishments. I had been in this quarter of the city a hundred times before, just as I had been on Washington street, but here, as well as there, I now first perceived the true significance of what I witnessed. Formerly I had taken pride in the fact that, by actual count, Boston had some four thousand independent manufacturing establishments, but in this very multiplicity and independence I recognized now the secret of the insignificant total product of their industry.

If Washington street had been like a lane in Bedlam, this was a spectacle as much more melancholy as production is a more vital function than distribution. For not only were these four thousand establishments not working in concert, and for that reason alone operating at prodigious disadvantage, but, as if this did not involve a sufficiently disastrous loss of power, they were using their utmost skill to frustrate one another's efforts, praying by night and working by day for the destruction of one another's enterprises.

The roar and rattle of wheels and hammers resounding from every side was not the hum of a peaceful industry, but the clangor of swords wielded by foemen. These mills and shops were so many forts, each under its own flag, its guns trained on the mills and shops about it, and its sappers busy below, undermining them.

Within each one of these forts the strictest organization of industry was insisted on; the separate gangs worked under a single central authority. No interference and no duplicating of work were permitted. Each had his allotted task, and none were idle. By what hiatus in the logical faculty, by what lost link of reasoning account, then, for the failure to recognize the necessity of applying the same principle to the organization of the national industries as a whole, to see that if lack of organization could impair the efficiency of a shop, it must have effects as much more disastrous in disabling the industries of the nation at large as the latter are vaster in volume and more complex in the relationship of their parts.

People would be prompt enough to ridicule an army in which there were neither companies, battalions, regiments, brigades, divisions, or army corps, —no unit of organization, in fact, larger than the corporal's squad, with no officer higher than a corporal, and all the corporals equal in authority. And yet just such an army were the manufacturing industries of nineteenth century Boston, an army of four thousand independent squads led by four thousand independent corporals, each with a separate plan of campaign.

Knots of idle men were to be seen here and there on every side, some idle because they could find no work at any price, others because they could not get what they thought a fair price.

I accosted some of the latter and they told me their grievances. It was very little comfort I could give them. "I am sorry for you," I said. "You get little enough, certainly, and yet the wonder to me is, not that industries conducted as these are do not pay you living wages, but that they are able to pay you any wages at all."

Making my way back again after this to the peninsular city, toward three o'clock I stood on State street, staring, as if I had never seen them before, at the banks and brokers' offices, and other financial institutions, of which there had been in the State street of my vision no vestige. Business men, confidential clerks, and errand boys, were thronging in and out of the banks, for it wanted but a few minutes of the closing hour. Opposite me was the bank where I did business, and presently I crossed the street, and, going in with the crowd, stood in a recess of the wall looking on at the army of clerks handling money, and the cues of depositors at the tellers' windows. An old gentleman whom I knew, a director of the bank, passing me and observing my contemplative attitude, stopped a moment.

"Interesting sight, isn't it, Mr. West," he said. "Wonderful piece of mechanism; I find it so, myself. I like sometimes to stand and look on at it just as you are doing. It's a poem, sir, a poem; that's what I call it. Did you ever think, Mr. West, that the bank is the heart of the business system? From it and to it, in endless flux and reflux, the life-blood goes. It is flowing in now. It will flow out again in the morning." And, pleased with his little conceit, the old man passed on smiling.

Yesterday I should have considered the simile apt enough, but since then I had visited a world incomparably more affluent than this, in which money was unknown and without conceivable use. I had learned that it had a use in the world around me only because the work of producing the nation's livelihood, instead of being regarded as the most strictly public and common of all concerns, and as such conducted by the nation, was abandoned to the haphazard efforts of individuals. This original mistake necessitated endless exchanges to bring about any sort of general distribution of products. These exchanges money effected—how equitably, might be seen in a walk from the tenement-house districts to the Back Bay—at the cost of an army of men taken from productive labor to manage it, with constant ruinous break-downs of its machinery, and a generally debauching influence on mankind which had justified its description, from ancient time, as the "root of all evil."

Alas for the poor old bank director with his poem! He had mistaken the throbbing of an abscess for the beating of the heart. What he called "a wonderful piece of mechanism" was an imperfect device to remedy an unnecessary defect, the clumsy crutch of a self-made cripple.

After the banks had closed I wandered aimlessly about the business quarter for an hour or two, and later sat a while on one of the benches of the Common, finding an interest merely in watching the throngs that passed, such as one has in studying the populace of a foreign city, so strange since yesterday had my fellow-citizens and their ways become to me. For thirty years I had lived among them, and yet I seemed to have never noted before how drawn and anxious were their faces, of the rich as of the poor, the refined, acute faces of the educated as well as the dull masks of the ignorant. And well it might be so, for I saw now, as never before I had seen so plainly, that each as he walked constantly turned to catch the whispers of a spectre at his ear—the spectre of Uncertainty. "Do your work never so well," the spectre was whispering,—"rise early and toil till late, rob cunningly or serve faithfully, you shall never know security. Rich you may be now, and still come to poverty at last. Leave never so much wealth to your children, you cannot buy the assurance that your son may not be the servant of your servant, or that your daughter will not have to sell herself for bread."

A man passing by thrust an advertising-card in my hand, which set forth the merits of some new scheme of life-insurance. The incident reminded me of the only device, pathetic in its admission of the universal need it so poorly supplied, which offered these tired and hunted men and women even a partial protection from uncertainty. By this means, those already well-to-do, I remembered, might purchase a precarious confidence that after their death their loved ones would not, for a while at least, be trampled under the feet of men. But this was all, and this was only for those who could pay well for it. What idea was possible to these wretched dwellers in the land of Ishmael, where every man's hand was against each and the hand of each against every other, of true life-insurance as I had seen it among the people of that dreamland, each of whom, by virtue merely of his membership in the national family, was guaranteed against need of any sort, by a policy underwritten by one hundred million fellow-countrymen.

Some time after this it was that I recall a glimpse of myself standing on the steps of a building on Tremont street, looking at a military parade. A regiment was passing. It was the first sight in that dreary day which had inspired me with any other emotions than wondering pity and amazement. Here at last were order and reason, an exhibition of what intelligent coöperation can accomplish. The people who stood looking on with kindling faces,—could it be that the sight had for them no more than a spectacular interest? Could they fail to see that it was their perfect concert of action, their organization under one control, which made these men the tremendous engine they were, able to vanquish a mob ten times as numerous? Seeing this so plainly, could they fail to compare the scientific manner in which the nation went to war with the unscientific manner in which it went to work? Would they not query since what time the killing of men had been a task so much more important than feeding and clothing them, that a trained army should be deemed alone adequate to the former, while the latter was left to a mob?

It was now toward nightfall, and the streets were thronged with the workers from the stores, the shops, and mills. Carried along with the stronger part of the current, I found myself, as it began to grow dark, in the midst of a scene of squalor and human degradation such as only the South Cove tenement district could present. I had seen the mad wasting of human labor; here I saw in direst shape the want that waste had bred.

From the black doorways and windows of the rookeries on every side came gusts of fetid air. The streets and alleys reeked with the effluvia of a slave-ship's between-decks. As I passed I had glimpses within of pale babies gasping out their lives amid sultry stenches, of hopeless-faced women deformed by hardship, retaining of womanhood no trait save weakness, while from the windows leered girls with brows of brass. Like the starving bands of mongrel curs that infest the streets of Moslem towns, swarms of half-clad brutalized children filled the air with shrieks and curses as they fought and tumbled among the garbage that littered the court-yards.

There was nothing in all this that was new to me. Often had I passed through this part of the city and witnessed its sights with feelings of disgust mingled with a certain philosophical wonder at the extremities mortals will endure and still cling to life. But not alone as regarded the economical follies of this age, but equally as touched its moral abominations, scales had fallen from my eyes since that vision of another century. No more did I look upon the woful dwellers in this inferno with a callous curiosity as creatures scarcely human. I saw in them my brothers and sisters, my parents, my children, flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood. The festering mass of human wretchedness about me offended not now my senses merely, but pierced my heart like a knife, so that I could not repress sighs and groans. I not only saw but felt in my body all that I saw.

Presently, too, as I observed the wretched beings about me more closely, I perceived that they were all quite dead. Their bodies were so many living sepulchres. On each brutal brow was plainly written the *hic jacet* of a soul dead within.

As I looked, horror-struck, from one death's head to another, I was affected by a singular hallucination. Like a wavering translucent spirit face superimposed upon each of these brutish masks, I saw the ideal, the possible face that would have been the actual if mind and soul had lived. It was not till I was aware of these ghostly faces and of the reproach that could not be gainsaid which was in their eyes, that the full piteousness of the ruin that had been wrought was revealed to me. I was moved with contrition as with a strong agony, for I had been one of those who had endured that these things should be. I had been one of those who, well knowing that they were, had not desired to hear or be compelled to think much of them, but had gone on as if they were not, seeking my own pleasure and profit. Therefore now I found upon my garments the blood of this great multitude of strangled souls of my brothers. The voice of their blood cried out against me from the ground. Every stone of the reeking pavements, every brick of the pestilential rookeries, found a tongue and called after me as I fled: What hast thou done with thy brother Abel?

Clarence Clough Buel.

Born in Laona, Chautauqua Co., N. Y., 1850.

THE GUARDIAN OF OUR DUMB FRIENDS.

[*Henry Bergh and his Work.* 1879.]

THE position Mr. Bergh occupies at the head of one of the greatest moral agencies of the time is not more unique than his personal character. Here is a man of refined sensibilities and tender feelings, who relinquished an honored position and the enjoyment of wealth, to become the target of sneers and public laughter, for the sake of principles of humanity the most unselfish. By day and by night, in sunshine and storm, he gives his strength to the cause as freely as he aided it with his fortune. For a few years his person and his purposes were objects of ridicule, in the less scrupulous public prints and on the streets. He was bullied by lawyers in courts of justice, and took his revenge according to Gospel precept. He was called a fanatic, a visionary, a seeker after notoriety, and a follower of Don Quixote. But faith and courage never forsook him, nor the will to shield a dumb animal from a brutal blow and help a fellow-human to control his evil passions. The results and his reward are already proportionate to his labors, for the legislatures of thirty-three States have decided that dumb animals have rights that masters must respect; and the Court of Errors, the highest tribunal in the Empire State, has recently confirmed the equity and constitutionality of the cruelty laws.

Thirteen years of devoted labor have wrought no very great change in the appearance and manner of Henry Bergh. If the lines of his careworn face have multiplied, they have also responded to the kindly influence of public sympathy and the release of his genial disposition from austere restraint. A visitor who had no claims on Mr. Bergh's indulgence once remarked: "I was alarmed by the dignity of his presence and disarmed by his politeness." Since Horace Greeley's death, no figure more familiar to the public has walked the streets of the metropolis. Nature gave him an absolute patent on every feature and manner of his personality. His commanding stature of six feet is magnified by his erect and dignified bearing. A silk hat with straight rim covers with primness the severity of his presence. A dark-brown or dark-blue frock overcoat encases his broad shoulders and spare, yet sinewy, figure. A decisive hand grasps a cane strong enough to lean upon, and competent to be a defence without looking like a standing menace. When this cane, or even his finger, is raised in warning, the cruel driver is quick to understand and heed the gesture. On the crowded street he walks with a slow, slightly swinging pace peculiar to himself. Apparently preoccupied, he is yet observant of everything about him and mechanically notes the condition from head to hoof of every passing horse. Everybody looks into the long, solemn, finely chiselled and bronzed face wearing an expression of firmness and benevolence. Brown locks fringe a broad and rounded forehead. Eyes between blue and hazel, lighted by intellectual fires, are equally ready to dart authority or show compassion. There is energy of character in a long nose of the purest Greek type; melancholy in a mouth rendered doubly grave by deep lines, thin lips, and a sparse, drooping mustache, and determination in a square chin of leonine strength. The head, evenly poised, is set on a stout neck rooted to broad shoulders. In plainness, gravity, good taste, individuality, and unassuming and self-possessed dignity, his personality is a compromise between a Quaker and a French nobleman whose life and thoughts no less than long descent are his title to nobility. . . . .

Whisperings of his true mission in life came to Henry Bergh about the time of his appointment as Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburgh in 1862.

For years he had taken note of the cruelties practised on dumb animals in European countries, and the brutal sports in which animal life was sacrificed. His strong sense of justice and human obligation led him to regard such cruelty as one of the greatest blemishes on human character. In Russia the common people have, or had, a profound respect for official position. Mr. Bergh's footman wore the gold lace that served to distinguish members of the diplomatic corps. One day he interfered in behalf of a donkey that was being cruelly beaten, and made the happy discovery that the owner of the beast, as well as the crowd, stood in awe of the gold lace of his equipage. "At last," he said, "I've found a way to utilize my gold lace, and about the best use that can be made of it." So he formed a society of two for the protection of dumb animals, his coachman, as executive officer, sympathizing in the work to the extent of the wages paid him. This coachman was a rather pompous *muzhik,* who spoke bad French to his master and prided himself on his command of Russian billingsgate. During his daily drives, if Mr. Bergh saw an animal in the toils of a "cruelist," he would order his coachman to take the human brute into a side street and give him a "regular blowing up." This and the gold lace always had the desired effect, though, so far as Mr. Bergh could understand, his coachman might have been reciting pastoral poetry in an off-hand way. . . . .

Before leaving Russia he determined to devote the remainder of his life to the interests of dumb animals, and on his way home stopped in London to confer with Lord Harrowby, president of the English society that was afterward Mr. Bergh's model. He landed at New York in the autumn of 1864 and spent a year in maturing his plans. First of all, he took himself aside, as it were, and scrupulously inquired if he had the strength to carry on such a work and the ability to make the necessary sacrifices. He concluded that he was equal to the task.

A paper now hangs on the walls of the office bearing the signatures of seventy citizens of New York and inspiring almost as much reverence of a kind as the Declaration of Independence. It proclaims the duty of protecting animals from cruelty, and among the signers are Horace Greeley, Peter Cooper, George Bancroft, John A. Dix, Henry W. Bellows, Mayor Hoffman, John Jacob Astor, and Alexander T. Stewart. After procuring this paper, Mr. Bergh next prepared a charter and laws, and successfully urged their passage at Albany. On the evening of February 8, 1866, Mayor Hoffman, A. T. Stewart, and a few other gentlemen came through rain and six inches of slush to listen to Mr. Bergh at Clinton Hall. In the following April the society was legally organized, Henry Bergh being elected president and George Bancroft a vice-president. At the close of his brief address the enthusiastic president cried: "This, gentlemen, is the verdict you have this day rendered, that the blood-red hand of cruelty shall no longer torture dumb beasts with impunity."

That same evening Henry Bergh buttoned his overcoat and went forth to defend the laws he had been mainly instrumental in securing, aware that on himself more than on any other man depended whether they were laughed at or obeyed. They were a radical innovation, for up to 1865 no law for the protection of animals from cruelty could be found on the statute-book of any State in the Union. The common-law regarded animals simply as property, and their masters, in wanton cruelty, or anger (for which Rozan, the French moralist, says there is no better definition than "temporary insanity"), might torture his sentient chattels without legal hindrance or accountability. Henry Bergh put on this new armor of the law to battle no less for humanity than for dumb animals. A timely arrival at Fifth avenue and Twenty-second street, where a brutal driver was beating a lame horse with the butt-end of a whip, resulted in an indecisive skirmish. He tried to reason with the man, who simply laughed in derision and offered to pommel him if he would step into the street. Mr. Bergh went home reflecting that there was a material difference between brute protection in America, where every man felt that he was something of a king, and in Russia, where there were gold lace and a submissive peasantry. The next day, from an omnibus, he saw a butcher's wagon loaded with live sheep and calves, thrown together like so much wood, their heads hanging over the edges of the wagon-box and their large innocent eyes pleading in dumb agony. He alighted, and made a sensation by arresting the butcher and taking him before a magistrate; but New York justice was not at that time quite prepared to act without a precedent. Early in May Mr. Bergh succeeded in having a Brooklyn butcher fined for similar acts of cruelty, and numerous arrests, resulting in a few convictions, were made in New York. He visited the market-places and the river-piers and walked the busy streets, searching his brains for some means of bringing his cause prominently before the people. One morning, late in May, he saw a schooner just arrived in port from Florida with a cargo of live turtles that had made the passage on their backs, their flippers having been pierced and tied with strings. Seeing his opportunity to make a stir, Mr. Bergh arrested the captain and the entire crew for cruelty to animals and marched them into court, the judge sharing the amusement of the spectators and the lawyers. The captain's counsel urged that turtles were not animals within the meaning of the law, but fish, and if they were animals the treatment was not cruelty because painless. The learned judge, in giving a decision favorable to the prisoners, said it was past his belief that cruelty could have been inflicted on the turtles when the sense of pain caused by boring holes in their fins was about what a human being would experience from a mosquito bite. Professor Agassiz afterward came to Henry Bergh's assistance in the long struggle to "make it legally apparent," as the latter said, "if not otherwise, to the torturers of the poor despised turtle, that the great Creator, in endowing it with life, gave to it feeling and certain rights, as well as to ourselves."

Mr. Bennett had already begun in his newspaper to ridicule the society, and Mr. Bergh as the "Moses of the movement," while a little later he aided the cause with money. He did the greatest possible good to the movement, however, two or three days after the turtle suit, by publishing a satire several columns long, purporting to be a report of a mass meeting of animals at Union Square, Mr. Bergh "in the chair." Each animal expressed his honest conviction concerning the work, and the article was so amusing and keen that before forty-eight hours had passed Mr. Bergh and his society had engaged the attention of perhaps half a million of people. From that day the cause moved steadily forward. . . . .

Henry Bergh and his officers cannot be everywhere at once, but they sometimes think that some mysterious providence leads them to cases of cruelty, so successful are they in being at the right place at the right time. All members of the society have a badge of authority, and frequently supplement the officers' efforts. Many gentlemen with no authority assume it. In January last a Broad street merchant was seen to rush out of his office into the street and shake his fist at a teamster sitting on fifteen bales of cotton, with his truck fast in the snow, the merchant exclaiming: "You ruffian! Stop licking those horses, or I'll have you locked up!" The driver stopped. Two ambulances for disabled horses are now kept ready for public use. When the ambulance was first introduced, it was passing Wallack's Theatre one evening with a noble white horse that had been injured, standing in it. The novel spectacle attracted the crowds that were passing into the theatre. They turned around, waited for the cavalcade to pass, and gave three cheers for the society. A clergyman once said: "That ambulance preaches a better sermon than I can." Devices for raising animals out of street excavations, and various other appliances, are kept at the principal office.

Every few days the superintendent, with an officer, drives at six o'clock in the morning to the pork-packing establishments on the west side, where horses are made to draw enormous loads; then to the trains at Forty-first street, where live hogs are unloaded; thence down the west side, stopping at all the Jersey ferries to examine the milk-cart horses and truck-horses; thence to Washington Market and Fulton Market to look at the peddlers' horses, getting back to the office at nine o'clock, ready for the daily routine. . .

Great as are the material benefits society derives from Henry Bergh's work, in the economy of animal life, the moral benefits obtained are vastly greater. Indeed, the work was first rendered possible by the liberation of the slave, because a reasonable people could not have listened to the claims of dumb animals while human beings, held in more ignoble bondage, were subjected to greater cruelty and added outrage. He took up the principles of humanity, for which two chief martyrs fell, crowned with human love, and is carrying them forward by teaching men to be noble and strong through pity and self-restraint.

ON THE TRAPPING OF A MOUSE THAT LIVED IN A LADY'S ESCRITOIRE.

POOR mousie! you have learned too late,
This lady's scorn of mice—and men,
Who envy yet thy better fate,—
To hear the music of her pen;

To kiss the rug her feet have kissed;
To gambol round her dainty slippers,
And wonder if, in Beauty's list,
The foot of Venus could outstrip hers;

To draw the splendor of her eyes,
  That flash as they discover you,
And picture in their swift surprise
  Your fleeting bliss, and sentence, too;

To have her fingers set the snare
  And bait with crumbs have touched her lip,
Inviting to ambrosial fare
  And sudden death's endearing grip:

While men may sigh and sigh in vain,
  And suffer torturing Love's demur,
Without a smile to ease their pain
  Or even leave to die for her.

1880.

William Hamilton Gibson.

Born in Sandy Hook, Conn., 1850.

WHERE SLEEPS TITANIA.

[*A Midnight Ramble.—Harper's New Monthly Magazine.* 1888.]

MY first midnight walk was a revelation, and a severe shock to my comfortable self-conceit. The woods and meadows had been full of faces that I had known and welcomed familiarly for years in my daily walks. But when I sallied forth with my lantern that night, I stepped from my threshold upon foreign sod. I found no greeting nor open palms, and I lost my way as though in a strange land. I opened a fresh humble page in my botany. In whatever direction I might look over the broad meadow I found the same strange complexion everywhere to the limits of my vision, and what "a pleasing land of drowsy-head it was!"

"We are all a-noddin', nid-nid-noddin',"

seemed the universal lullaby. What a convocation of nightcaps and sleepy-heads! . . . .

The nature of the nocturnal movements and attitudes of plants, both in leaves and flowers, has long been a theme of speculation among botanists. In the case of many flowers the night attitudes have been conclusively shown to have relation solely to their fertilization by insects.

The drooping attitude of leaves at night was commonly supposed to indicate an aversion to moisture, many plants assuming the same position during rain as in the dew, thus seeming to verify the conjecture; but when the same pranks were played in a cloudy day or a dewless night, the explanation had to be abandoned. In the clover tribe the nocturnal positions seem to be assumed only in the darkness, and this invariably, dew or no dew, while the leaves seem to revel in the rain, remaining freely open.

I doubt not that if our eyes were sharp enough they might discern a certain strangeness in the nocturnal expression of every plant and tree, such as is remarkably emphasized in the locust, which, by the way, is a member of that same leguminous order of plants with the clovers, especially noted for the pronounced irritability of the leaves and odd nocturnal capers, and whose seeming vital consciousness has caused some botanists to class them at the extremity of their system, in contact with the limits of the animal kingdom. . . . .

Turning to his "posies," our floriculturist may pick an exotic bouquet from his own familiar borders. His starry "blue-bottles" have raised their horns and assumed the shape of a shuttlecock. His balsams wear a hang-dog look, with every leaf sharply declined. His coreopsis blossoms are turned vertically by a sharp bend at the summit of the stem. Many of his favorites, like the eschscholtzia blossoms, have closed their eyes or perhaps hung their heads, and refuse to look him in the face, while his climbing nasturtiums, especially if they should be of the dwarf English variety, await his coming in hushed expectancy, and their wall of sheeny shields flashes a "boo" at him out of the darkness, which immediately reveals the changed position of their foliage. Every individual shield is now seen to stand perpendicularly, the stem being bent in a sharp curve. In the midst of his surprise the flowers one by one now seem to steal into view, peering out here and there behind the leaves, and he will discern a grimace then that he never noted before. That bright bouquet upon his mantel will henceforth wear a new expression for him and a fresh identity. He will find himself exchanging winks therewith now and then, and hover about the room among his friends in the proud consciousness of a certain preferment not vouchsafed to common mortals.

The effect of such a bank of nasturtium leaves as the writer recently observed is irresistibly queer. So instinct with mischievous consciousness did it seem that he found himself entering into conversation at once, and laughed outright in the darkness. It has been supposed that this vertical position of the leaf was assumed to avoid the collection of dew, but this is obviously an error. There is no disposition in the nasturtium to avoid moisture, as would be apparent to any one who has watched the leaves during rain, catching and coddling the great dancing drop at its hollowed centre, and loath to let it fall.

Our midnight gardener has still further surprises in store for him among his plantations. Following the alluring fragrance of his melilot, he turns the rays of his lantern among its branches, and finds them full of nocturnal capers. The single leaflet of the melilot is threefold, like a clover, to which it is closely akin. At night these three leaflets twist edge uppermost on their stems, with the faces of the outer pair turned inward, while the end leaflet folds its face flat to one side or the other, to the cheek of its chosen chum for the night. And there they are, a dozy company in truth, yet not without a subtle suggestion that it may all be a subterfuge for the moment to cover some mischief or other. . . . .

Tall strange columns loom up, white and ghostly, beneath the glare of your lantern, here and there among the potato plants. They prove to be pigweeds, but for strangeness they might have sprung up like mushrooms since your last visit, most of the upper leaves, which during the day had extended wide on their long stems, now inclining upward against the stalk, and enclosing the tops of younger branches. Still other older plants are seen with leaves extended much as at mid-day, but nearly all turned edgewise by a twist in the stem.

The chickweed's eye is closed, and

> "Closed is the pink-eyed pimpernel."

The creeping-mallow blossom now ignores proud array of "cheeses," and the oxalis flower has left her shooting pods to keep the vigil, closed and nodding upon its stem, while its foliage masquerades in one of the oddest disguises of all this somnambulistic company, the three heart-shaped leaflets reflexed and adjusting themselves back to back around the stem with many curious contortions.

Whatever the disputed function of this nocturnal movement, it has at least been shown to be essential to the life of the plant, careful experiment having demonstrated, according to one authority, that "if the leaves are prevented from so regulating their surface, they lose their color and die in a few days." Darwin also conclusively demonstrated the same fact with various other plants.

The sleepiest beds in the garden, at least as to the flowers, will be found among the poppies.

> "Not poppy, nor mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
> Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
> Which thou ow'dst yesterday,"

mutters Iago to Othello. The poppy, "lord of the land of dreams," sets a beautiful example of that somnolence for which it is itself the emblem and ministering nepenthe.

In a recent moonlight stroll in Switzerland I visited the poppies in their native haunts, the common wild species whose flaming scarlet sets the foreign summer fields ablaze in the mid-day sun. But I found their fires now smouldering beneath the dew, and giving no token beneath the moon, for the blossoms were closed in luxurious slumber.

In the dim moonlight I beheld thousands of these folded flowers swaying among the familiar daisies and grasses of my own land, and otherwise attended by a host of meadow flowers whose names I had not yet learned. The night ephemeræ fluttered here and there, and a large moth, which seemed almost phosphorescent in its whiteness, hovered spirit-like close above the poppies. The poppy welcomes all the "meadow tribes" during the day, but at night her four damask curtains are closely drawn, the two inner petals being coiled within each other above the tiny head that wears a crown within, and the outer pair enfolding all in their crumpled bivalve clasp. . . . .

Our evening primrose does not bloom in the dark hours for mere sentiment or moonshine, but from a motive which lies much nearer her heart. From the first moment of her wooing welcome she listens for murmuring wings, and awaits that supreme fulfilment anticipated from her infant bud. For it will almost invariably be found that those blossoms which open in the twilight have adapted themselves to the crepuscular moths and other nocturnal insects. This finds a striking illustration in the instances of many long tubular-shaped night-blooming flowers, like the honeysuckle and various orchids, whose nectar is beyond the reach of any insect except the night-flying hawk-moth. It is true that in other less deep nocturnal flowers the sweets could be reached by butterflies or bees during the day if the blossoms remained open, but the night murmurers receive the first fresh invitation, which, if met, will leave but a wilted, half-hearted blossom to greet the sipper of the sunshine. This beautiful expectancy of the flower determines the limit of its bloom. . . . .

Look! Our misty dell is fast lighting its pale lamps in the twilight. One by one they flash out in the gloom as if obedient to the hovering touch of some Ariel unseen—or is it the bright response to the fire-fly's flitting torch? The sun has long sunk beneath the hill. And now, when the impenetrable dusk has deepened round about, involving all, where but a moment since all was visible, this shadowy dell has forgotten the sunset, and knows a twilight all its own, independent of the fading glow of the sky. It was a sleepy nook by day, where it is now all life and vigilance; it was dark and still at noon, where it is now bright and murmurous. The "delicious secret" is now whispered abroad, and where in all the mystic alchemy of odors or attars shall you find such a witching fragrance as this which is here borne on the diaphanous tide of the jealous gliding mist, and fills the air with its sweet enchantment—the stilly night's own spirit guised in perfume? Yonder bright cluster, deep within the recess of the alders, how it glows! fanned by numerous feathery wings, it glimmers in the dark like a phosphorescent aureole—verily as though some merry will-o'-the-wisp, tired of his dancing, had perched him there, while other luminous spires rise above the mist, or here and there hover in lambent banks beyond, or, like those throbbing fires beneath the ocean surge, illume the fog with half-smothered halo. This lustrous tuft at our elbow! Let us turn our lantern upon it. Its nightly whorl of lamps is already lit, save one or two that have escaped our fairy in his rounds, but not for long, for the green veil of this sunset bud is now rent from base to tip. The confined folded petals are pressing hard for their release. In a moment more, with an audible impulse, the green apex bursts asunder, and the four freed sepals slowly reflex against the hollow tube of the flower, while the lustrous corolla shakes out its folds, saluting the air with its virgin breath.

The slender stamens now explore the gloom, and hang their festoons of webby pollen across their tips. None too soon, for even now a silvery moth circles about the blossom, and settles among the outstretched filaments, sipping the nectar in tremulous content. But he carries a precious token as he hies away, a golden necklace, perhaps, and with it a message to yonder blossom among the alders, and thus until the dawn, his rounds directed with a deep design of which he is an innocent instrument, but which insures a perpetual paradise of primroses for future sippers like himself. Nor is it necessary to visit the haunt of the evening primrose to observe this beautiful episode. The same may be witnessed almost any summer evening much nearer home, even about your porch, and among city walls, heralded by those fresh, dewy whiffs from the night-blooming honeysuckle, where the bright bevies of blushing buds are bursting in anticipation of that "kiss which harms not," as the welcome sphinx-moth, piloted by the two great glowing lanterns of its eyes, hovers in the murmurous cloud of its humming phantom-wings. How often have I watched these mimic humming-birds in the gathering dusk, whirling about the flowers, following the circuit of each fresh-blown cluster, tilting and swaying in their buoyant poise above the blossom's throat, only their long bodies visible in the fuzzy, buzzy halos of wings, the slender capillary tongues uncoiled, nearly six inches in length, and thrust in turn deep into the honeyed tubes. . . . .

Most of the nocturnal flowers have thus adapted themselves especially to these long-tongued Lepidoptera, hiding their honey in such deep tubes or spurs that it is only accessible to the hawk-moths. To these there is intrusted the perpetuity of many night-flowering plants.

In attributing a phosphorescent quality to the evening primrose I have mainly followed the license of fancy, although, if the scientists are to be believed, I have indeed scarcely wandered from the literal truth. For the singular luminous glow of this and other nocturnal flowers has long attracted the attention of the curious, and positive qualities of inherent light have been accorded in many instances. It is true that "the evening primrose is perfectly visible in the darkest night," from which fact phosphorescent properties have been ascribed to it. "Many perfectly authenticated instances are on record of luminous, electrical, lightning-like phosphorescence playing about flowers. The daughter of Linnæus was the first to note it," observes one writer. Pursh also subsequently observed and chronicled it. Similar flashes or corona have been discerned on nasturtiums, double marigold, red poppy, geraniums, tuberose, sunflower, and evening primrose, according to these authorities.

Alice French.

Born in Andover, Mass.

THE BISHOP'S VAGABOND.

[*Knitters in the Sun. By Octave Thanet.* 1887.]

THE Bishop, after deliberation, had decided to accompany Demming to Charleston. He excused his interest in the man so elaborately and plausibly that his daughter was reminded of Talboys.

Saturday morning all three—the Bishop, the vagabond, and Talboys—started for Charleston. Talboys, however, did not know that the Bishop was going. He bought Demming's ticket, saw him safely to a seat, and went into the smoking-car. The Bishop was late, but the conductor, with true Southern good-nature, backed the train and took him aboard. He seated himself in front of Demming, and began to wipe his heated brow.

"Why do they want to have a fire in the stove this weather?" said he.

"Well," said the cracker slyly, "you see we hain't all been runnin', an' we're kinder chilly!"

"Humph!" said the Bishop. After this there was silence. The train rolled along; through the pine woods, past small stations where rose-trees brightened trim white cottages, then into the swamp lands, where the moisture painted the bark of tall trees, and lay in shiny green patches among them. The Southern moss dripping from the giant branches shrouded them in a weird drapery, soft as mist. There was something dreary and painful, to a Northern eye, in the scene; the tall and shrouded trees, the stagnant pools of water gleaming among them, the vivid green patches of moss, the barren stretches of sand. The very beauty in it all seemed the unnatural glory of decay, repelling the beholder. Here and there were cabins. One could not look at them without wondering whether the inhabitants had the ague, or its South Carolina synonyme, the "break-bone fever." At one, a bent old woman was washing. She lifted her head, and Demming waved his hat at her. Then he glanced at the Bishop, now busy with a paper, and chuckled over some recollection. He looked out again. There was a man running along the side of the road waving a red flag. He called out a few words, which the wind of the train tore to pieces. At the same instant, the whistle of the engine began a shrill outcry. "Sunthin' 's bust, I reckon," said Demming. And then, before he could see, or know, or understand, a tremendous crash drowned his senses, and in one awful moment blended shivering glass and surging roof and white faces like a horrible kaleidoscope.

The first thing he noticed, when he came to himself, was a thin ribbon of smoke. He watched it lazily, while it melted into the blue sky, and another ribbon took its place. But presently the pain in his leg aroused him. He perceived that the car was lying on one side, making the other side into a roof, and one open window was opposite his eyes. At the other end the car was hardly more than a mass of broken seats and crushed sides, but it was almost intact where he lay. He saw that the stove had charred the woodwork near it; hence the smoke, which escaped through a crack and floated above him. The few people in the car were climbing out of the windows as best they might. A pair of grimy arms reached down to Demming, and he heard the brakeman's voice (he knew Jim Herndon, the brakeman, well) shouting profanely for the "next."

"Whar's the Bishop?" said Demming.

"Reckon he's out," answered Jim. "Mought as well come yo'self! H—— ! you've broke yo' leg!"

"Pull away, jes the same. I don' wanter stay yere an' roast!"

The brakeman pulled him through the window. Demming shut his teeth hard; only the fear of death could have made him bear the agony every motion gave him.

The brakeman drew him to one side before he left him. Demming could see the wreck plainly. A freight train had been thrown from the track, and the passenger train had run into it while going at full speed. "The brakes wouldn't work," Demming heard Jim say. Now the sight was a sorry one—

a heap of rubbish which had been a freight car; the passenger engine sprawling on one side, in the swamp, like a huge black beetle; and, near it, the two foremost cars of its train overturned and shattered. The people of both trains were gathered about the wreck, helplessly talking, as is the manner of people in an accident. They were, most of them, on the other side of the track. No one had been killed; but some were wounded, and were stretched in a ghastly row on car cushions. The few women and children in the train were collected about the wounded.

"Is the last man out?" shouted the conductor.

Jim answered, "Yes, all out—no, d—— it! I see a coat-tail down here."

"Look at the fire!" screamed a woman. "Oh, God help him! The car's afire!"

"He's gone up, whoever he is," muttered Jim. "They ain't an axe nor nothin' on board, an' he's wedged in fast. But come on, boys! I'll drop in onct mo'!"

"You go with him," another man said. "Here, you fellows, I can run fastest; I'll go to the cabin for an axe. Some of you follow me for some water!"

Demming saw the speaker for an instant,—an erect little figure in a foppish gray suit, with a "cat's eye" gleaming from his blue cravat. One instant he stood on the piece of timber upon which he had jumped; the next he had flung off his coat, and was speeding down the road like a hare.

"D—— ef 'tain't the Cunnel," said Demming.

"Come on!" shouted Talboys, never slackening his speed. "Hurry!"

The men went. Demming, weak with pain, was content to look across the gap between the trains and watch those left behind. The smoke was growing denser now, and tongues of flame shot out between the joints of wood. They said the man was at the other end. Happily, the wind blew the fire from him. Jim and two other men climbed in again. Demming could hear them swearing and shouting. He looked anxiously about, seeking a familiar figure which he could not find. He thought it the voice of his own fears, that cry from within the car. "Good God, it's the Bishop!" But immediately Jim thrust his head out of the window, and called: "The Bishop's in hyar! Under the cyar seats! He ain't hurt, but we cyant move the infernal things ter get him out!"

"Oh, Lordy!" groaned the vagabond; "an' I'm so broke up I cyant liff' a han' ter help him!"

In desperation, the men outside tried to batter down the car walls with a broken tree limb. Inside, they strained feverishly at the heavy timbers. Vain efforts all, at which the crackling flames, crawling always nearer, seemed to mock.

Demming could hear the talk, the pitying comments, the praise of the Bishop: "Such a good man!" "His poor daughter, the only child, and her mother dead!" "They were so fond of each other, poor thing, poor thing!" And a soft voice added, "Let us pray!"

"Prayin'," muttered Demming, "jes like wimmen! Laws, they don't know no better. How'll I git ter him?"

He began to crawl to the car, dragging his shattered leg behind him, reckless of the throbs of pain it sent through his nerves. "Ef I kin ony stan' it till I git ter him!" he moaned. "Burnin' alive's harder nor this." He felt the hot smoke on his face; he heard the snapping and roaring of the fire; he saw the men about the car pull out Jim and his companions, and perceived that their faces were blackened.

"It'll cotch me, suah's death!" said Demming between his teeth. "Well, 'tain't much mattah!" Mustering all his strength he pulled himself up to the car window below that from which Jim had just emerged. The crowd, occupied with the helpless rescuers, had not observed him before. They shouted at him as one man: "Get down, it's too late!" "You're crazy, you ——!" yelled Jim, with an oath.

"Never you min'," Demming answered coolly. "I know what I'm 'bout, I reckon."

He had taken his revolver from his breast, and was searching through his pockets. He soon pulled out what he sought, merely a piece of stout twine; and the crowd saw him, sitting astride the trucks, while he tied the string about the handle of the weapon. Then he leaned over the prison walls, and looked down upon the Bishop. Under the mass of wood and iron the Bishop lay, unhurt but securely imprisoned; yet he had never advanced to the chancel rails with a calmer face than that he lifted to his friend.

"Demming," he cried, "you here! Go back, I implore you! You can't save me."

"I know thet, Bishop," groaned the cracker. "I ain't aimin' ter. But I cyan't let you roast in this yere d—— barbecue! Look a yere!" He lowered the revolver through the window. "Thar's a pistil, an' w'en th' fire cotches onter you an' yo' gwine suah's shootin', then put it ter yo' head an' pull the trigger, an' yo'll be outen it all!"

The Bishop's firm pale face grew paler as he answered, "Don't tempt me, Demming! Whatever God sends I must bear. I can't do it!" Demming paused. He looked steadily at the Bishop for a second; then he raised the revolver, with a little quiver of his mouth. "And go away, for God's sake, my poor friend! Bear my love to my dear, dear daughter; tell her that she has always been a blessing and a joy to me. And remember what I have said to you, yourself. It will be worth dying for if you will do that; it will, indeed. It is only a short pain, and then heaven! Now go, Demming. God bless and keep you. Go!"

But Demming did not move. "Don' you want ter say a prayer, Bishop?" he said in a coaxing tone,—"jes a little mite o' one fur you an' me? Ye don' need ter min' 'bout sayin' 't loud. I'll unnerstan' th' intention, an' feel jes so edified. I will, fur a fac."

"Go, first, Demming. I am afraid for you!"

"I'm a-gwine, Bishop," said Demming, in the same soft, coaxing tone. "Don' min' me. I'm all right." He crouched down lower, so that the Bishop could not see him, and the group below saw him rest the muzzle of the pistol on the window-sill and take aim.

A gasp ran through the crowd,—that catching of the breath in which over-taxed feeling relieves itself. "He's doin' the las' kindness he can to him," said the brakeman to the conductor, "and by the Lord, he's giv' his own life to do it!"

The flames had pierced the roof, and streamed up to the sky. Through the sickening, dull roar they heard the Bishop's voice again:

"Demming, are you gone?"

The cracker struck a loose piece of wood, and sent it clattering down. "Yes, Bishop, that wuz me. I'm safe on th' groun'. Good-by, Bishop. I do feel 'bleeged ter you; an', Bishop, them chickens wuz the fust time. They wuz, on my honah. Now, Bishop, shet yo' eyes an' pray, for it's a-comin'!"

The Bishop prayed. They could not hear what he said, below. No one heard save the uncouth being who clung to the window, revolver in hand, steadily eying the creeping red death. But they knew that, out of sight, a man who had smiled on them, full of life and hope but an hour ago, was facing such torture as had tried the martyr's courage, and facing it with as high a faith.

With one accord men and women bent their heads. Jim, the brakeman, alone remained standing, his form erect, his eyes fixed on the two iron lines that made an angle away in the horizon. "Come on!" he yelled, leaping wildly into the air. "Fo' the Lord's sake, hurry! D—— him, but he's the bulliest runner!"

Then they all saw a man flying down the track, axe in hand. He ran up to the car side. He began to climb. A dozen hands caught him. "You're a dead man if you get in there!" was the cry. "Don't you see it's all afire?"

"Try it from the outside, Colonel!" said the conductor.

"Don't you see I haven't time?" cried Talboys. "He'll be dead before we can get to him. Stand back, my men, and, Jim, be ready to pull us both out!"

The steady tones and Talboys's business-like air had an instantaneous effect. The crowd were willing enough to be led; they fell back, and Talboys dropped through the window. To those outside the whole car seemed in a blaze, and over them the smoke hung like a pall; but through the crackling and roaring and the crash of falling timber came the clear ring of axe-blows, and Talboys's voice shouting: "I say, my man, don't lose heart! We're bound to get you out!"

"Lordy, he don't know who 'tis," said Demming. "Nobody could see through that thar smoke!"

All at once the uninjured side of the car gave way beneath the flames, falling in with an immense crash. The flame leaped into the air.

"They're gone!" cried the conductor.

"No, they're not!" yelled Demming. "He's got him, safe an' soun'!" And as he spoke, scorched and covered with dust, bleeding from a cut on his cheek but holding the Bishop in his arms, Talboys appeared at the window. Jim snatched the Bishop, the conductor helped out Talboys, and half a dozen hands laid hold of Demming. He heard the wild cheer that greeted them; he heard another cheer for the men with the water, just in sight; but he heard no more, for as they pulled him down a dozen fiery pincers seemed tearing at his leg, and he fainted dead away.

The Bishop's daughter sat in her room, making a very pretty picture, with her white hands clasped on her knee and her soft eyes uplifted. She looked sad enough to please a pre-Raphaelite of sentiment. Yet her father, whom this morning she would have declared she loved better than any one in the world, had just been saved from a frightful death. She knew the story of his deliverance. At last she felt that most unexpected thrill of admiration for Talboys; but Talboys had vanished. He was gone, it was all ended, and she owned to herself that she was wretched. Her father was with Demming and the doctors. The poor vagabond must hobble through life on one leg, henceforward. "If he lived," the doctor had said, making even his existence as a cripple problematic. Poor Demming, who had flung away his life to save her father from suffering,—a needless, useless sacrifice, as it proved, but touching Louise the more because of its very failure!

At this stage in her thoughts, she heard Sam, the waiter, knocking softly, outside. Her first question was about Demming. "The operation's ovah, miss, an' Mr. Demming he's sinkin'," answered Sam, giving the sick man a title he had never accorded him before, "an' he axes if you'd be so kin' 's to step in an' speak to him; he's powerful anxious to see you."

Silently Louise arose and followed the mulatto. They had carried Demming to the hotel: it was the nearest place, and the Bishop wished it. His wife had been sent for, and was with him. Her timid, tear-stained face was the first object that met Louise's eye. She sat in a rocking-chair close to the bed, and, by sheer force of habit, was unconsciously rocking to and fro, while she brushed the tears from her eyes. Demming's white face and tangle of iron-gray hair lay on the pillow near her.

He smiled feebly, seeing Louise. She did not know anything better to do than to take his hand, the tears brightening her soft eyes. "Laws," said Demming, "don' do thet. I ain't wuth it. Look a yere, I got sun'thin' ter say ter you. An' you mustn't min', 'cause I mean well. You know 'bout—yes'day mahnin'. Mabbe you done what you done not knowin' yo' own min',—laws, thet's jes girls,—an' I wants you ter know jes what kin' o' feller he is. You know he saved yo' pa, but you don' know, mabbe, thet he didn't know 'twas the Bishop till he'd jump down in thet thar flamin' pit o' hell, as 'twere, an' fished him out. He done it jes 'cause he'd thet pluck in him, an'—don' you go fer ter chippin' in, Cunnel. I'm a dyin' man, an' don' you forget it! Thar he is, miss, hidin' like behin' the bed."

Louise during this speech had grown red to the roots of her hair. She looked up into Talboys's face. He had stepped forward. His usual composure had quite left him, so that he made a pitiful picture of embarrassment, not helped by crumpled linen and a borrowed coat a world too large for him. "It's just a whim of his," he whispered hurriedly; "he wanted me to stay. I didn't know—I didn't understand! For God's sake, don't suppose I meant to take such an advantage of the situation! I am going directly. I shall leave Aiken to-night."

It was only the strain on her nerves, but Louise felt the oddest desire to laugh. The elegant Martin cut such a very droll figure as a hero. Then her eye fell on Demming's eager face, and a sudden revulsion of feeling, a sudden keen realization of the tragedy that Martin had averted brought the tears back to her eyes. Her beautiful head dropped. "Why do you go—now?" said she.

"Hev you uns made it up, yet?" murmured Demming's faint voice.

"Yes," Talboys answered, "I think we have, and—I thank you, Demming." The vagabond waved his hand with a feeble assumption of his familiar gesture. "Yo' a square man, Cunnel. I allus set a heap by you, though I didn't let on. An' she's a right peart young lady. I'm glad yo' gwine ter be so happy. Laws, I kind o' wish I wuz to see it, even on a wooden leg." The woman at his side began to sob. "Thar, thar, Alwynda, don' take on so; cyan't be helped. You mus' 'scuse her, gen'lemen; she so petted on me she jes cyan't hole in!"

"Demming," said the Bishop, "my poor friend, the time is short; is there anything you want me to do?" Demming's dull eyes sparkled with a glimmer of the old humor.

"Well, Bishop, ef you don' min', I'd like you ter conduc' the fun'al services. Reckon they'll be a genuwine co'pse this yere time, fo' suah. An', Bishop, you'll kind o' look ayfter Alwynda; see she gets her coffee an' terbacco all right. An' I wants ter 'sure you all again thet them thar chickens wuz the fust an' ony thing I evah laid han's on t'want mine. Thet's the solemn truf; ain't it, Alwynda?"

The poor woman could only rock herself in the chair and sob: "Yes, 'tis. An' he's been a good husband to me. I've allus hed the bes' uv everything! Oh, Lordy, 'pears's like I cyan't bear it, nohow!"

Louise put her hand gently on the thin shoulder, saying: "I will see that she never wants anything we can give, Demming; and we will try to comfort her."

The cracker looked wistfully from her fresh, young face to the worn face below. "She wuz's peart an' purty's you, miss, w'en I fust struck up with 'er," said he slowly. "Our little gal wuz her very image. Alwynda," in a singularly soft, almost diffident tone, "don' take on so; mabbe I'm gwine fer ter see 'er again. 'Twon't do no harm ter think so, onyhow," he added, with a glance at Talboys, as though sure there of comprehension.

Then the Bishop spoke, solemnly, though with sympathy, urging the dying man, whose worldly affairs were settled, to repent of his sins and prepare for eternity. "Shall I pray for you, Demming?" he said in conclusion.

"Jes as you please, Bishop," answered Demming, and he tried to wave his hand. "I ain't noways partickler. I reckon God A'mighty knows I'd be th' same ole Demming ef I could get up, an' I don' mean ter make no purtences. But mabbe it'll cheer up th' ole 'ooman a bit. So you begin, an' I'll bring in an amen whenever it's wanted!"

So speaking, Demming closed his eyes wearily, and the Bishop knelt by the bedside. Talboys and Louise left them thus. After a while, the wife stretched forth her toil-worn hand and took her husband's. She thought she was aware of a weak pressure. But when the prayer ended there came no amen. Demming was gone where prayer may only faintly follow; nor could the Bishop ever decide how far his vagabond had joined in his petitions. Such doubts, however, did not prevent his cherishing an assured hope that the man who died for him was safe, forever. The Bishop's theology, like that of most of us, yielded, sometimes, to the demands of the occasion.

Edgar Wilson Nye.

Born in Shirley, Me., 1850.

THE PASS CAME TOO LATE.

'TWAS just after the Thornburg massacre on Milk River, and some time subsequent to the ghastly horror of the White River Agency, and while we were the neighbors of the mild, gentle Ute, the low-browed but loving Ute, who murdered poor old Agent Meeker, and dragged his gray head through the clay with a log-chain about his neck afterward, because he had, in a cruel and harsh spirit, asked the whole White River tribe to hoe two acres of their own potatoes! . . . .

Our town being more or less of a mining town, and the Utes, especially under Colorow, the wickedest unhung murderer west of the Missouri, having prior claims to a good deal of our mining district, which seemed to curse the most of us with doubt when we went into a prospect hole, as to whether we would ever come out alive or not, we were watching the reports with a good deal of interest, and doing very little general prospecting.

It was at the close of one of these apprehensive days that a healthy but plebeian-looking party, weighing about two hundred pounds, rapped softly, and then came into the dugout which we called our office.

I will call him St. Aubrey, because I do not exactly recall his name, and because I can just remember that he was an Englishman with a French name. He was a "low-sot" man with an air of neglect about his clothes, such as most anybody would have after dining and dressing out of a hollow-chested pack-saddle for six months, during which time he hadn't seen a white man or a Chinese laundry.

I was sitting on a frontier chair, made of a pine butt with a strap handle nailed on the top, and administering a dose of kerosene to my "weepon," when Mr. St. Aubrey came in.

He didn't try to look pretty, like a toy cowboy with a chamois shirt and a nine-dollar sombrero with wattles on the side, or wear soft buckskin pantaloons, trimmed with beads. He was homely, I'll admit, and onery as you might say, with a tendency toward gastric preponderance. His eyes were small, and he had a contour like a woodchuck or a prairie-dog after a prosperous season. He had the air of a man who might be in search of more means, and so he didn't impress me very well, for I had been doing a pretty active business in the way of assisting deserving but busted young people down toward San Francisco, and then when they had been hungry enough there, and at the same time jobless, I had helped them to get back to the States, where the home-nest was just suffering to receive them. So I was coy when Mr. St. Aubrey said he had called to see me, bearing a note of introduction from the managing editor of the Denver "Tribune." I did not flush with that keen sense of general jubilee that had soaked into my system when such a letter was presented to me earlier in the season.

I controlled myself, and kept on swabbing the cylinder of my great blood-purifier and self-cocking arbitrator. He didn't get mad. He remained patient, and bided his time.

He said he was a newspaper man. I said yes, this seemed to be a good year for newspaper men. Several hundred of them had gone to San Francisco during the past twelve months in palace cars, returning later on in a more deliberate way, by means of the old overland dirt road. I had been the humble means of half-soling and rehabilitating several myself.

Mr. St. Aubrey did not seem to squirm or get irritated. He just quietly looked at me, and waited for me to read the note of introduction. I didn't read it, though, for I am prejudiced against letters of introduction generally, knowing as I do that they are frequently written under duress, and that between the lines there is ever and anon a dumb appeal for the recipient to kick the bearer across a wide sweep of country, in the interests of humanity.

"And so you are going on over to the coast, Mr. St. Aubrey?" I asked, feeling certain that he was, and that the meaner I could treat him now the less likely he would be to assess me on his way back in the fall.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I am the correspondent of the Liverpool 'Courier.' I've got a whole lot of letters here from prominent Americans, if you would like to look them over."

He then produced a red cotton handkerchief, containing about forty letters, with tear-stains and bacon gravy on the outside. I waved them aside, stating that I had so far kept myself aloof from prominent people, mixing up more with the lowly, as a general thing, where I could have fun.

He took it all in good part, and put the letters back in his pocket. After a while I asked him if he had his special car this trip, or did he expect to overtake it on the way? He said he was just travelling in a plain way by himself, and that while the overland train was taking twenty minutes for supper, he had run in to see me.

"And so you have missed your supper to drop in here?"

"Yes."

"Well, what can I do for you?" I asked, feeling apprehensively in my pocket.

"Oh, nothing special. I wasn't very hungry, anyhow, and I thought I wouldn't go through without seeing you and shaking hands with you."

Well, to be brief about it, I put on my hat and strolled down to the train with him. He talked like a cultivated American, and when he said that he was an Englishman, in spite of his odd name, I could not believe it, for he didn't talk at all like our domestic Englishman.

Casually he remarked that he was paying full fare on the railroad, and asked if I thought he ought to do so, considering that he was a newspaper man, with the proper credentials. As the local fare was then ten cents a mile, it cut into the profits, and he wondered if he couldn't at least get half rates. I then looked over his credentials, and feeling sure that he was entitled to privileges, agreed to introduce him to the division superintendent.

As soon as we came in, I knew that it was a gone case, for the superintendent showed on his face that he would grant no favors to Mr. St. Aubrey. He said he was sorry, and all that, and in fact did have that pained look which a superintendent wears when his whole being gets upon its hind feet and yearns to give a man a pass, but stern duty just simply will not let him do it.

By that time I began to take an interest in St. Aubrey, especially as it seemed to me that he was a quiet, modest man, who had some local pride in himself, though it did not run in the direction of clothes. So I said to him:

"You just telegraph to the general passenger agent, and I'll vouch for your credentials, and you can have your pass meet you at Green River to-morrow for breakfast."

He thanked me and forthwith did so. I will add that the pass was there waiting for him when the train came in, but he was not on the train.

The next day I got a note from him stating that he had stopped off at Rock Creek, only a few miles up the road, and was working with a section gang for a couple of days, to get the experience and write it up for his paper. The note was full of massive English humor, which went to my heart. You know how pathetic some English humor is. Well, it was so with this note. It had parenthetical explanations of preceding humor, and full directions, and a little oil-can, and side-notes, and everything that ought to go with an English joke.

All that he had said to me, and all the letters I had seen introducing him, had failed to move my stony heart, but when he began to joke with me, my eyes were moist, and as I finished the letter I began to pity him.

Moreover, I feared that he was concealing the truth from me, and that behind the light and flippant mask of his kiln-dried humor he strove to hide the fact that he was stranded at Rock Creek, and couldn't reach his pass at Green River until he had put in a week on the section.

That same day I got a letter from the editor of the "Tribune" saying that St. Aubrey was up our way somewhere, and that he had been for the past six weeks travelling alone through the hostile hill country, with no human being near him except a pearl-gray pack jack, which was almost like no society at all, and that on a saddle horse he had made the trip through from the Milk River massacre and the White River Agency, seeing and writing up everything for his paper, which was just about like going through the regions of the damned, lengthwise, with a two-gallon bomb in each coat-tail pocket, writing up the general aspect and resources of the country. In other words St. Aubrey didn't care a speckled anathema for danger, while we people, with a garrison two miles away, didn't dare to go to church for fear we would be killed before we could get there and get our sins forgiven.

I wrote to St. Aubrey and told him that I feared he needed money, and was too poor to ask for it, and I asked him to tell me candidly about it, as I knew where I could get some under the circumstances. I even went so far as to tell him that I had just sold my interest in a stove-polish mine at Sabile Pass for nine dollars, a part of which had already been paid in on the property, and that if four dollars would be of any use to him, to so state by note sent at once care of conductor on Number 6.

The letter was on his body when we found him.

. . . .

The day following he had drawn his pay as a section man, and at evening had tried to get aboard the west-bound emigrant train as it left Rock Creek. In the uncertainty of night his foot had slipped, and when we found him, the whole pitiful story was clear to us all. The wheel had gone over his right arm and right leg, and then pushed him into a culvert. Realizing that it was a question of a few agonizing hours—hours which he could spare himself—he had reached around to his right hip pocket with his left hand, and with his English bull-dog cut short the little tragedy.

In his pocket we found the letters which neither the superintendent nor I had cared to read, all strong and cordial indorsement of a brave and modest man, and in the bosom of his gray flannel shirt there was another letter of indorsement more powerful and more tender than all the rest. It came entirely unsought, from a warm, true heart away in England. It did not state in formal terms that the bearer was a man of integrity and worth. It did not say that he was entitled to respect and esteem, but in every line, and between the lines, it said:

"You are all I have in the world. Your life is my horizon. Should anything befall you, the sun will shine no more for me. Take care of yourself, not alone for yourself, but because if you were never, never to return, the daylight will come to me no more until we meet again beyond all this."

Soiled with frequent handling and powder-burned on one corner, and with a bright red stain on the envelope, lay his most powerful and most beautiful letter of indorsement, and in his pocket the little he had earned as a section man—too little to pay his fare to Green River—and that was all.

In the shadow of the Snowy Range, where the hoary heads of the Rocky Mountains are on terms of eternal intimacy with the blue sky, on the high plateau, near the shore of the waterless sea, where the grass is greenest and the cactus blossoms through the snow, St. Aubrey is buried.

That is all.

In the little frontier graveyard, where most everybody, according to the tombstones, seems to have been "killed," and where very few have "died," lies young St. Aubrey.

A two-line cablegram in the English paper broke the heart that beat for him alone.

There is no moral to this story. It is just a plain tale, true as to every detail so near as I can recall it after ten years. There is no more to tell. The tragedy was a brief one, and many a weather-beaten cheek browned by prospecting across dazzling snow and against keen mountain winds was wet as the curtain went down, and the ghoulish undertaker jerked the leather lines from under the cheap coffin, and kicking a few yellow clods of mountain soil into the shallow grave, drove away.

But out of it all came the calm and unruffled railroad "one trip-pass ahead."

Eugene Field.

Born in St. Louis, Mo., 1850.

DUTCH LULLABY.

[*A Little Book of Western Verse.* 1889.]

WYNKEN, Blynken, and Nod one night
  Sailed off in a wooden shoe,—
Sailed on a river of misty light
  Into a sea of dew.
"Where are you going, and what do you wish?"
  The old moon asked the three.
"We have come to fish for the herring-fish
  That live in this beautiful sea;
  Nets of silver and gold have we,"
          Said Wynken,
          Blynken,
          And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
  As they rocked in the wooden shoe;
And the wind that sped them all night long
  Ruffled the waves of dew;
The little stars were the herring-fish
  That lived in the beautiful sea.
"Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
  But never afeard are we!"
  So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
          Wynken,
          Blynken,
          And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
  For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
  Bringing the fishermen home;
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
  As if it could not be;
And some folk thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
  Of sailing that beautiful sea;
  But I shall name you the fishermen three:
          Wynken,
          Blynken,
          And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while Mother sings
Of wonderful sights that be,
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock on the misty sea
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three,—
Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

CASEY'S TABLE D'HÔTE.

OH, them days on Red Hoss Mountain, when the skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave 'nd true!
When the nights wuz crisp 'nd balmy, 'nd the camp wuz all astir,
With the joints all throwed wide open 'nd no sheriff to demur!
Oh, them times on Red Hoss Mountain in the Rockies fur away,—
There's no sich place nor times like them as I kin find to-day!
What though the camp *hez* busted? I seem to see it still
A-lyin', like it loved it, on that big 'nd warty hill;
And I feel a sort of yearnin' 'nd a chokin' in my throat
When I think of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tabble dote!

Wal, yes; it's true I struck it rich, but that don't cut a show
When one is old 'nd feeble 'nd it's nigh his time to go;
The money that he's got in bonds or carries to invest
Don't figger with a codger who has lived a life out West;
Us old chaps like to set around, away from folks 'nd noise,
'Nd think about the sights we seen and things we done when boys;
The which is why *I* love to set 'nd think of them old days
When all us Western fellers got the Colorado craze,—
And *that* is why I love to set around all day 'nd gloat
On thoughts of Red Hoss Mountain 'nd of Casey's tabble dote.

This Casey wuz an Irishman,—you'd know it by his name
And by the facial features appertainin' to the same.
He'd lived in many places 'nd had done a thousand things,
From the noble art of actin' to the work of dealin' kings,
But, somehow, hadn't caught on; so, driftin' with the rest,
He drifted for a fortune to the undeveloped West,
And he come to Red Hoss Mountain when the little camp wuz new,
When the money flowed like likker, 'nd the folks wuz brave and true;
And, havin' been a stewart on a Mississippi boat,
He opened up a caffy 'nd he run a tabble dote.

The bar wuz long 'nd rangey, with a mirror on the shelf,
'Nd a pistol, so that Casey, when required, could help himself;

Down underneath there wuz a row of bottled beer 'nd wine,
'Nd a kag of Burbun whiskey of the run of '59;
Upon the walls wuz pictures of hosses 'nd of girls,—
Not much on dress, perhaps, but strong on records 'nd on curls!
The which had been identified with Casey in the past,—
The hosses 'nd the girls, I mean,—and both wuz mighty fast!
But all these fine attractions wuz of precious little note
By the side of what wuz offered at Casey's tabble dote.

There wuz half-a-dozen tables altogether in the place,
And the tax you had to pay upon your vittles wuz a case;
The boardin'-houses in the camp protested 'twuz a shame
To patronize a robber, which this Casey wuz the same!
They said a case was robbery to tax for ary meal;
But Casey tended strictly to his biz, 'nd let 'em squeal;
And presently the boardin'-houses all began to bust,
While Casey kept on sawin' wood 'nd layin' in the dust;
And oncet a trav'lin' editor from Denver City wrote
A piece back to his paper, puffin' Casey's tabble dote.

A tabble dote is different from orderin' aller cart:
In *one* case you git all there is, in *t'other*, only *part!*
And Casey's tabble dote began in French,—as all begin,—
And Casey's ended with the same, which is to say, with "vin";
But in between wuz every kind of reptile, bird, 'nd beast,
The same like you can git in high-toned restauraws down east;
'Nd windin' up wuz cake or pie, with coffee demy tass,
Or, sometimes, floatin' Ireland in a soothin' kind of sass
That left a sort of pleasant ticklin' in a feller's throat,
'Nd made him hanker after more of Casey's tabble dote.

The very recollection of them puddin's 'nd them pies
Brings a yearnin' to my buzzum 'nd the water to my eyes;
'Nd seems like cookin' nowadays ain't what it used to be
In camp on Red Hoss Mountain in that year of '63;
But, maybe, it is better, 'nd, maybe, I'm to blame—
I'd like to be a-livin' in the mountains jest the same—
I'd like to live that life again when skies wuz fair 'nd blue,
When things wuz run wide open 'nd men wuz brave 'nd true;
When brawny arms the flinty ribs of Red Hoss Mountain smote
For wherewithal to pay the price of Casey's tabble dote.

And you, O cherished brother, a-sleepin' way out West,
With Red Hoss Mountain huggin' you close to its lovin' breast,—
Oh, do you dream in your last sleep of how we use to do,
Of how we worked our little claims together, me 'nd you?
Why, when I saw you last a smile wuz restin' on your face,
Like you wuz glad to sleep forever in that lonely place;
And so you wuz, 'nd I'd be, too, if I wuz sleepin' so.
But, bein' how a brother's love ain't for the world to know,
Whenever I've this heartache 'nd this chokin' in my throat,
I lay it all to thinkin' of Casey's tabble dote.

THE BIBLIOMANIAC'S PRAYER.

KEEP me, I pray, in wisdom's way
That I may truths eternal seek;
I need protecting care to-day,—
My purse is light, my flesh is weak.
So banish from my erring heart
All baleful appetites and hints
Of Satan's fascinating art,
Of first editions, and of prints.
Direct me in some godly walk
Which leads away from bookish strife,
That I with pious deed and talk
May extra-illustrate my life.
But if, O Lord, it pleaseth Thee
To keep me in temptation's way,
I humbly ask that I may be
Most notably beset to-day;
Let my temptation be a book,
Which I shall purchase, hold, and keep,
Whereon when other men shall look,
They'll wail to know I got it cheap.
Oh, let it such a volume be
As in rare copperplates abounds,
Large paper, clean, and fair to see,
Uncut, unique, unknown to Lowndes.

THE OLD MAN.

[*A Little Book of Profitable Tales.* 1889.]

I CALLED him the Old Man, but he wuzn't an old man; he wuz a little boy—our fust one; 'nd his gran'ma, who'd had a heap of experience in sich matters, allowed that he wuz for looks as likely a child as she'd ever clapped eyes on. Bein' our fust, we sot our hearts on him, and Lizzie named him Willie, for that wuz the name she liked best, havin' had a brother Willyum killed in the war. But I never called him anything but the Old Man, and that name seemed to fit him, for he wuz one of your sollum babies,—alwuz thinkin' 'nd thinkin' 'nd thinkin', like he wuz a jedge, and when he laffed it wuzn't like other children's laffs, it wuz so sad-like.

Lizzie 'nd I made it up between us that when the Old Man growed up we'd send him to collige 'nd give him a lib'ril edication, no matter though we had to sell the farm to do it. But we never cud exactly agree as to what we wuz goin' to make of him; Lizzie havin' her heart sot on his bein' a preacher like his gran'pa Baker, and I wantin' him to be a lawyer 'nd git rich out'n the corporations, like his uncle Wilson Barlow. So we never come to no definite conclusion as to what the Old Man wuz goin' to be bime by; but while we wuz thinkin' 'nd debatin' the Old Man kep' growin' 'nd growin', and all the time he wuz as serious 'nd sollum as a jedge.

Lizzie got jest wrapt up in that boy; toted him round ever'where 'nd never let on like it made her tired,—powerful big 'nd hearty child too, but heft warn't nothin' 'longside of Lizzie's love for the Old Man. When he caught the measles from Sairy Baxter's baby Lizzie sot up day 'nd night till he wuz well, holdin' his hands 'nd singin' songs to him, 'nd cryin' herse'f almost to death because she dassent give him cold water to drink when he called f'r it. As for me, *my* heart wuz wrapt up in the Old Man, *too*, but, bein' a man, it wuzn't for me to show it like Lizzie, bein' a woman; and now that the Old

Man is—wall, now that he has gone, it wouldn't do to let on how much I sot by him, for that would make Lizzie feel all the wuss.

Sometimes, when I think of it, it makes me sorry that I didn't show the Old Man some way how much I wuz wrapt up in him. Used to hold him in my lap 'nd make faces for him 'nd alder whistles 'nd things; sometimes I'd kiss him on his rosy cheek, when nobody wuz lookin'; oncet I tried to sing him a song, but it made him cry, 'nd I never tried my hand at singin' again. But, somehow, the Old Man didn't take to me like he took to his mother: would climb down outern my lap to git where Lizzie wuz; would hang on to her gownd, no matter what she wuz doin',—whether she wuz makin' bread, or sewin', or puttin' up pickles, it wuz alwuz the same to the Old Man; he wuzn't happy unless he wuz right there, clost beside his mother.

Most all boys, as I've heern tell, is proud to be round with their father, doin' what *he* does 'nd wearin' the kind of clothes *he* wears. But the Old Man wuz diff'rent; he allowed that his mother wuz his best friend, 'nd the way he stuck to her—wall, it has alwuz been a great comfort to Lizzie to recollect it.

The Old Man had a kind of confidin' way with his mother. Every oncet in a while, when he'd be playin' by hisself in the front room, he'd call out, "Mudder, mudder;" and no matter where Lizzie wuz,—in the kitchen, or in the wood-shed, or in the yard, she'd answer: "What is it, darlin'?" Then the Old Man 'ud say: "Tum here, mudder, I wanter tell you sumfin'." Never could find out what the Old Man wanted to tell Lizzie; like's not he didn't wanter tell her nothin'; may be he wuz lonesome 'nd jest wanted to feel that Lizzie wuz round. But that didn't make no diff'rence; it wuz all the same to Lizzie. No matter where she wuz or what she wuz a-doin', jest as soon as the Old Man told her he wanted to tell her somethin' she dropped ever'thing else 'nd went straight to him. Then the Old Man would laff one of his sollum, sad-like laffs, 'nd put his arms round Lizzie's neck 'nd whisper —or pertend to whisper—somethin' in her ear, 'nd Lizzie would laff 'nd say, "Oh, what a nice secret we have atween us!" and then she would kiss the Old Man 'nd go back to her work.

Time changes all things,—all things but memory, nothin' can change *that*. Seems like it wuz only yesterday or the day before that I heern the Old Man callin', "Mudder, mudder, I wanter tell you sumfin'," and that I seen him put his arms around her neck 'nd whisper softly to her.

It had been an open winter, 'nd there wuz fever all around us. The Baxters lost their little girl, and Homer Thompson's children had all been taken down. Ev'ry night 'nd mornin' we prayed God to save our darlin'; but one evenin' when I come up from the wood lot, the Old Man wuz restless 'nd his face wuz hot 'nd he talked in his sleep. May be you've been through it yourself,—may be you've tended a child that's down with the fever; if so, may be you know what we went through, Lizzie 'nd me. The doctor shook his head one night when he come to see the Old Man; we knew what that meant. I went out-doors,—I couldn't stand it in the room there, with the Old Man seein' 'nd talkin' about things that the fever made him see. I wuz too big a coward to stay 'nd help his mother to bear up; so I went out-doors 'nd brung in wood,—brung in wood enough to last all spring,—and then I sat down alone by the kitchen fire 'nd heard the clock tick 'nd watched the shadders flicker through the room.

I remember Lizzie's comin' to me and sayin': "He's breathin' strange-like, 'nd his little feet is cold as ice." Then I went into the front chamber where he lay. The day wuz breakin'; the cattle wuz lowin' outside; a beam of light come through the winder and fell on the Old Man's face,—perhaps it was the summons for which he waited and which shall sometime come to me 'nd you. Leastwise the Old Man roused from his sleep 'nd opened up his big blue eyes. It wuzn't me he wanted to see.

"Mudder! mudder!" cried the Old Man, but his voice warn't strong 'nd clear like it used to be. "Mudder, where *be* you, mudder?"

Then, breshin' by me, Lizzie caught the Old Man up 'nd held him in her arms, like she had done a thousand times before.

"What is it, darlin'? *Here* I be," says Lizzie.

"Tum here," says the Old Man,—"tum here; I wanter tell you sumfin'."

The Old Man went to reach his arms around her neck 'nd whisper in her ear. But his arms fell limp and helpless-like, 'nd the Old Man's curly head drooped on his mother's breast.

A FAIRY GLEE.

FROM the land of murk and mist
  Fairy folk are coming
To the mead the dew has kissed,
And they dance where'er they list
  To the cricket's thrumming.
Circling here and circling there,
Light as thought and free as air,
Hear them cry, "Oho, oho,"
As they round the rosey go.

Appleblossom, Summerdew,
  Thistleblow, and Ganderfeather!
Join the airy fairy crew
  Dancing on the sward together!
Till the cock on yonder steeple
  Gives all faery lusty warning,
Sing and dance, my little people,—
  Dance and sing "Oho" till morning!

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